

# HONEY OUT OF THE ROCK

by  
W. S. NIGGLE,  
F. A. HARDIN,  
JOHN B. SHAW.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

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## ❖PREFACE❖

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The title page to this book of sacred song, heralds the contents of the coming volumn. The contributions are from a number of the sweetest hymn and song writers, and out of the heart moved by a divine impulse whose thoughts have poured forth into harmonious and melodious combinations. There are no "*machine bees*" among them. Each piece is as though the bees of heaven had come all the way over the river to make honey in the author's heart.

No pains has been spared to make the book as complete as possible. Many of the hymns and tunes have never before appeared in print. We read in 1st Samuel, chap. 14, verse 27, that Jonathan put forth the end of his rod and dipped it in a honey-comb and put his hand to his mouth. In imitation of this example the editors have tested each piece of music before accepting it. The judgment of the best critics has been obtained on each hymn and tune. The closest scrutiny has been observed, so as to prevent the least *bee-bread* from passing through the sieve, and giving only the honey.

Prof. W. S. Nickle has had large experience in singing, and is alive to the taking qualities of a hymn or tune.

Rev. John B. Shaw is both by taste and education a musical man, and having spent many years in Evangelistic work, is a pronounced success in his judgment of such hymns and tunes as are proper for the service for which this book is intended.

It is our earnest prayer that thousands may be edified, happyfied, and helped forward to heaven through the inspiration of these songs.

F. A. HARDIN.

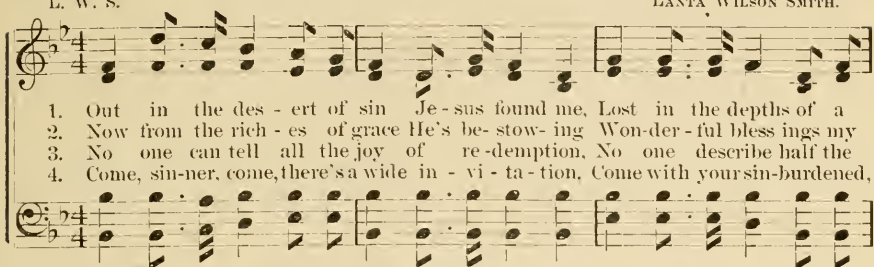
# "HONEY OUT OF THE ROCK."

No. 1.

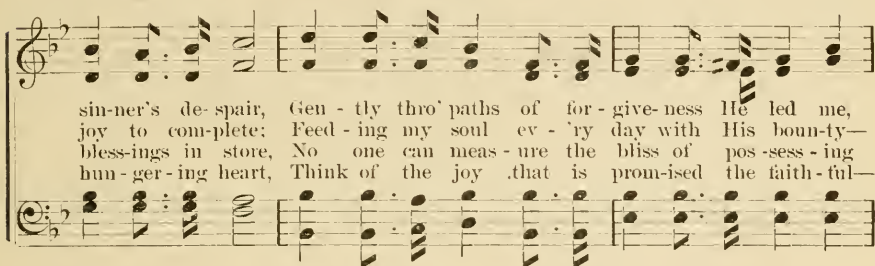
Honey out of the Rock.

L. W. S.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

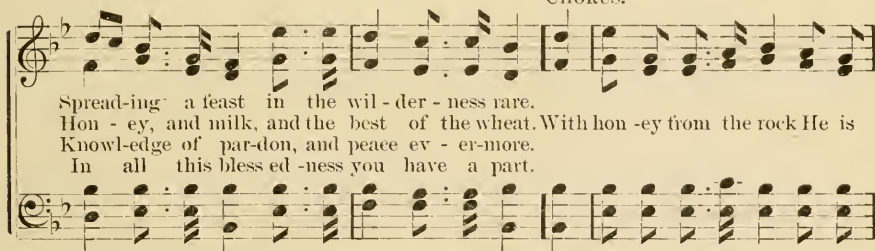


1. Out in the des - ert of sin Je - sus found me, Lost in the depths of a  
 2. Now from the rich - es of grace He's be - stow - ing Won - der - ful bless - ings my  
 3. No one can tell all the joy of re - demp - tion, No one describe half the  
 4. Come, sin - ner, come, there's a wide in - vi - ta - tion, Come with your sin - burdened,

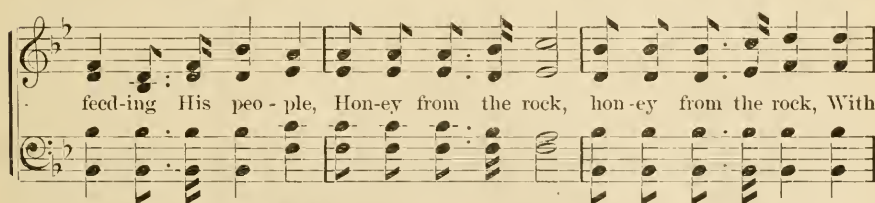


sin - ner's de - spir, Gen - tly thro' paths of for - give - ness He led me,  
 joy to com - plete; Feed - ing my soul ev - 'ry day with His boun - ty—  
 bless - ings in store, No one can meas - ure the bliss of pos - sess - ing  
 hun - ger - ing heart, Think of the joy that is prom - ised the faith - ful—

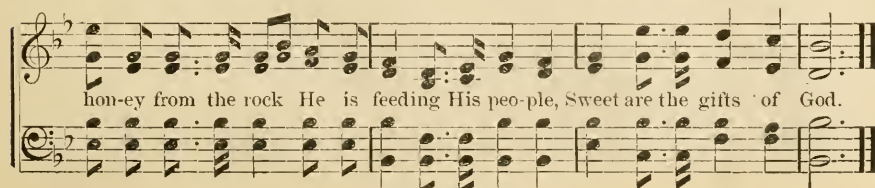
CHORUS.



Spread - ing a feast in the wil - der - ness rare.  
 Hon - ey, and milk, and the best of the wheat. With hon - ey from the rock He is  
 Knowl - edge of par - don, and peace ev - er - more.  
 In all this bless - ed - ness you have a part.



feed - ing His peo - ple, Hon - ey from the rock, hon - ey from the rock, With



hon - ey from the rock He is feed - ing His peo - ple, Sweet are the gifts of God.

# No. 2. Heaven is not Far Away.

C. E. L.

C. E. LESLIE. By per.

1. Heav - en is not far a - way, When Je - sus is near;  
 2. Will you not re - pent, be - lieve, When Je - sus is near?  
 3. Are you com - ing home to - day, When Je - sus is near?

Give your heart to Him, I pray, When Je - sus is near.  
 Peace and par - don now re - ceive, When Je - sus is near.  
 Do not long - er stay a - way, When Je - sus is near.

Place your trust in Him, dear friend, He will keep you to the end,  
 He will not your pray'r re - fuse, Come and now the Sav - ior choose,  
 Cast your bur - den on the Lord, He has prom - ised in His word,

*Rit.* . . . . .

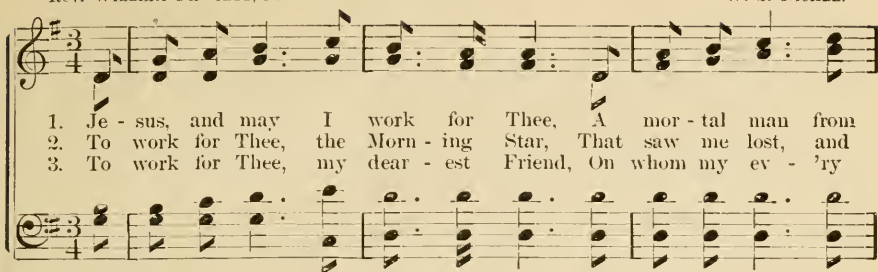
Heav - en is not far a - way, When Je - sus is near.  
 Heav - en is not far a - way, When Je - sus is near.  
 Heav - en is not far a - way, When Je - sus is near.



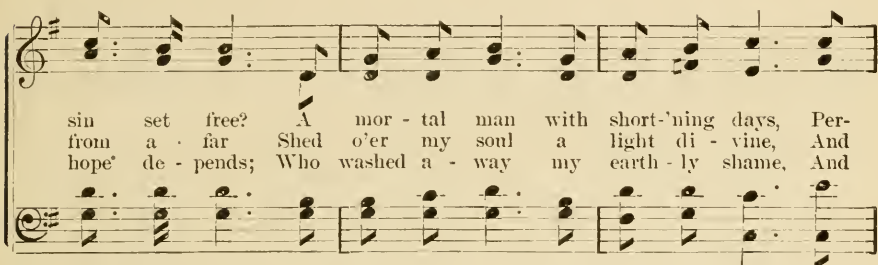
# No. 3. I Long to Work for Thee.

REV. WILLIAM FAWCETT, D. D.

W. S. NICKLE.

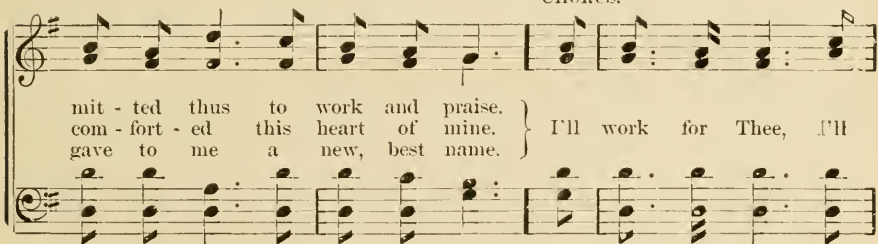


1. Je - sus, and may I work for Thee, A mor - tal man from  
 2. To work for Thee, the Morn - ing Star, That saw me lost, and  
 3. To work for Thee, my dear - est Friend, On whom my ev - 'ry



sin set free? A mor - tal man with short - ning days, Per -  
 from a - far Shed o'er my soul a light di - vine, And  
 hope de - pends; Who washed a - way my earth - ly shame, And

## CHORUS.



mit - ted thus to work and praise.  
 com - fort - ed this heart of mine. } I'll work for Thee, I'll  
 gave to me a new, best name.



work for Thee, Yes, dear - est Lord, I'll work for Thee.

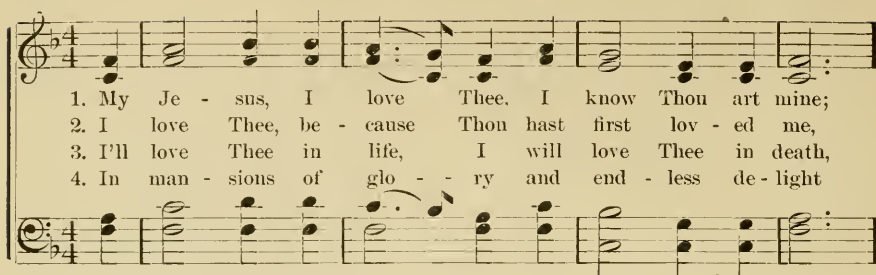
4 Yes, blessed Jesus, yes, I may  
 Go work for Thee throughout this day,  
 And all the joy or good I crave,  
 Is but some fallen soul to save.

5 I'll work for Thee, Thou blessed One,  
 Eternal God, eternal Son,  
 And boast, but never boast in vain,  
 I'll work for Him who once was slain.

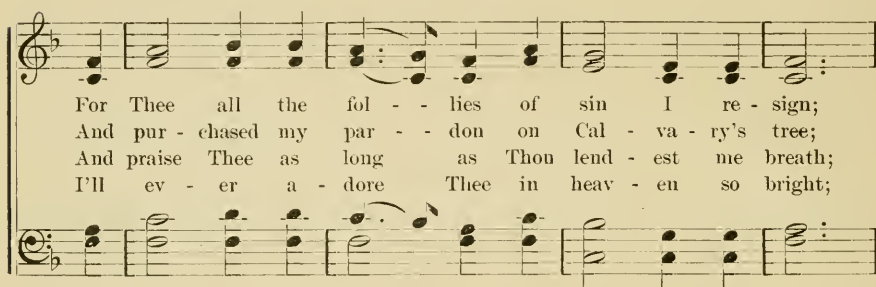
## No. 4.

## My Jesus, I Love Thee.

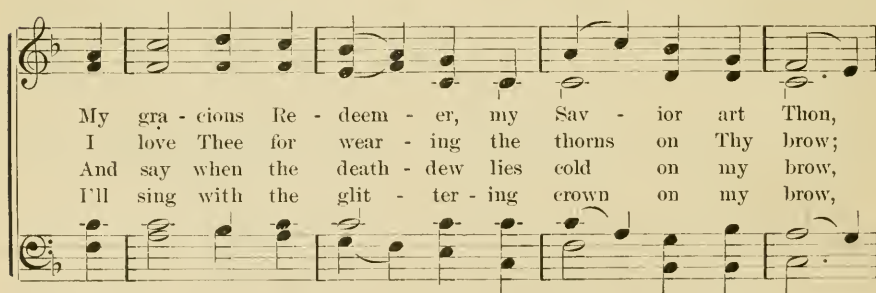
A. J. GORDON. By per.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee. I know Thou art mine;  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,  
 4. In man - sions of glo - - ry and end - less de - light



For Thee all the fol - - lies of sin I re - sign;  
 And pur - chased my par - - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;  
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;  
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou,  
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;  
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,  
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



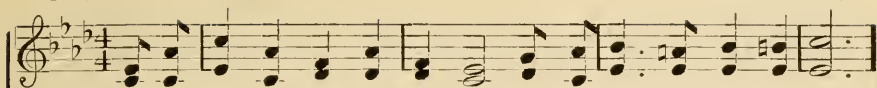
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

## No. 5.

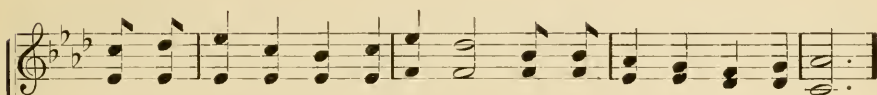
## Take Time to Pray.

F. S. S.

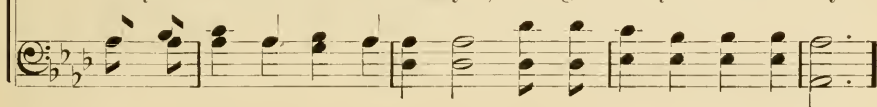
F. S. SHEPARD.



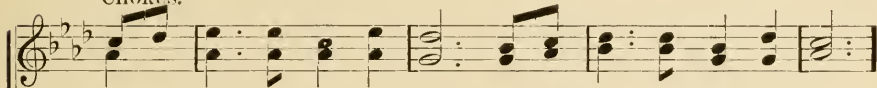
1. Have you been a - lone with Je - sus In com-mun-ion sweet to-day;
2. Have you gone in - to your clos - et, Where, by eyes of men un-seen,
3. He de - lights when thus we meet Him, And, His bless - ed Spir - it giv'n,
4. Do not then His heart be griev-ing, By not tak - ing time to pray;



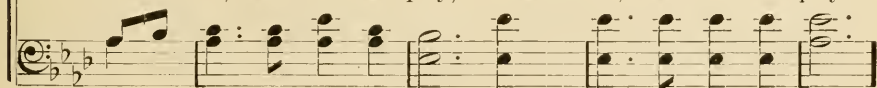
Have you sought His bless-ed pres-ence, Have you ta - ken time to pray?  
 You by faith could draw Him to you, Noth-ing com-ing in be-tween?  
 Makes these sea - sons of com-mun-ion Lit - tle less than ver - y heav'n.  
 If you seek Him He will meet you, And go with you all the way.



## CHORUS.



Take time, take time to pray; Take time, take time to pray!



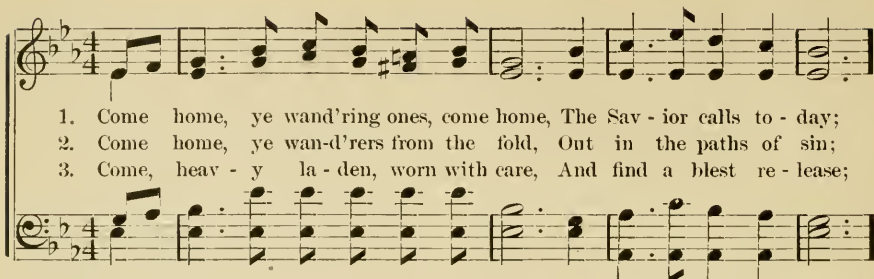
For, un-less the Lord goes with you, You will sure - ly go as - tray.



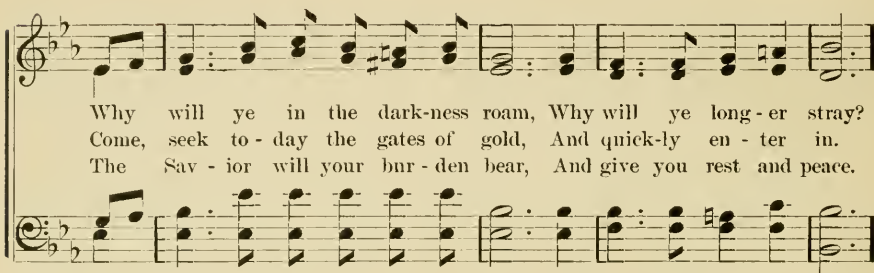
# No. 6. Come Home, Ye Wandering Ones.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

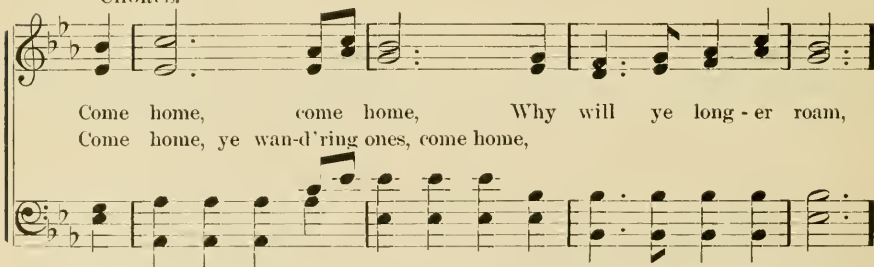


1. Come home, ye wand'ring ones, come home, The Sav - ior calls to - day;  
 2. Come home, ye wan-d'ers from the fold, Out in the paths of sin;  
 3. Come, heav - y la - den, worn with care, And find a blest re - lease;

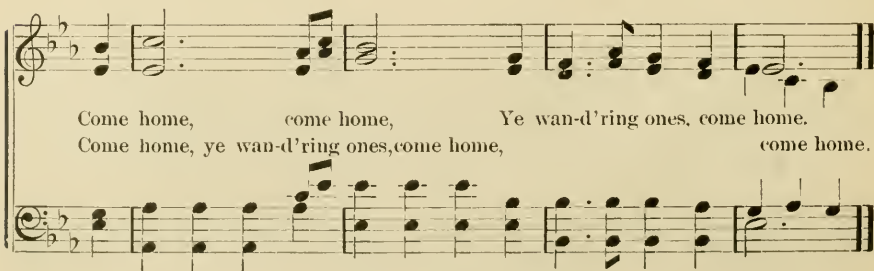


Why will ye in the dark-ness roam, Why will ye long - er stray?  
 Come, seek to - day the gates of gold, And quick-ly en - ter in.  
 The Sav - ior will your bur - den bear, And give you rest and peace.

## CHORUS.



Come home, come home, Why will ye long - er roam,  
 Come home, ye wan-d'ring ones, come home,



Come home, come home, Ye wan-d'ring ones, come home.  
 Come home, ye wan-d'ring ones, come home, come home.

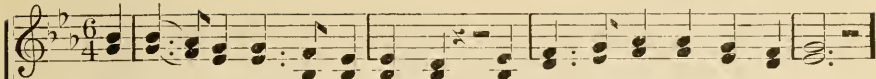


## No. 7.

## My Heart.

F. S. SHEPARD.

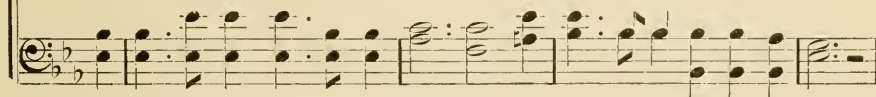
NELLIE E. W. FAWCETT.



1. My heart, why art thou so wea - ry, Why fill'd with this long-ing for rest?
2. My heart, why art thou despon dent, With troub-les and bur-dens op-press'd?
3. My heart, dost think that thy burdens Are great-er than all oth-ers have?
4. My heart, why dost thou con-tin - ue This stug-gle and con - flict a - lone?



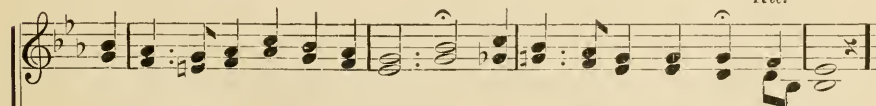
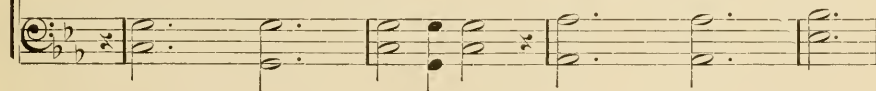
The bur - den of sin must have caused it, Then come to the Lord and be blest.  
 The Lord is the great bur-den - bear - er, And prom - is - es par - don and rest.  
 Like thee, was the bless - ed Lord tempt ed, And knows how to suc - cor and save.  
 The Sav - ior stands wait-ing to help thee, His blood for thy sins doth a - tone.



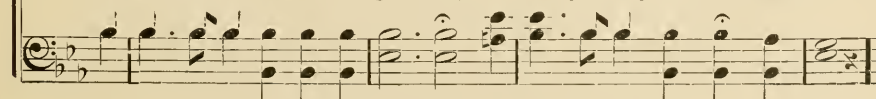
## REFRAIN.



O seek for the rest which He giv - eth, A rest which the world can not give;



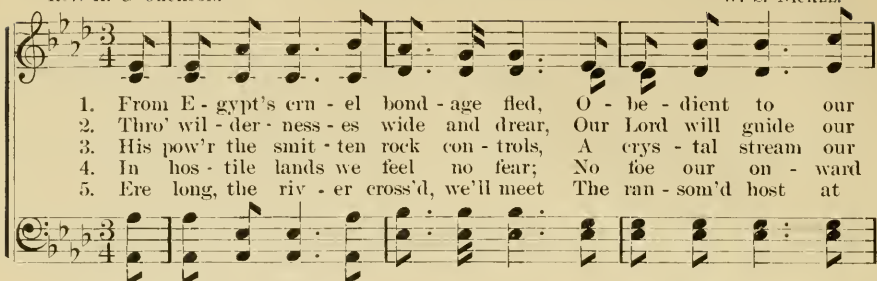
He's waiting just now to be gra-cious, Just now you may find Him and live.



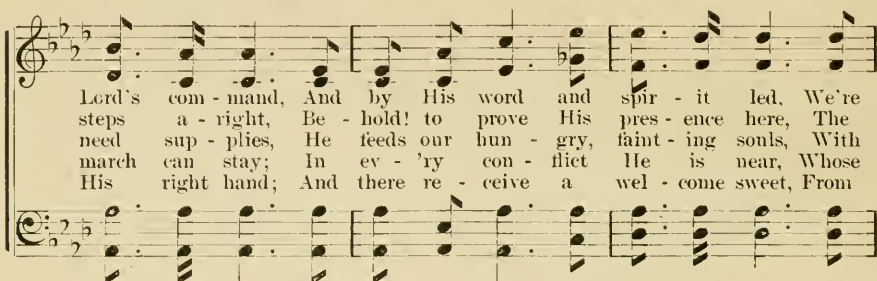
# No. 8. We're on the way to Canaan's Land.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON.

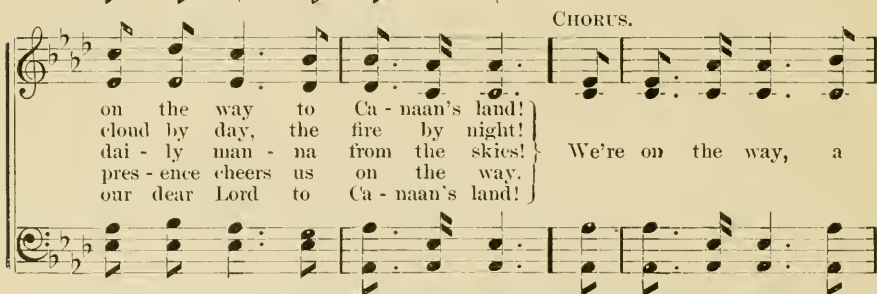
W. S. NICKLE.



1. From E - gypt's ern - el bond - age fled, O - be - dient to our  
 2. Thro' wil - der - ness - es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our  
 3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock con - trols, A crys - tal stream our  
 4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear; No foe our on - ward  
 5. Ere long, the riv - er cross'd, we'll meet The ran - som'd host at

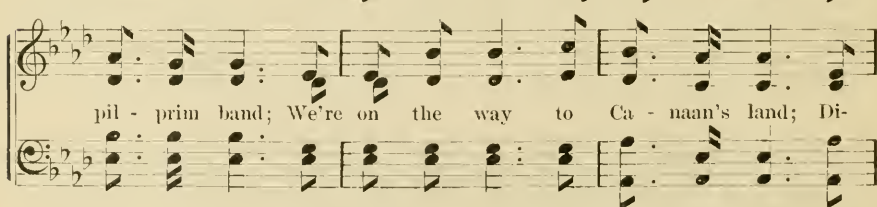


Lord's com - mand, And by His word and spir - it led, We're  
 steps a - right, Be - hold! to prove His pres - ence here, The  
 need sup - plies, He feeds our hun - gry, faint - ing souls, With  
 march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict He is near, Whose  
 His right hand; And there re - ceive a wel - come sweet, From




CHORUS.  
 on the way to Ca - naan's land!  
 cloud by day, the fire by night!  
 dai - ly man - na from the skies!  
 pres - ence cheers us on the way.  
 our dear Lord to Ca - naan's land!

We're on the way, a



pil - prim band; We're on the way to Ca - naan's land; Di-



vine - ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

## No. 9.

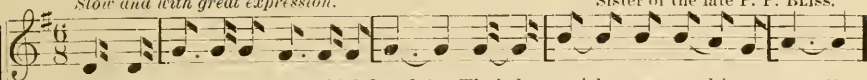
## My Mother's Hands.

Mrs. M. E. W.

Mrs. M. E. WILLSON,

*Slow and with great expression.*

Sister of the late P. P. BLISS.



1. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neith-er were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! How they cared for my in - fant days!
3. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! As they pressed my ach - ing brow;
4. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her cof-fin one day,
6. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them a - gain once more,



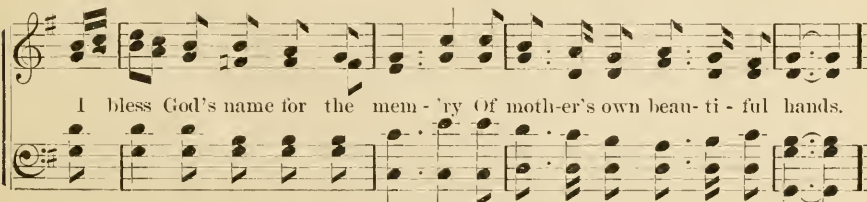
Yet my mother's hands were the fair - est, And love - li - est hands of all.  
 They guid-ed my feet in - to pleas-ant paths, And smooth-ed all the rug-ged ways.  
 They cool-ed the fev - er and eased the pain, Me-thinks I can feel them now.  
 But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seem-ed more tender and true.  
 And I kiss-ed those hands so cold and white, As qui-et and peace-ful she lay.  
 As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land: We shall meet on that shin-ing shore.



## CHORUS.



My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,



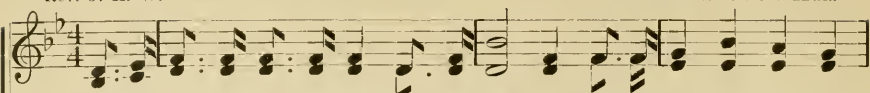
I bless God's name for the mem - ry Of moth-er's own beau - ti - ful hands.

By permission.

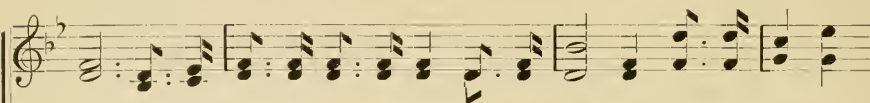
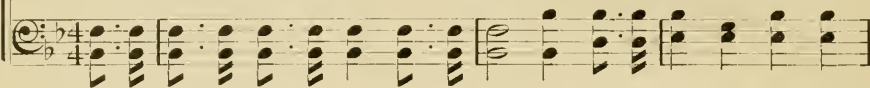
# No. 10. Are You Walking in the Light?

Rev. J. H. W.

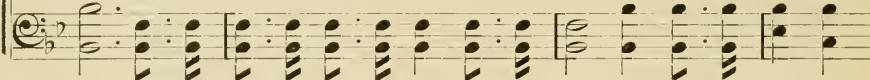
Rev. J. H. WEBER.



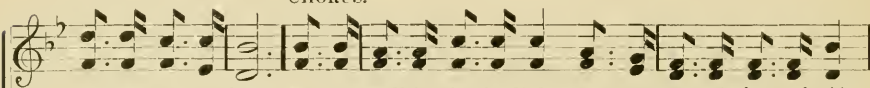
1. Are you walk-ing in the light of the Sav - ior? Does the way seem bright and
2. Are you walk-ing in the light of the Sav - ior? Does His blood cleanse you from
3. Are you walk-ing in the light of the Sav - ior? Are you glad you have this



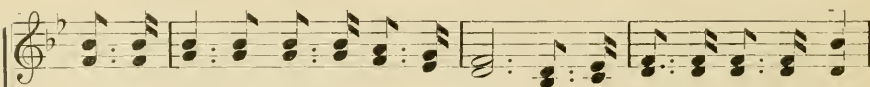
fair? Are you try - ing ev - 'ry day for to please Him? Do you hope to  
sin? Are you liv - ing ev - 'ry day for His glo - ry? Is your life pure  
light? Will you trust and o - bey and al - ways love Him? If He'll keep thy



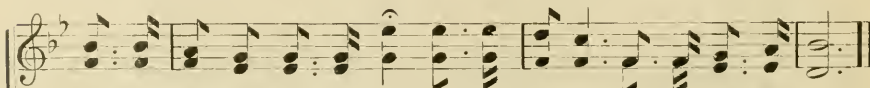
## CHORUS.



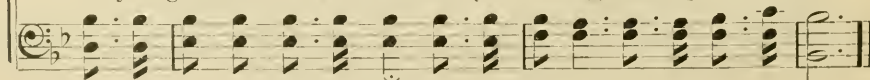
meet Him o-ver there? Are you walking in the light? Are your garments clean and white?  
and spotless with-in?  
soul so pure and white?



Are you trust-ing Him in ev - 'ry care? Are you walk-ing in the light?



Are your garments clean and white? Are you walking, walk-ing in the light?





## No. 11.

## The Good Shepherd.

JOHN B. SHAW.

C. A. SHAW.

1. Shep-herd di-vine, whose love un-told, Hast brok'n the slum-ber of my soul,  
 2. To Thee my wea-ry burdened soul Cries out, "Good Shepherd, make me whole!"  
 3. The stream of crim-son blood I see, From hands and feet nailed to the tree;

And now my eyes are ope to see My Shepherd cru-ci-fied for me.  
 Lead me to mer-cy's fount I pray, And wash my scar-let sins a-way.  
 I look and won-der, trust and pray, And all my guilt is washed a-way.

## CHORUS.

My Shepherd cru - - - ci-fied for me,..... My Shepherd  
 Was cru-ci-fied, for you and me,

cru - - - ci-fied for me,..... And in the crim - - - son flood I  
 Was cru-ci-fied for you and me, And in the crimson flood I

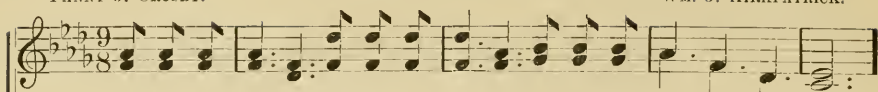
see,.... My Shepherd cru - - - ci-fied for me.  
 see,.... My Shepherd cru-ci-fied for me, (for me.)

## No. 12.

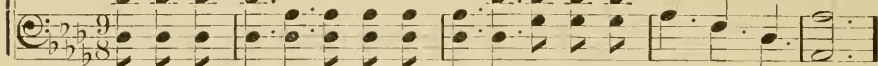
## Happy in Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Hap-py in Je-sus, hap-py in Je-sus, I will de-clare it a - broad ;
2. Clinging to Je-sus, on ly to Je-sus, O what a com-fort is mine ;
3. Walking with Je-sus, on - ly with Je-sus, Sweet-ly I jour-ney a - long ;

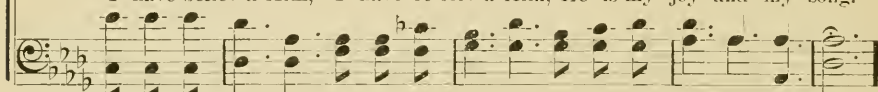


Cho.—Hap-py in Je-sus, hap-py in Je-sus, I will de-clare it a - broad.

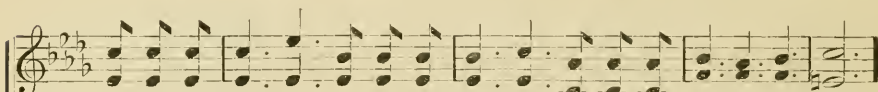
FINE.



Thro' His a - tonement, precious a - tonement, I have found fa - vor with God.  
 I will a - dore Him, yes, I will praise Him, Je-sus, my Sav - ior di - vine.  
 I have believ'd Him, I have re-ceive'd Him, He is my joy and my song.



Thro' His a - tonement, precious a - tonement, I have found fa-vor with God.



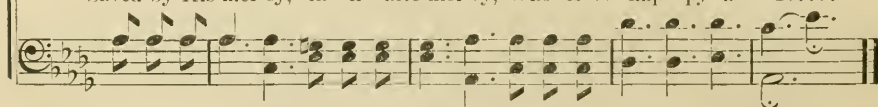
Kindly he sought me, ten-der-ly brought me Out of the des-ert so wild ;  
 Under His watch-care peace-fully hid - ing, Faith my Re - deemer can see ;  
 Watching me ev - er, leaving me nev - er, Still my pro-tect - or is nigh ;



D. C.



Now I can trust Him, thankfully trust Him, Since He has made me His child...  
 Angels in glo - ry, telling the sto - ry, Now are re - joice-ing with me...  
 Saved by His mer-cy, in - fi - nite mer-cy, Who is so hap - py as I?...  
 ...



## No. 13.

## They Crucified Him.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Come, sin - ner, be - hold what Je - sus hath done,  
 2. From heav - en, He came, He loved you— He died;  
 3. No pit - y - ing eye, a sav - ing arm, none,  
 4. They cru - ci - fied Him, and yet He for - gave,  
 5. So what will you do with Je - sus your King?

Be - hold how He suf - fered for thee: They cru - ci - fied Him,  
 Such love as His nev - er was known; Be - hold! on the cross  
 He saw us and pit - ied us then; A - lone in the fight,  
 "My Fa - ther, for - give them," He cried; What must He have borne,  
 Say, how will you meet Him at last? What plea in the day

God's in - no - cent Son, For - sak - en, He died on the tree!  
 your King cru - ci - fied, To make you an heir to His throne!  
 the vic - t'ry He won; Oh, praise Him, ye chil - dren of men.  
 the sin - ner to save, When un - der the bur - den He died!  
 of wrath will you bring, When of - fers of mer - cy are past!

## CHORUS.

They cru - ci - fied Him, they cru - ci - fied Him, They nailed Him to the tree,

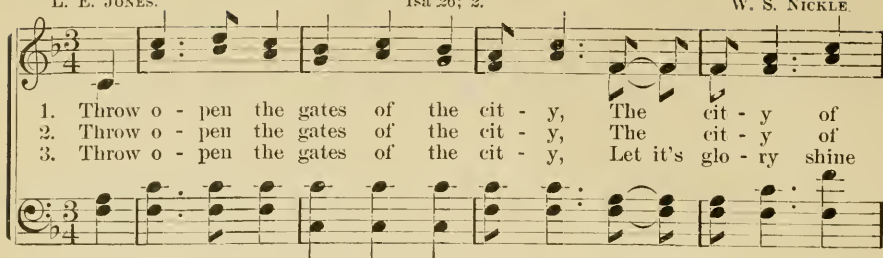
And so there He died, A King cru - ci - fied, To save a poor sin - ner like me.  
 like me.

# No. 14. Throw Open the Gates.

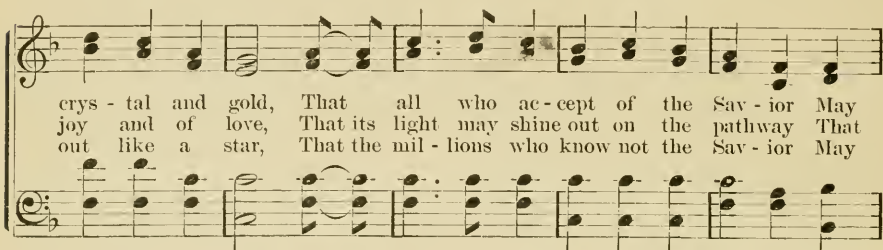
L. E. JONES.

Isa 26; 2.

W. S. NICKLE

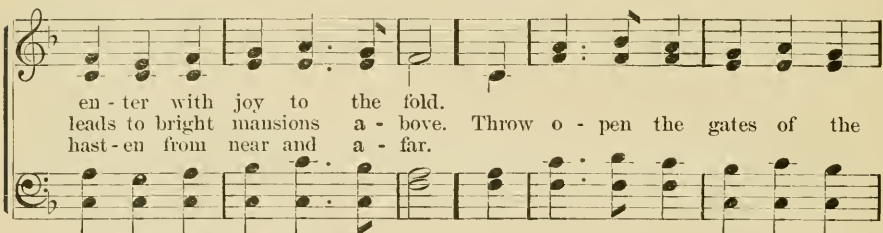


1. Throw o - pen the gates of the cit - y, The cit - y of  
 2. Throw o - pen the gates of the cit - y, The cit - y of  
 3. Throw o - pen the gates of the cit - y, Let it's glo - ry shine

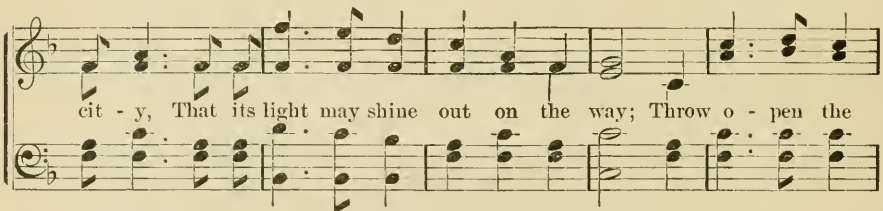


crys - tal and gold, That all who ac - cept of the Sav - ior May  
 joy and of love, That its light may shine out on the pathway That  
 out like a star, That the mil - lions who know not the Sav - ior May

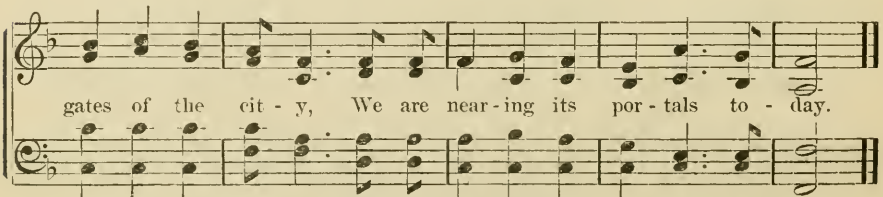
## CHORUS.



en - ter with joy to the fold.  
 leads to bright mansions a - bove. Throw o - pen the gates of the  
 hast - en from near and a - far.



cit - y, That its light may shine out on the way; Throw o - pen the



gates of the cit - y, We are near - ing its por - tals to - day.



**No. 15      They're All Taken Away.**

Rev. J. H. WEBER.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. WEBER.

1. I came to Je - sus as I was, He took my sins a - way;  
 2. The blood of Christ will make you white, And wash your sins a - way;  
 3. Oh, do con - fess your sins to him, He'll take them all a - way,

I put them all on Je-sus Christ, And now they're tak-en a - way.  
Oh, come and take Him as your Lord, He will wash them all a - way.  
And then you'll shout and sing His praise, Be-cause they're tak-en a - way.

CHORUS.

Chorus.

The musical score for the chorus is written for two voices, Treble and Bass, in 4/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody for both parts is identical. The lyrics are: "They're all tak - en a - way (a-way), They're all tak - en a - way (a - way),". The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are repeat signs at the end of the phrase.

They're all tak - en a - way (a-way), They're all tak - en a - way (a - way),

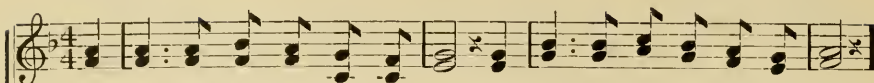
They're all tak-en a-way,..... Thro' the blood..... of the Lamb.  
a-way, the blood

# No. 16. Trusting Jesus Every Hour.

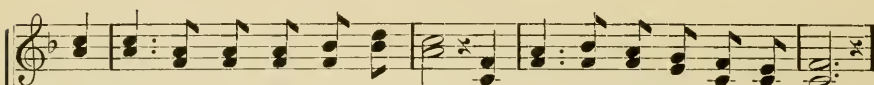
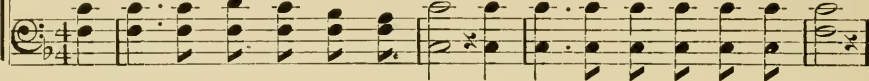
BENJ. HOPKINS.

Dedicated to Miss Hattie Hopkins.

NELLIE E. FAWCETT.



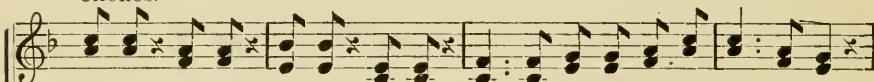
1. I am the Lord's and He is mine, He fills me with His love di - vine,
2. I've given my - self to Him a - lone, Not for one fault can I a - tone;
3. I'm serv - ing Him with my whole heart, From my dear Sav - ior I'll not part;
4. Lord, let me serve Thee with my might, Trust all to Thee and do the right;



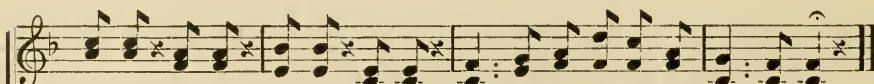
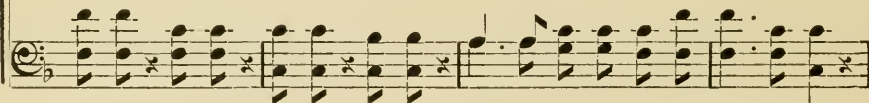
He saved me by His grace and power, Now I am trusting ev - 'ry hour.  
The blood of Christ was shed for me, From sin to cleanse and set me free.  
His lov - ing arms 'round me en - twine, And not one friend so true I find.  
Thy pre - cious life that Thou hast given, Has paved the passage - way to heaven.



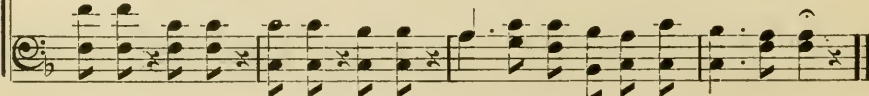
## CHORUS.



Trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting, I am trusting Je - sus ev - 'ry hour;



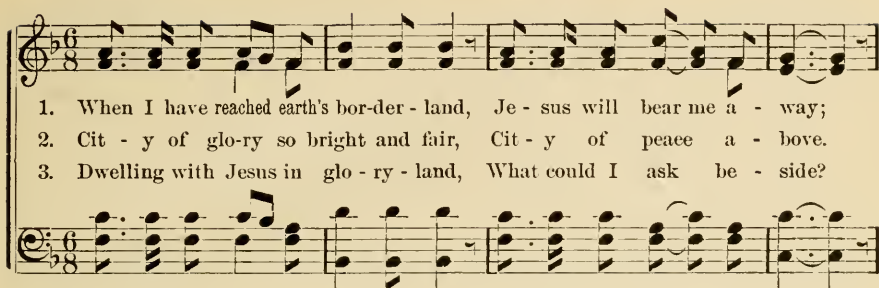
Trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting, I am trusting Je - sus ev - 'ry hour.



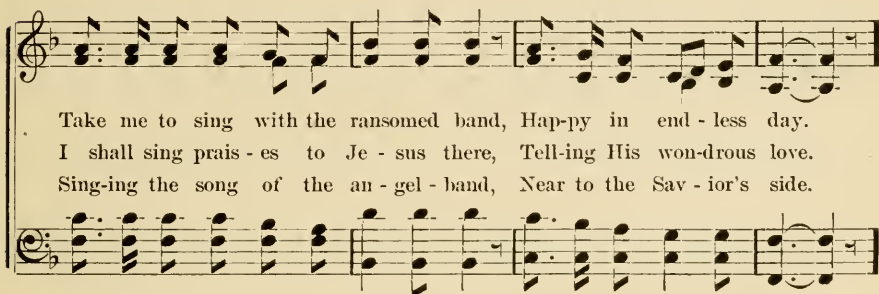
# No. 17. Jesus Will Bear Me O'er.

L. E. JONES.

W. S. NICKLE.



1. When I have reached earth's bor-der - land, Je - sus will bear me a - way;  
2. Cit - y of glo-ry so bright and fair, Cit - y of peace a - bove.  
3. Dwelling with Jesus in glo - ry - land, What could I ask be - side?

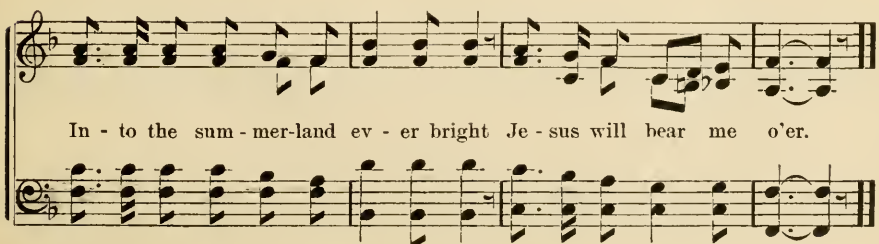


Take me to sing with the ransomed band, Hap-py in end - less day.  
I shall sing prais - es to Je - sus there, Tell-ing His won-drous love.  
Sing-ing the song of the an - gel - band, Near to the Sav - ior's side.

## CHORUS.



Car - ried a - way to the realms of light, Safe on the gold - en shore;



In - to the sum - mer-land ev - er bright Je - sus will bear me o'er.

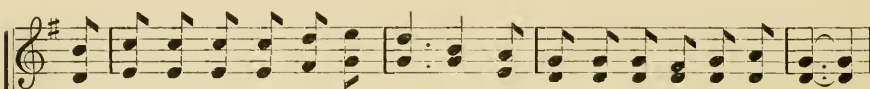
# No. 18. Salvation! Oh, Sing the Story.

P. BILHORN.

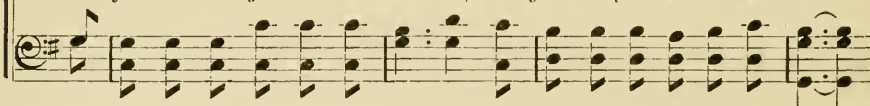
A. BEIRLY.



1. Sal - va - tion! oh, sing the glad sto - ry, Sal - va - tion to sin - ners made known;
2. Sal - va - tion! oh, sin - ners re - ceive it, Ac - cept the glad mes - sage of God;..
3. Now free - ly God of - fers sal - va - tion, Full par - don and pu - ri - ty true;..
4. Oh, trust in the mer - cy He of - fers, And cleave to the path He hath trod;..

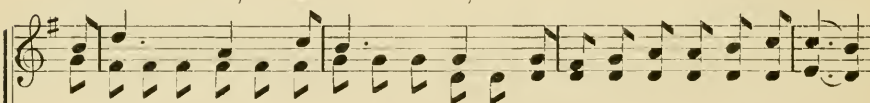


For Je - sus, de - scend - ing from glo - ry, A ran - som be - came for His own.  
 Take now the full par - don He of - fers, And trust in His sin - cleans - ing blood.  
 Re - ceive it with glad ac - cla - ma - tion, Let Christ be a Sav - ior to you.  
 And you shall re - joice in sal - va - tion, Re - joice in your Sav - ior and God.

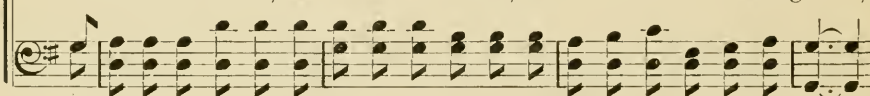


## CHORUS.

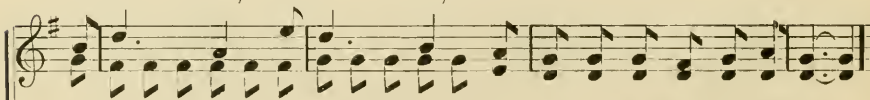
Sal - va - - tion, sal - va - - tion,



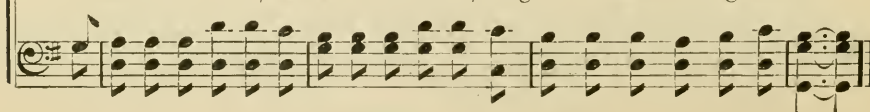
Sal - va - tion He of - fers, sal - va - tion He of - fers, Proclaim of the sin - cleans - ing blood;



Sal - va - - tion, sal - va - - tion,



Sal - va - tion He of - fers, sal - va - tion He of - fers, Ring out the sweet mes - sage of God.



# No. 19. I Long to Know Thee Better.

"Whom to know aright is life eternal."

Mrs. M. L. DAVIDSON.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I long to know Thee bet - ter, To un - der - stand Thy will,  
2. O Sav - ior, draw me near - er, There's safe - ty at Thy side,  
3. With Thee the des - ert drea-ry Is robbed of all its gloom;

That I may loose the fet - ter, That keeps me from Thee still.  
And there Thy love is dear-er, Than all the world be - side.  
The way so long and wea-ry, Like sum - mer gar - dens bloom.

CHORUS.

I long to know Thee bet - ter, To un - der - stand Thy will,

My Sav - ior and my help - er, Thy love in me ful - fil.

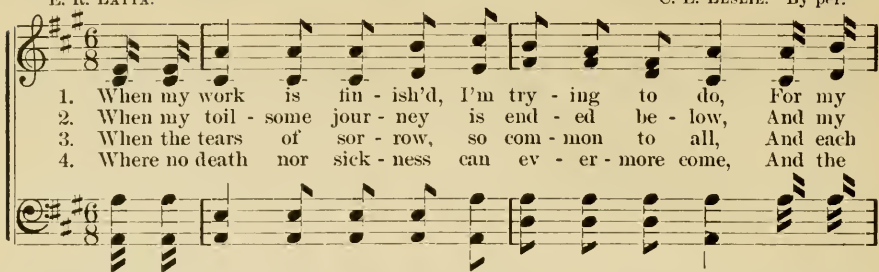
By permission.



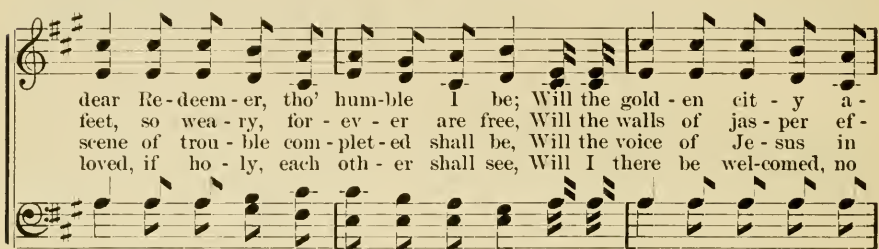
# No. 20. Will the Gates of Heaven be Open to Me?

E. R. LATTÀ.

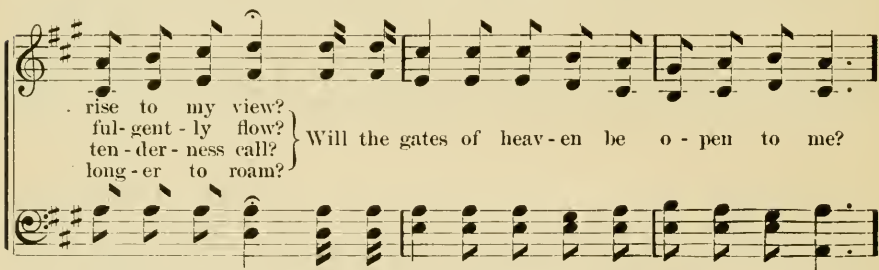
C. E. LESLIE. By per.



1. When my work is fin - ish'd, I'm try - ing to do, For my  
 2. When my toil - some jour - ney is end - ed be - low, And my  
 3. When the tears of sor - row, so com - mon to all, And each  
 4. Where no death nor sick - ness can ev - er - more come, And the



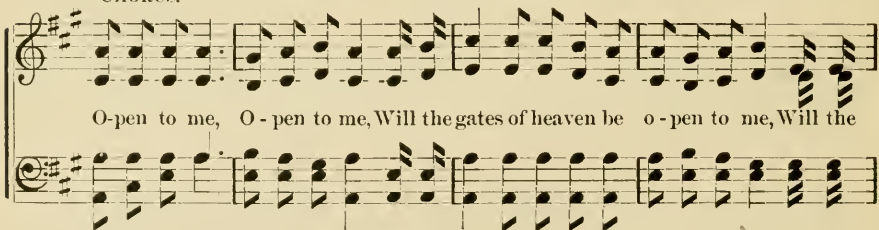
dear Re - deem - er, tho' hum - ble I be; Will the gold - en cit - y a -  
 feet, so wea - ry, for - ev - er are free, Will the walls of jas - per ef -  
 scene of trou - ble com - plet - ed shall be, Will the voice of Je - sus in  
 loved, if ho - ly, each oth - er shall see, Will I there be wel - comed, no



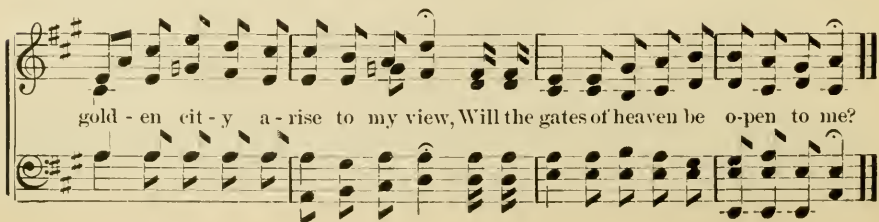
rise to my view?  
 ful - gent - ly flow?  
 ten - der - ness call?  
 long - er to roam?

Will the gates of heav - en be o - pen to me?

## CHORUS.



O - pen to me, O - pen to me, Will the gates of heaven be o - pen to me, Will the



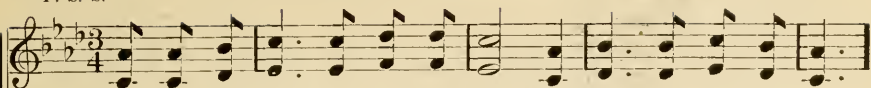
gold - en cit - y a - rise to my view, Will the gates of heaven be o - pen to me?

# No. 21.

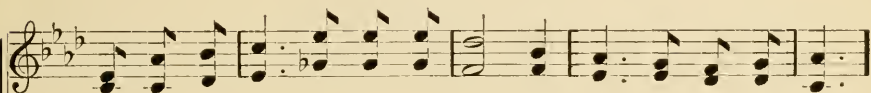
# Sing to the Lord.

F. S. S.

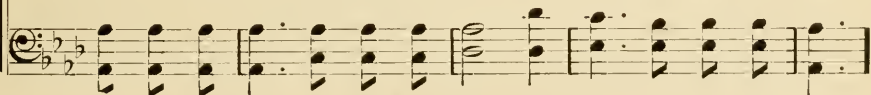
F. S. SHEPARD.



1. Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song, For He has won - ders wrought;
2. Sing to the Lord a glad - some song, His mer - cies wide pro - claim;
3. Sing to the Lord a might - y song, Of praise and love and joy;
4. Sing to the Lord a hope - ful song, For bless - ings yet to be;



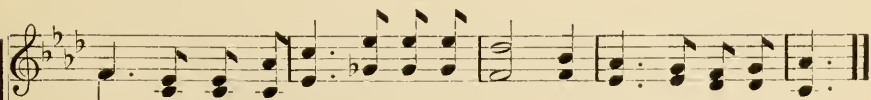
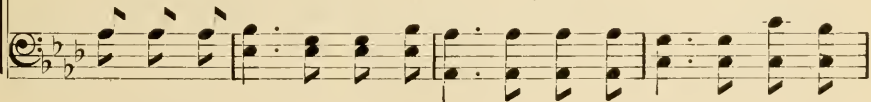
The Cross re-deem'd from ev - 'ry sin, And full sal - va - tion brought.  
From Sa - tan's pow'r He saves and keeps, - He's ev - 'ry day the same.  
His Spir - it gives sweet rest with-in, A peace with-out al - loy.  
His grace and love un - chang-ing are, And bound-less as the sea.



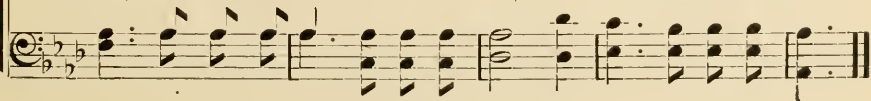
## CHORUS.



Oh, praise the Lord with one ae - cord, Sing praises to His ho - ly



name; His death a - vails for all mankind, - Praise God, sal - va - tion came!



## No. 22.

## Working for the Master.

REV. JOHN D. FOSTER, A. M.

W. S. NICKLE.

1. We must work in the vine-yard be - low, Till the day of our  
 2. In the serv - ice of Christ we are blest, His ap - prov - al is  
 3. Let us give of our sub - stance to - day, What we have in the  
 4. Let the soul then de - light in its care, In the serv - ice of

toil - ing is done, Then the Lord will up - on us be - stow His re -  
 sure to be shown; And our hard - est of serv - ice is rest, When hu -  
 bask - et or store; Be en - riched by the prom - ise to pay, In as -  
 in - fin - ite love, In the bur - dens we're hon - ored to bear, Till we're

## CHORUS.

ward, when the mo - ments have run.  
 man - i - ty comes to a throne. } Let us work,..... let us  
 sur - ance of life ev - er - more. } Let us work,  
 saved with the ran - somed a - bove.

work,..... Let us work till the Mas - ter shall come; Let us  
 let us work,

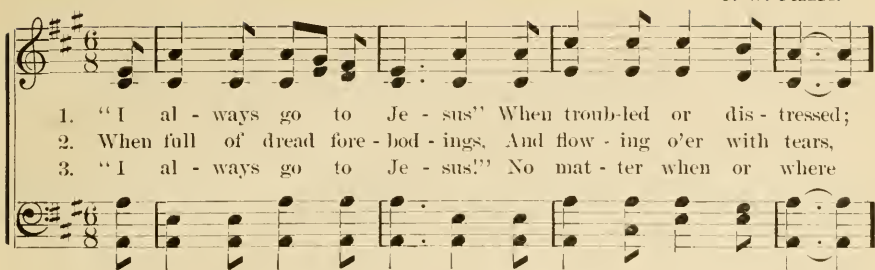
work,.... let us work,..... Let us work till the Mas - ter shall come.  
 Let us work, let us work,



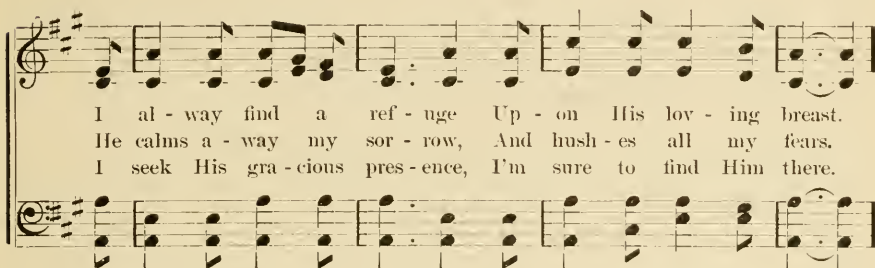
## No. 23.

## I Always Go to Jesus.

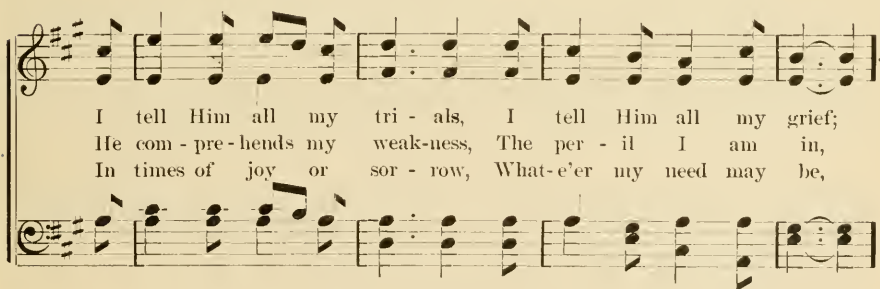
G. W. FIELDS.



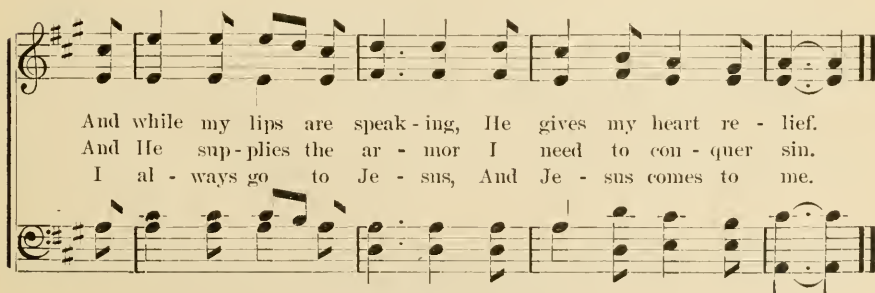
1. "I al - ways go to Je - sus" When trou - led or dis - tressed;  
 2. When full of dread fore - bod - ings, And flow - ing o'er with tears,  
 3. "I al - ways go to Je - sus!" No mat - ter when or where



I al - way find a ref - uge Up - on His lov - ing breast.  
 He calms a - way my sor - row, And hush - es all my fears.  
 I seek His gra - cious pres - ence, I'm sure to find Him there.



I tell Him all my tri - als, I tell Him all my grief;  
 He com - pre - hends my weak - ness, The per - il I am in,  
 In times of joy or sor - row, What - e'er my need may be,



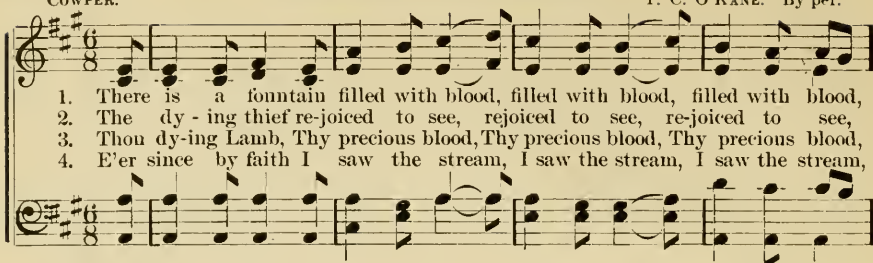
And while my lips are speak - ing, He gives my heart re - lief.  
 And He sup - plies the ar - mor I need to con - quer sin.  
 I al - ways go to Je - sus, And Je - sus comes to me.

# No. 24

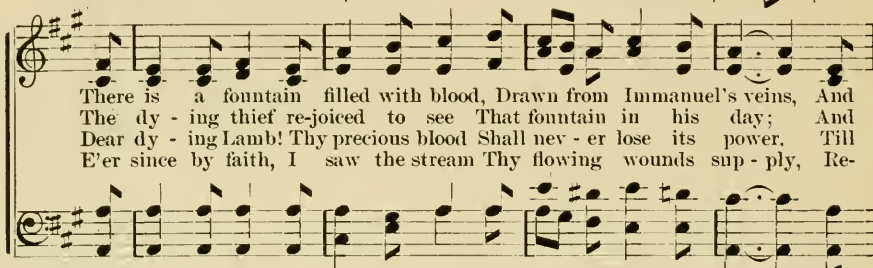
# Glorious Fountain.

COWPER.

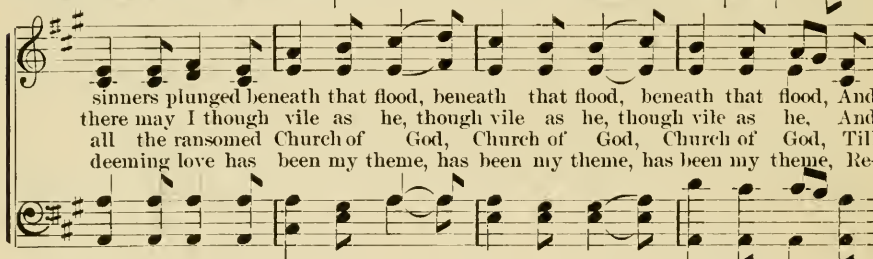
T. C. O'KANE. By per.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,  
 2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, rejoiced to see, re-joiced to see,  
 3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy precious blood, Thy precious blood, Thy precious blood,  
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, I saw the stream, I saw the stream,

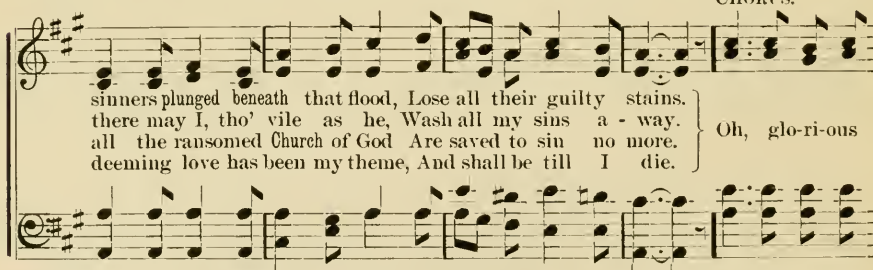


There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And  
 The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day; And  
 Dear dy - ing Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power. Till  
 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds sup - ply, Re-

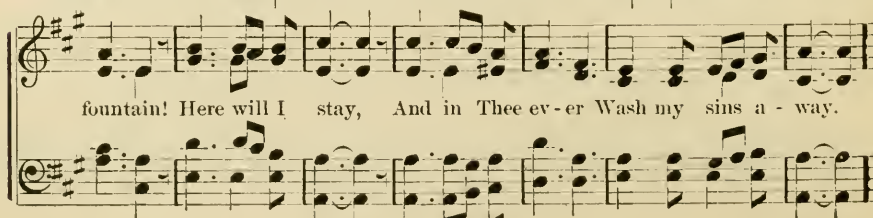


sinner plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And  
 there may I though vile as he, though vile as he, though vile as he, And  
 all the ransomed Church of God, Church of God, Church of God, Till  
 deeming love has been my theme, has been my theme, has been my theme, Re-

CHORUS.



sinner plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.  
 there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. Oh, glo-ri-ous  
 all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.  
 deeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

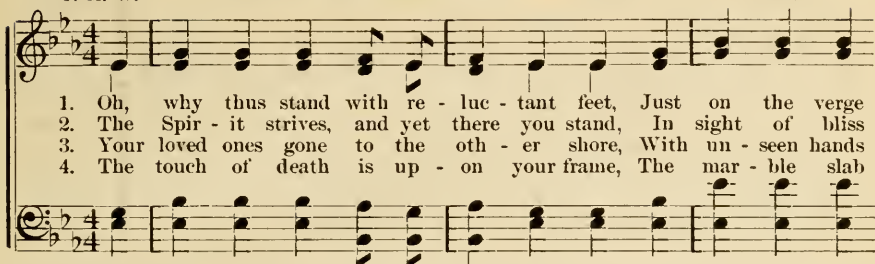


fountain! Here will I stay, And in Thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

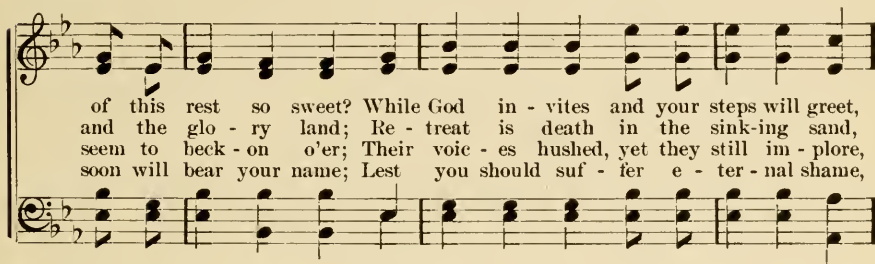
# No. 25. Come away to Jesus Now.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

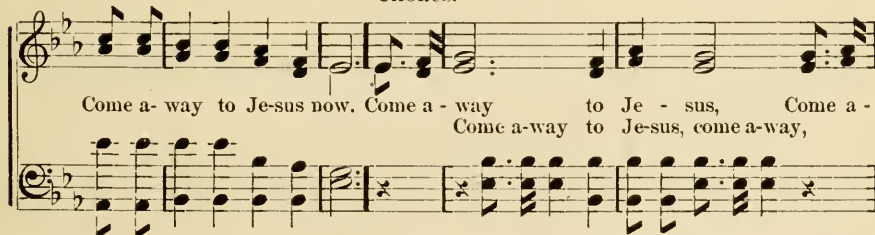


1. Oh, why thus stand with re-luc-tant feet, Just on the verge  
 2. The Spir-it strives, and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss  
 3. Your loved ones gone to the oth-er shore, With un-seen hands  
 4. The touch of death is up-on your frame, The mar-ble slab

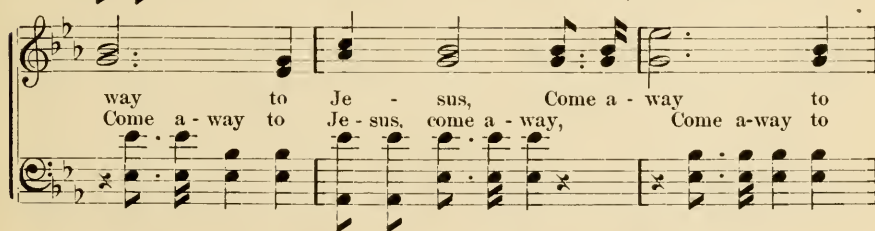


of this rest so sweet? While God in-vites and your steps will greet,  
 and the glo-ry land; Re-treat is death in the sink-ing sand,  
 seem to beck-on o'er; Their voic-es hushed, yet they still im-plore,  
 soon will bear your name; Lest you should suf-fer e-ter-nal shame,

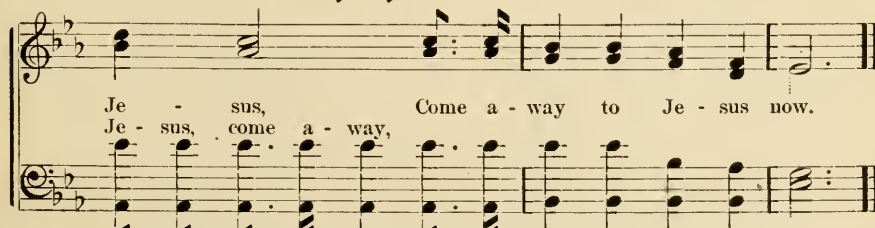
## CHORUS.



Come a-way to Je-sus now, Come a-way to Je-sus, Come a-  
 Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way,



way to Je-sus, Come a-way to  
 Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way, Come a-way to



Je-sus, Come a-way to Je-sus now.  
 Je-sus, come a-way,

## No. 26.

## The Master is Calling.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

A. BEIRLY.

1. I'll go, for the Mas - ter is call - ing, The sum - mons is  
 2. I'll go, for the har - vest is wav - ing, And wide - ly the  
 3. I'll go while the hea - then are cry - ing, "Come o - ver, come  
 4. I'll go, or in mer - cy o - bey - ing Will send the glad

sound - ing to - day; The King - doms of er - ror are fall - ing, And  
 long bil - lows roll, 'Tis ripe, and all read - y for sav - ing, A  
 o - ver the wave, "And tell the poor souls that are dy - ing, That  
 gos - pel a - broad, By work - ing and giv - ing and pray - ing, Will

## CHORUS.

dark - ness is fad - ing a - way. The Mas - - ter is  
 glean - er may gar - ner a soul.  
 Je - sus is might - y to save.  
 hast - en the King - dom of God. The Mas - ter is call - ing, the

call - - ing, He's call - ing for work - ers to - day; . . . . The  
 Mas - ter is call - ing, Call - ing for work - ers to - day, to - day; The

Mas - ter, He's call - ing, Then with gladness I'll hasten a - way.  
 Mas - ter is call - ing, He's call - ing to - day,

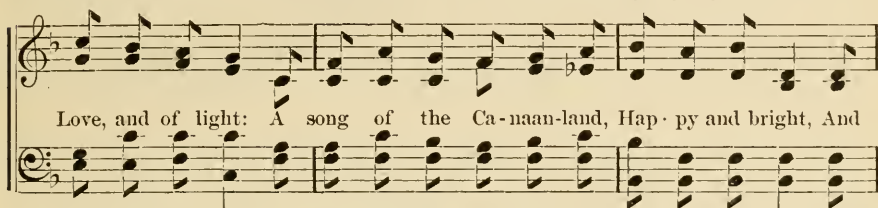
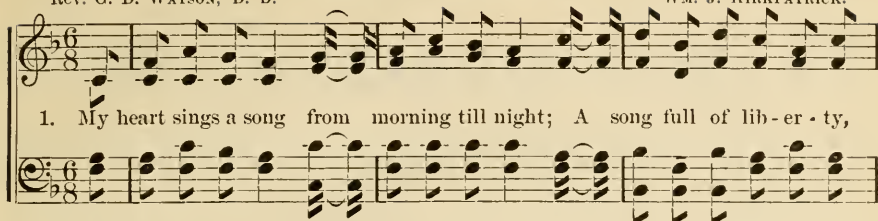


## No. 27.

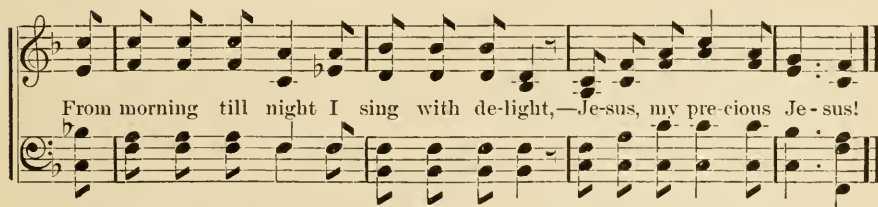
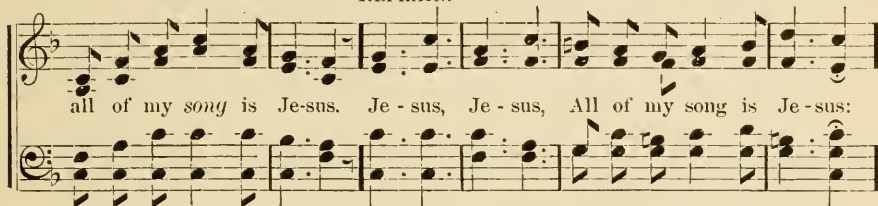
## Jesus, My All!

REV. G. D. WATSON, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



## REFRAIN.



2 My heart hath a rest  
From sin and from fear;  
A rest from all doubting,  
Disappointment and care:  
A rest like the sky,  
Bending calm o'er the year,—  
And all of my *rest* is Jesus.

3 My heart hath a gift,  
With value untold;  
A gift of unbounded peace,  
Richer than gold:  
A gift that the universe  
Can not all hold,—  
And all of my *gift* is Jesus.

4 My heart hath a light  
In the cloudiest day;  
A light which illumines  
Each moment my way:

A light which will not let  
The little one stray,—  
And all of my *light* is Jesus.

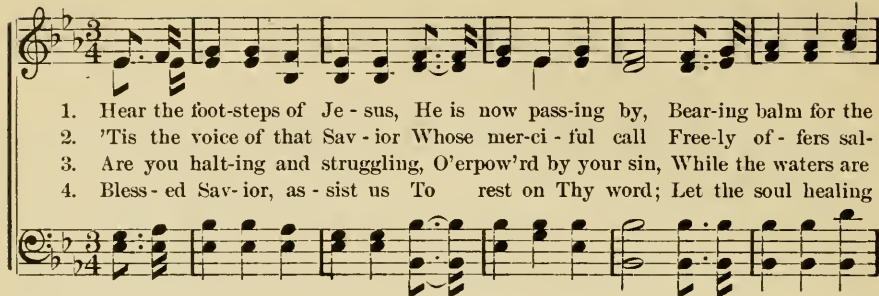
5 My heart hath a Friend,  
All compassion and love,  
Whose speech falls as soft  
As the star-light above:  
A friend that abideth,  
And will not remove,—  
And that dearest *friend* is Jesus.

6 My heart hath a home,  
And it wanders no more;  
A home like to that  
On the glorified shore:  
A home where all goodness  
Unbosoms its store,—  
And all of my *home* is Jesus.

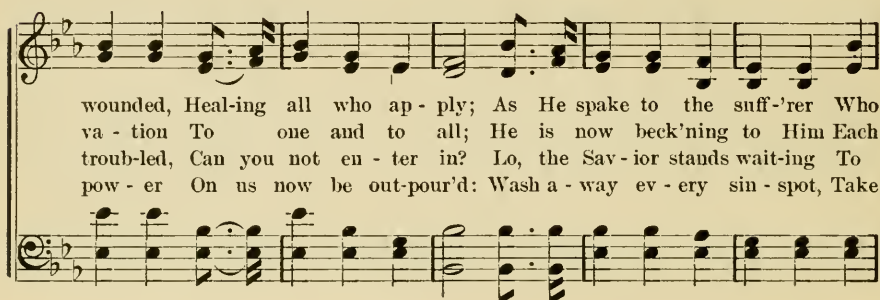
# No. 28.      Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

W. J. K.

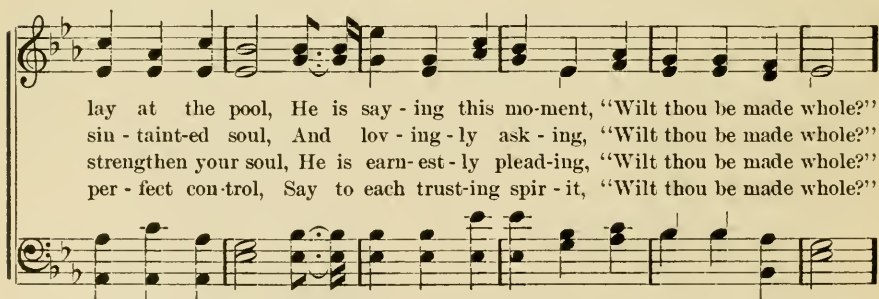
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. Hear the foot-steps of Je - sus, He is now pass-ing by, Bear-ing balm for the  
 2. 'Tis the voice of that Sav - ior Whose mer-ci - ful call Free-ly of - fers sal-  
 3. Are you halt-ing and struggling, O'erpow'rd by your sin, While the waters are  
 4. Bless - ed Sav - ior, as - sist us To rest on Thy word; Let the soul healing

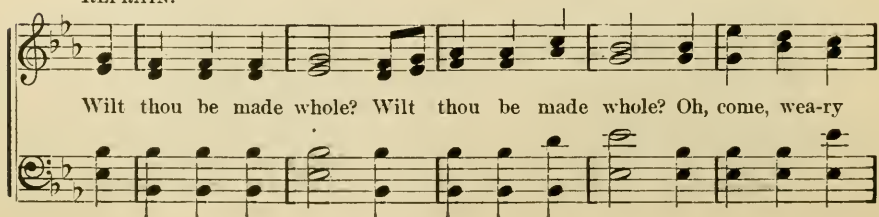


wounded, Heal-ing all who ap - ply; As He spake to the suff-'rer Who  
 va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to Him Each  
 troub-led, Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav - ior stands wait-ing To  
 pow - er On us now be out-pour'd: Wash a - way ev - ery sin - spot, Take



lay at the pool, He is say - ing this mo-ment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
 sin - taint-ed soul, And lov - ing - ly ask - ing, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
 strengthen your soul, He is earn - est - ly plead-ing, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
 per - fect con-trol, Say to each trust-ing spir - it, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

## REFRAIN.



Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? Oh, come, wea-ry

## Wilt Thou be Made Whole? Concluded.

suf-f'er, Oh, come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flowing, See, the  
 cleansing waves roll: Step in - to the cur-rent and thou shalt be whole.

## No. 29. Full Consecration.

JOSEPH STURMAN.

W. S. NICKLE.

1. Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs, I do not pray;  
 2. Let me both dil - i - gent - ly work, And du - ly pray;  
 3. Let me be slow to do my will, Prompt to o - bey;  
 4. Let me no wrong - ful, i - dle word, Un - thought - ful say;

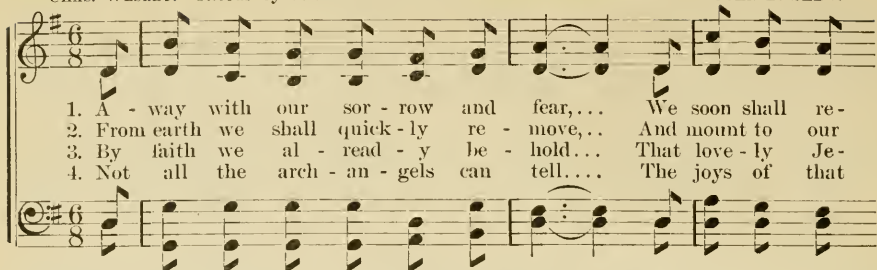
Keep me, dear Friend, from stain and sin, Just for to - day.  
 Let me be Thine in word and deed, Just for to - day.  
 Help me, dear Lord, to sac - ri - fice, Just for to - day.  
 But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord, Just for to - day.

# No. 30.

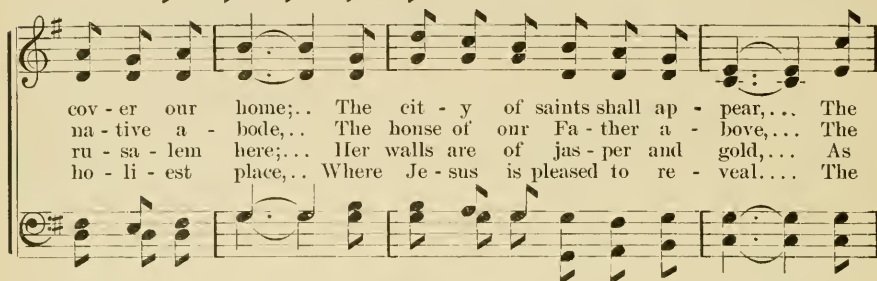
# Why Not be Happy?

CHAS. WESLEY. Chorus by F. A. HARDIN.

JOHN B. SHAW.

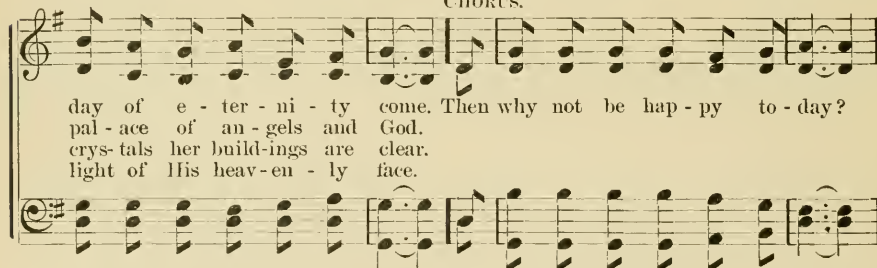


1. A - way with our sor - row and fear... We soon shall re -  
 2. From earth we shall quick - ly re - move... And mount to our  
 3. By faith we al - read - y be - hold... That love - ly Je -  
 4. Not all the arch - an - gels can tell... The joys of that

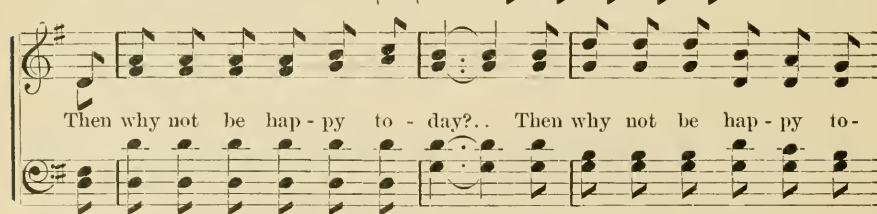


cov - er our home;.. The cit - y of saints shall ap - pear... The  
 na - tive a - bode;.. The house of our Fa - ther a - bove... The  
 ru - sa - lem here;.. Her walls are of jas - per and gold... As  
 ho - li - est place;.. Where Je - sus is pleased to re - veal... The

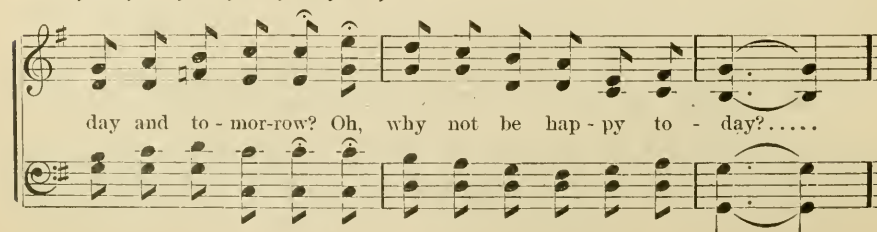
## CHORUS.



day of e - ter - ni - ty come. Then why not be hap - py to - day?  
 pal - ace of an - gels and God.  
 crys - tals her build - ings are clear.  
 light of His heav - en - ly face.



Then why not be hap - py to - day?... Then why not be hap - py to -



day and to - mor - row? Oh, why not be hap - py to - day?....



# No. 31.

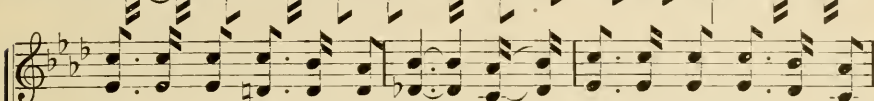
# Wonderful Peace.\*

Rev. W. D. CORNELL. Alt. Dedicated to the M. E. Church, West Bend, Wis.

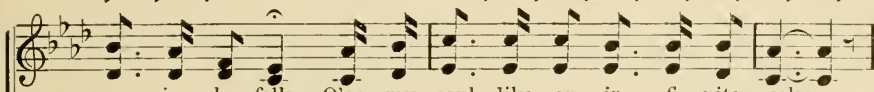
Rev. W. G. COOPER.



1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of Peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com - fort or rest, March-ing



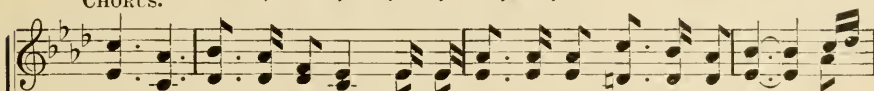
mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un-  
 deep in the heart of my soul; So deep that no pow - er can  
 sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by  
 Au - thor of peace I shall see; That one strain of the song which the  
 down the rough pathway of time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the



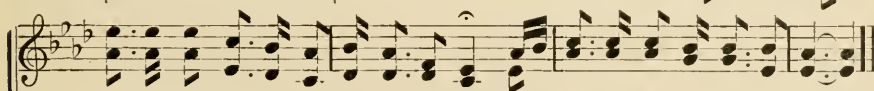
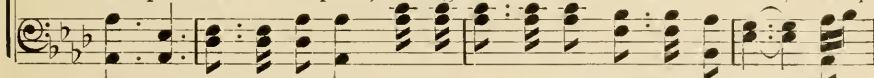
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.  
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
 night and by day, And His sun - shine is flood - ing my soul.  
 ran-somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be,  
 shad - ows grow dark, Oh, ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.



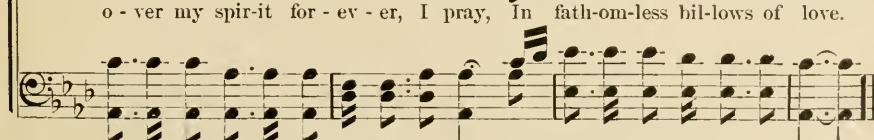
CHORUS.



Peace! peace! wonder-ful peace, Coming down from the Fa - ther a - bove; Sweep



o - ver my spir-it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath-om-less bil-lows of love.



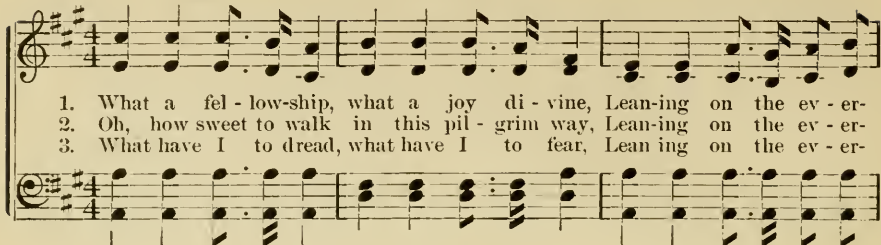
\*NOTE.—Vary the time a little to give expression to the verses.

# No. 32. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

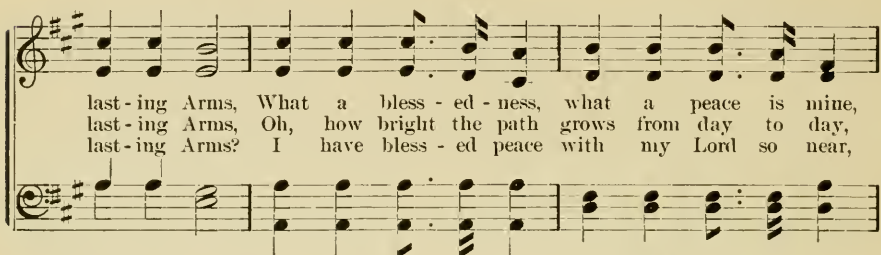
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Deut. 33: 27.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

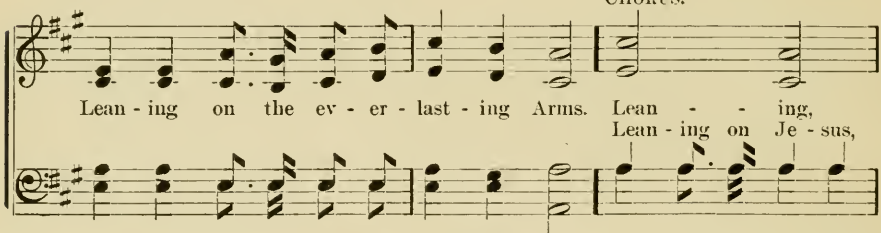


1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di - vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er-  
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er-  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean ing on the ev - er-

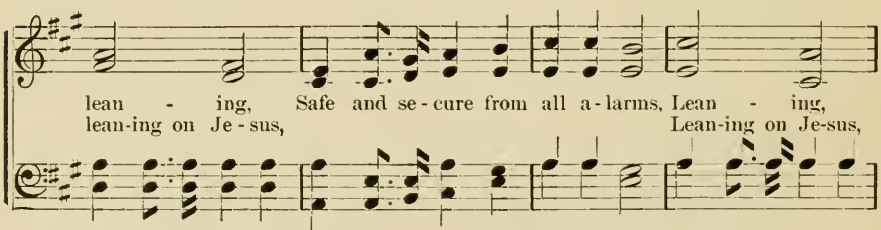


last-ing Arms, What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,  
 last-ing Arms, Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last-ing Arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

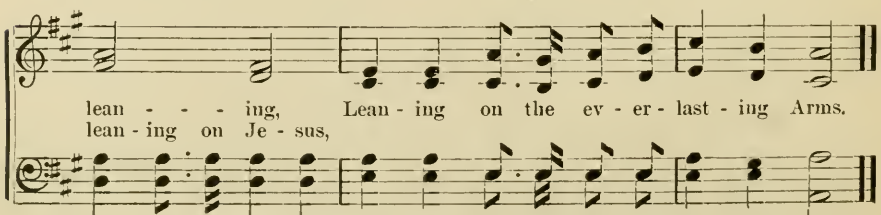
## CHORUS.



Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms. Lean - - ing,  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a-larms, Lean - ing,  
 lean-ing on Je - sus, Lean-ing on Je-sus,



lean - - - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms.  
 lean - ing on Je - sus,

By per. of A. J. Showalter, Dalton, Ga.

## No. 33.

## Call to the Children.

Rev. H. SKEEL.

W. S. NICKLE.

1. Oh, sweet is the voice of my Sav - ior, With ac - cents of  
 2. He o - pens His arms to re - ceive them, With bless - ing and  
 3. Oh, list - en to Je - sus, your Sav - ior, His life for your  
 4. Oh, Spir - it, still strive with the chil - dren! Oh, Sav - ior, still

ten - der - est love; Now call - ing His dear lit - tle chil - dren To  
 par - don of sin; He wash - es a - way their trans - gres - sions, And  
 ran - som He gave; He calls you to come to His king - dom, To -  
 call them to Thee! O chil - dren, be - lieve now in Je - sus, For

## CHORUS.

come to His man - sions a - love.  
 wel - comes the lit - tle ones in. } Oh, come while the Sav - ior is  
 day He is wait - ing to save.  
 you His sal - va - tion is free.

call - ing, So ten - der - ly plead - ing—Oh, come! Be saved from your

sins, and for - ev - er A - bide in His heav - en - ly home.

## No. 34.

## Life's Journey.

OR

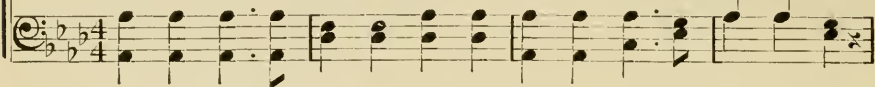
ABBIE MILLS.

(THE MISTS ARE CLEARING.)

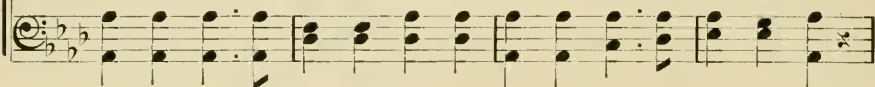
C. A. SHAW.



1. Morn-ing dawns, the mists are clear-ing, And life's jour-ney al-most o'er,
2. All the bil-lowy sea be-hind us, With the hours of care and pain,
3. See the mists are lift-ing, clear-ing, And the gold-en fruit we see,



By the pla-cid stream we're waiting, Look-ing tow'rd the oth-er shore,  
 All our cross-es and our loss-es, Now we find have brought us gain;  
 That in-vit-ing-ly is bend-ing, From life's ev-er bear-ing tree,



Where the glo-ry, where the glo-ry Dwell-eth now and ev-er-more,  
 Gain and glo-ry, gain and glo-ry, Thro' the Lamb who once was slain,  
 With-out mon-ey, with-out mon-ey, Free-ly of-fered you and me,



By the pla-cid stream we're waiting, Look-ing tow'rd the oth-er shore.  
 All our cross-es, and our loss-es, Now we find have brought us gain.  
 That in-vit-ing-ly is bend-ing, From life's ev-er bear-ing tree.





"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." 1. Pet. 2: 7

Effective as a Soprano Solo. Ad lib.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,  
 2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing head,  
 3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour-age shake,  
 4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Af - ric's sand and Green-land's snow,

Yet peace and joy with-al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence  
 Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May,  
 Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was giv'n,  
 To save from sa - tan's thrall; Nor home nor life he count - ed dear,

Her help-less wid - ow - hood's de - fence, She told me, "Christ was all."  
 And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."  
 He look'd tri-umph - ant - ly to heav'n, And an-swered, "Christ is all."  
 'Midst wants and per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."

Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ was all."  
 Christ is all, all in all, He whis-pered, "Christ is all."  
 Christ is all, all in all, And an-swered, "Christ is all."  
 Christ is all, all in all, He felt that "Christ is all."

- 5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,  
 And earth and sea gave up their dead,  
 A fire dissolved this ball;  
 I saw the Church's ransomed throng,  
 I heard the burden of their song,  
 'Twas "Christ is all in all."  
 Christ is all, all in all,  
 'Twas "Christ is all in all."

- 6 Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day,  
 The Father, Son, and Spirit say;  
 The Bride repeats the call;  
 For He will cleanse your guilty stains,  
 His love will soothe your weary pains,  
 For "Christ is all in all."  
 Christ is all, all in all,  
 For "Christ is all in all."

From "Silver Tones." By per.

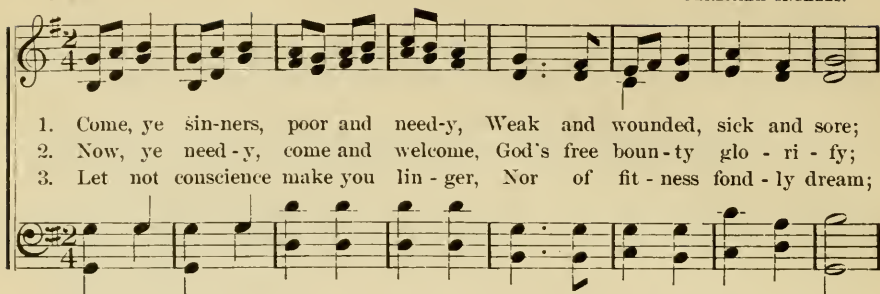


## No. 36.

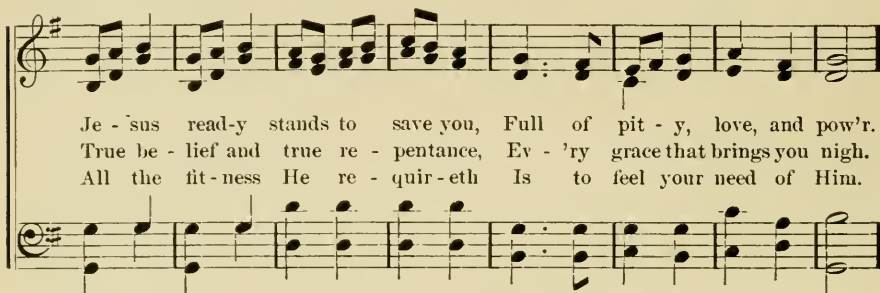
## Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

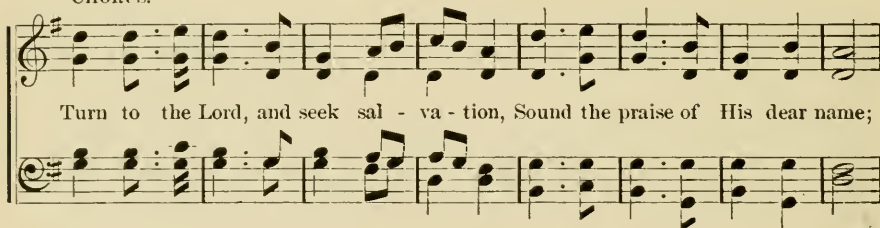


1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
 2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;  
 3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;



Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.  
 True be - lief and true re - pentance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.  
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.

## CHORUS.



Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;



Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies;  
 On the bloody tree behold Him!  
 Hear Him cry, before He dies.

# No. 37.

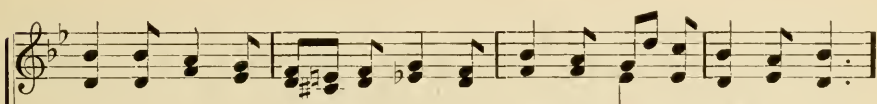
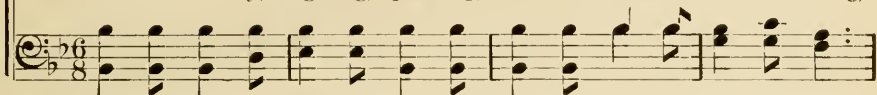
# Jesus Only.

ELIAS MASON.

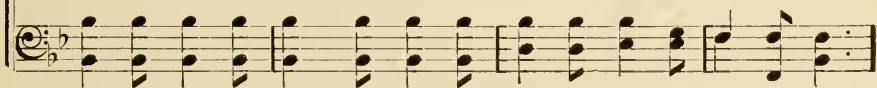
E. M. HERNDON.



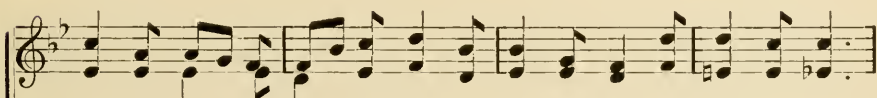
1. Je - sus on - ly, when the morning Beams up - on the path I tread;
2. Je - sus on - ly, when the bil - lows Cold and sul - len o'er us roll;
3. Je - sus on - ly, sing - ing, prais - ing, Saints their crowns be - fore Him bring,



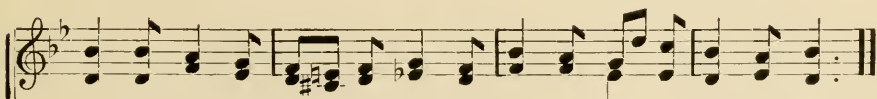
Je - sus on - ly, when the dark-ness Gath-ers round my wea - ry head.  
 Je - sus on - ly, when the trump-et Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.  
 Je - sus on - ly, I will joy - ous, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges sing.



## CHORUS.



Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, He is near me day by day;



Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, He goes with me all the way.



## No. 38.

## Song of Praise.

C. A. S.

C. A. SHAW.

*Fast and joyful.*

1. O Lord, to Thee our voice in song, On this glad day we raise;  
 2. O let Thy soul-en-chant-ing love Dwell rich-ly in each heart,  
 3. Fill us with grace we hum-bly pray, Help us to love Thee more,

And in the full-ness of our hearts, Sing songs of hum-ble praise.  
 That we may not Thy spir-it grieve, Nor e'er from Thee de-part.  
 That we may know the life and peace Of Him whom we a-dore.

CHORUS.

Cres.

Hear us Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, All Thy grace on us be-stow;

Let Thy word-up-on our path-way shine, While trav'ling here be-low.

# No. 39. I Will Trust in the Blood of the Lamb.

C. WESLEY.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;  
2. My dy - ing Sav - ior and my God,—Fountain for guilt and - sin,  
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;  
4. The a - tone-ment of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;

This all my hope and all my plea,—For me the Sav - ior died.  
Sprink-le me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.  
Wash me, but not my feet a - lone,—My hands, my head, my heart.  
Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

## CHORUS.

I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb; I will

trust,..... I will trust,..... I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.

# No. 40. Lord, Send Thy Blessing.

Arranged by W. S. NICKLE.

Chorus.—O Lord, send us Thy bless - ing, And, O Lord,

send us Thy bless-ing, And, O Lord, send us Thy bless-ing, And

FINE.

send it down from heav - en a - bove. 1. Je - sus, my all to  
2. His track I see, and

D. C.

heav'en is gone; He whom I fix my hopes up - on.  
I'll pur - sue The nar - row way, till Him I view.

3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not.

4 My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.

5 The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more.

6 Till late I heard the Savior say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

7 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to Thee, whose I am;

8 Nothing but sin I have to give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

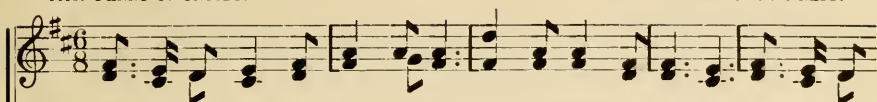


## No. 41.

## Nearer the Cross.

Mrs. FANNY J. CROSBY.

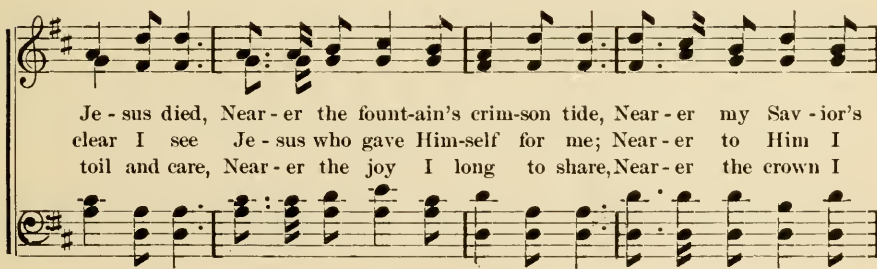
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



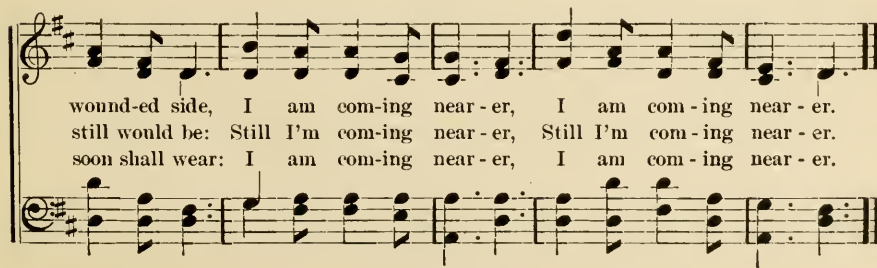
1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feast-ing my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the



cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where  
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more  
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of



Je-sus died, Near-er the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-ior's  
clear I see Je-sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I  
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I



wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.  
still would be: Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.  
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

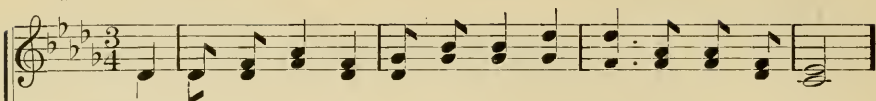
By permission.

## No. 42.

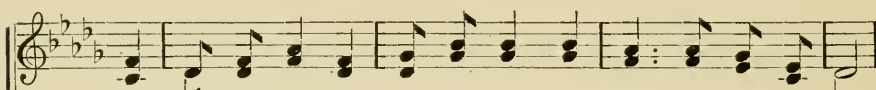
## Jesus, Our Friend.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

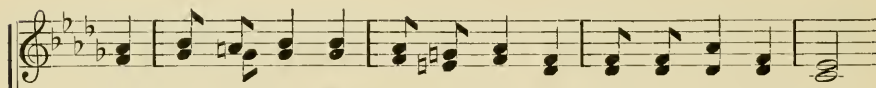
Mrs. W. S. NICKLE.



1. When Je - sus lived up - on the earth, And healed the sick and lame;
2. Per - haps these lit - tle boys and girls Were sometimes naughty too ;
3. When lit - tle chil - dren come to Him, He takes them in his arms;



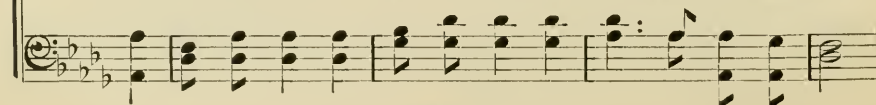
The moth - ers took their lit - tle ones, And joy - ful - ly they came.  
 But Je - sus sent them not a - way, His love is strong and true.  
 Oh, what a safe and bless - ed place To rest from all a - larms.



He looked on them and kind - ly said: "O let them come to Me,  
 Al-though He grieves when we do wrong, And slight His pre - cious name,  
 And so we sing with hap - py hearts, Our songs of joy and love ;



For - bid them not, for such as these My Fa - ther's face shall see."  
 He tries to help us all the more, And loves us just the same.  
 We'll serve our bless - ed Sav - ior here, And dwell with Him a - bove.



# Jesus, Our Friend. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Our Sav - ior blessed the lit - tle ones, That all the world may know,

*Rit.*

He came to save the chil - dren too, Be - cause He loved them so.

## No. 43. Are the Children all in?

O. E. M.

Rev. O. E. MURRAY, A. M., B. D.

1. Are the chil - dren all in? Faith - ful moth - ers oft - en say,  
 2. Are the chil - dren all in? Are they sheltered from the cold?  
 3. Are the chil - dren all in? Moth - er whispered at the last,  
 4. Are the chil - dren all in? Win them, par - ents, do not wait!

CHO. Are the chil - dren all in? Are they safe from ev - 'ry sin?

*D. C. for Chorus.*

As the cur - tains of the night Close a - round the dy - ing day.  
 Je - sus wants the pre - cious lambs For His bless - ed up - per fold.  
 As her chil - dren gath - ered 'round, When to glo - ry - land she passed.  
 Bring the lambs to Je - sus now, Or it soon may be too late.

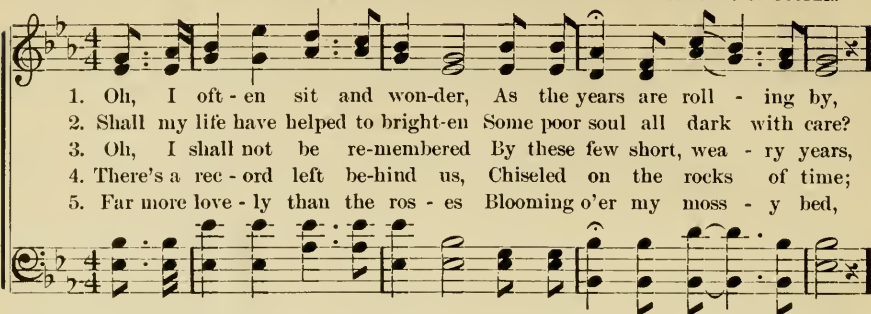
Fa - ther! moth - er! how can you rest, Till each lit - tle one is in?

# No. 44. Will They Miss Me when I'm Gone?

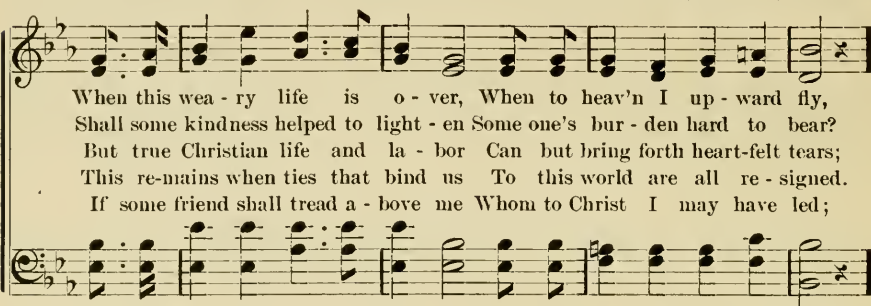
Rev. W. G. C.

MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO.

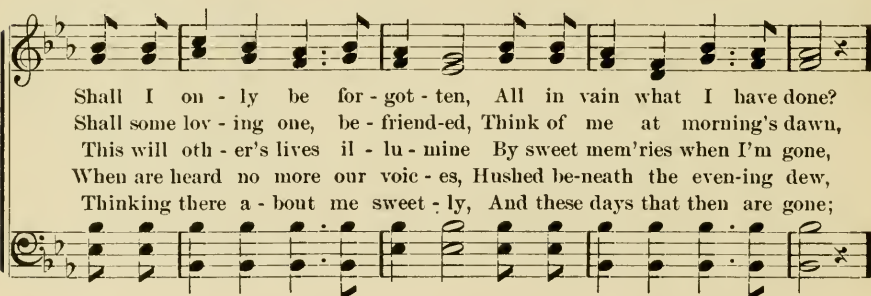
Rev. W. G. COOPER.



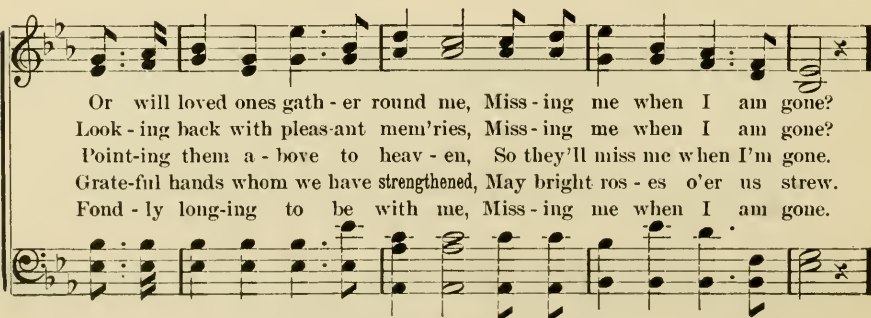
1. Oh, I oft - en sit and won - der, As the years are roll - ing by,  
 2. Shall my life have helped to bright - en Some poor soul all dark with care?  
 3. Oh, I shall not be re - membered By these few short, wea - ry years,  
 4. There's a rec - ord left be - hind us, Chiseled on the rocks of time;  
 5. Far more love - ly than the ros - es Blooming o'er my moss - y bed,



When this wea - ry life is o - ver, When to heav'n I up - ward fly,  
 Shall some kindness helped to light - en Some one's bur - den hard to bear?  
 But true Christian life and la - bor Can but bring forth heart - felt tears;  
 This re - mains when ties that bind us To this world are all re - signed.  
 If some friend shall tread a - bove me Whom to Christ I may have led;



Shall I on - ly be for - got - ten, All in vain what I have done?  
 Shall some lov - ing one, be - friend - ed, Think of me at morning's dawn,  
 This will oth - er's lives il - lu - mine By sweet mem'ries when I'm gone,  
 When are heard no more our voic - es, Hushed be - neath the even - ing dew,  
 Thinking there a - bout me sweet - ly, And these days that then are gone;



Or will loved ones gath - er round me, Miss - ing me when I am gone?  
 Look - ing back with pleas - ant mem'ries, Miss - ing me when I am gone?  
 Point - ing them a - bove to heav - en, So they'll miss me when I'm gone.  
 Grate - ful hands whom we have strengthened, May bright ros - es o'er us strew.  
 Fond - ly long - ing to be with me, Miss - ing me when I am gone.

# Will They Miss Me? Concluded.

CHORUS.

When this wea-ry life is o-ver, And my work shall all be done,....  
all done,

*Rit.*

Shall I be re-mem-bered fond-ly? Will they miss me when I'm gone?

## No. 45. Hear the Pennies Dropping.

Author unknown.

1. Hear the pen-nies dropping; List-en while they fall; Ev-'ry one for  
2. Dropping, dropp-ing ev-er, From each lit-tle hand; 'Tis our gift to  
3. Now while we are lit-tle, Pen-nies are our store; But when we get  
4. Tho' we have not mon-ey, We can give Him love; He will own our

CHORUS.

Je-sus, He will get them all.  
Je-sus, From His lit-tle hand.  
old-er, Lord, we'll give Thee more.  
off'r-ing, Smil-ing from a-bove.

Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping,

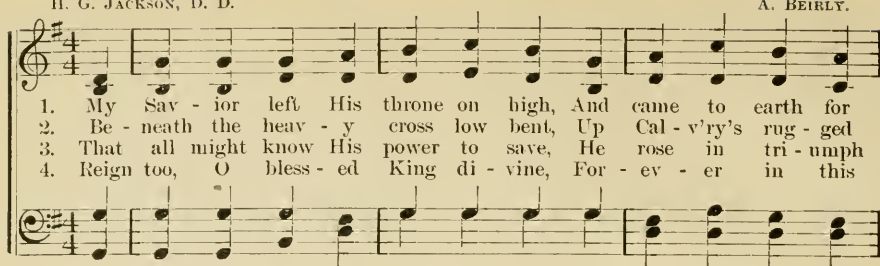
Hear the pennies fall; Ev-'ry one for Je-sus; He will get them all.



# No. 46. What a Glorious Redeemer!

H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

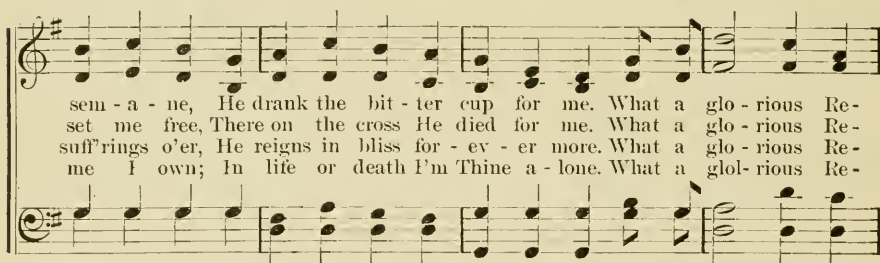
A. BEIRLY.



1. My Sav - ior left His throne on high, And came to earth for  
 2. Be - neath the heav - y cross low bent, Up Cal - v'ry's rug - ged  
 3. That all might know His power to save, He rose in tri - umph  
 4. Reign too, O bless - ed King di - vine, For - ev - er in this



me to die; What a glo - rious Re - deem - er! At mid - night in Geth -  
 steeps He went; What a glo - rious Re - deem - er! From sin and death to  
 from the grave; What a glo - rious Re - deem - er! And now His cru - el  
 heart of mine; What a glo - rious Re - deem - er! Thy sov'-reign right in




sem - a - ne, He drank the bit - ter cup for me. What a glo - rious Re -  
 set me free, There on the cross He died for me. What a glo - rious Re -  
 suff' rings o'er, He reigns in bliss for - ev - er more. What a glo - rious Re -  
 me I own; In life or death I'm Thine a - lone. What a glol - rious Re -

## CHORUS.



deem - er! What a glo - rious Re - deem - er is Je - sus, my



Sav - ior, What a glo - rious Re - deem - er is Je - sus, my Lord!

## No. 47.

## The Lord is Coming.

JOHN B. SHAW.

C. A. SHAW.

1. O the crowning day is coming, When the Lord will come a - gain, Come with  
2. Hast-en, sin-ner, seek His par-don, Ere thy Lord shall come a - gain, Come with  
3. All the golden sheaves He'll gather, With the an - gels in His train, And He'll

all the saints and angels From on high, When with shouts and blast of trump-et, Down the  
all His pow'r and glo-ry From on high, When He'll judge both men and an-gels, For the  
shout the harvest home With glad re-frain, Then in man-sions built in glory, Crowned we'll

path-way of the sky, Come to gath - er up His jew - els, By and by.  
deeds they've done and why, And He'll gath - er home the har - vest, By and by.  
be with Him on high, With the lov'd, the sav'd, the ho - ly, By and by.

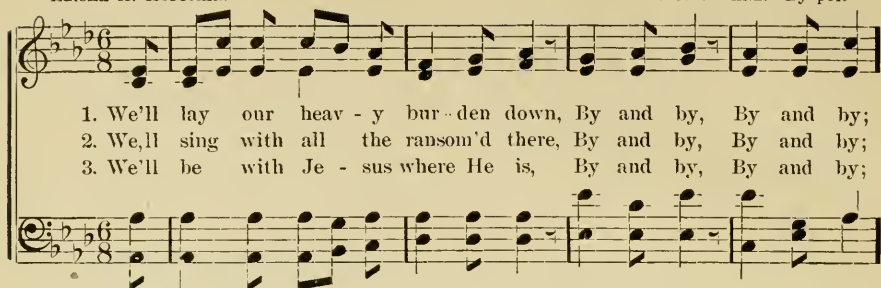
CHORUS.  
By and by, yes, by and by, By and by, yes, by and by;  
By and by, by and by, by and by, by and by;

He will gath - er home His loved ones, By and by, yes, by and by.  
He will gather home His lov'd ones, By and by, by and by.

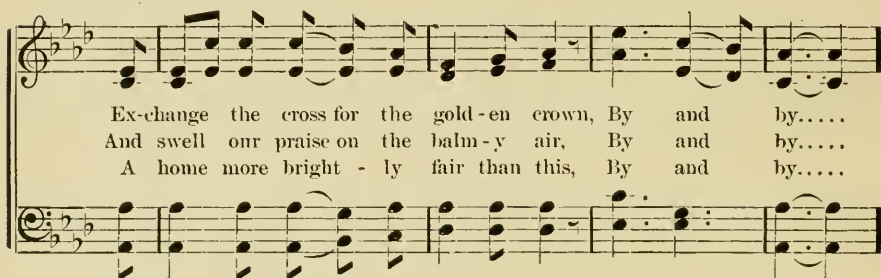
# No. 48. Sweet Resting By and By.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

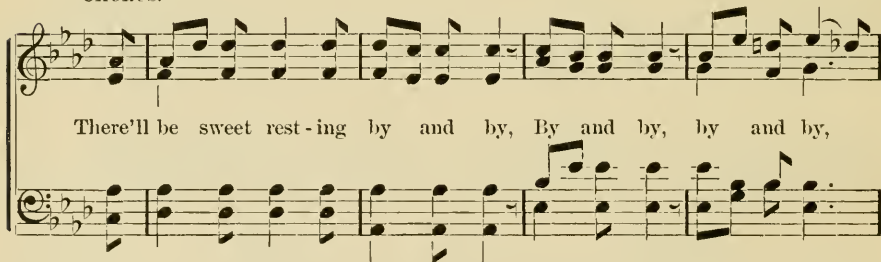


1. We'll lay our heav - y bur - den down, By and by, By and by;  
 2. We'll sing with all the ransom'd there, By and by, By and by;  
 3. We'll be with Je - sus where He is, By and by, By and by;

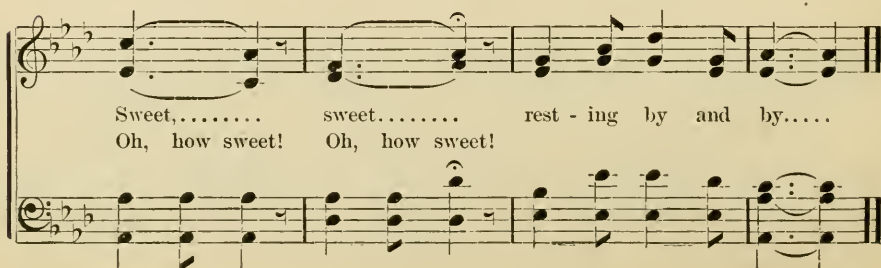


Ex-change the cross for the gold - en crown, By and by....  
 And swell our praise on the balm - y air, By and by....  
 A home more bright - ly fair than this, By and by....

## CHORUS.



There'll be sweet rest - ing by and by, By and by, by and by,



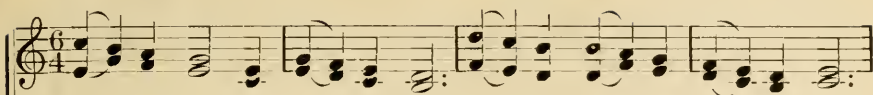
Sweet,..... sweet..... rest - ing by and by....  
 Oh, how sweet! Oh, how sweet!

## No. 49.

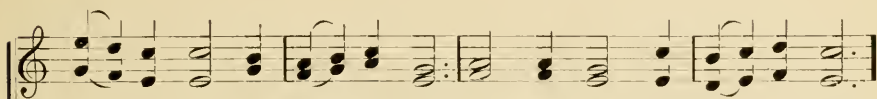
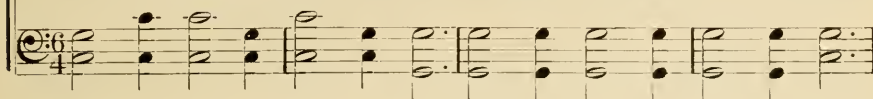
## Come to Jesus.

Rev. WILLIAM. FAWCETT, D. D.

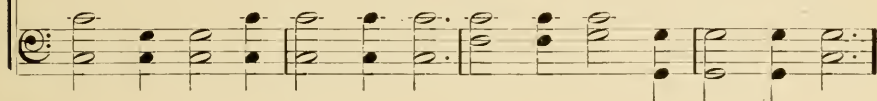
NELLIE E. FAWCETT.



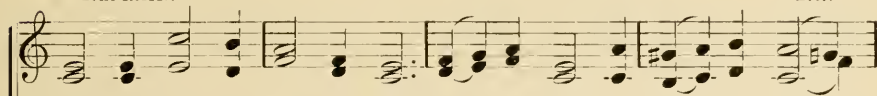
1. Come, and make our Lord your choice; Come, be guid - ed by His voice;  
 2. Ye, whose hearts are filled with pain, Seek - ing com - fort all in vain;  
 3. With - out house, or friends, or rest, Long hast thou from Je - sus prest,



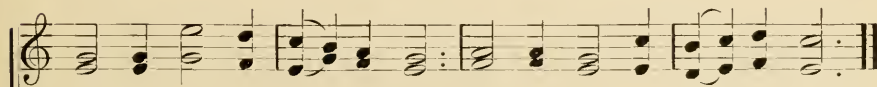
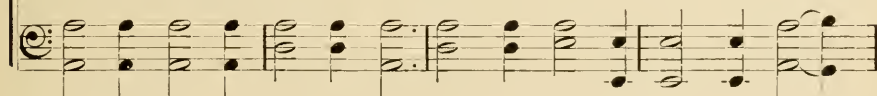
Led by Him no more you'll roam, He will guide you safe - ly home.  
 Ye, who feel your souls dis-tress'd, Come to Je - sus and be blest.  
 Je - sus calls thee from thy gloom, And will bring thee safe - ly home.



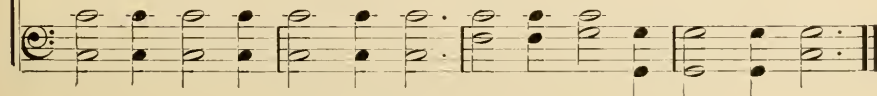
## REFRAIN.

*Rit.*

Come, oh! come, poor sin - ner, come; Seek by Je - sus' cross, your home;



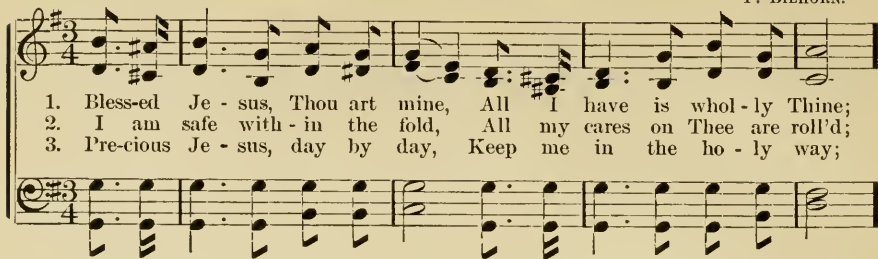
Here for you is peace se - cure; Rest that ev - er shall en - dure.



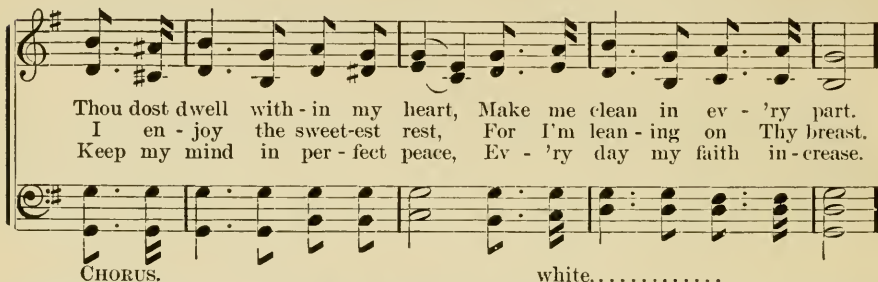
# No. 50. Blessed Jesus, Keep Me White.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.

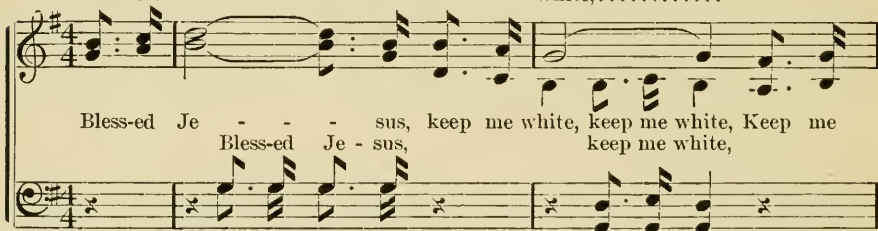


1. Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine, All I have is whol - ly Thine;  
 2. I am safe with - in the fold, All my cares on Thee are roll'd;  
 3. Pre-cious Je - sus, day by day, Keep me in the ho - ly way;

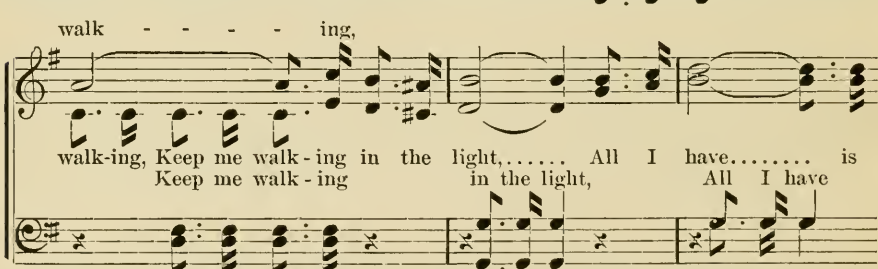


Thou dost dwell with - in my heart, Make me clean in ev - 'ry part.  
 I en - joy the sweet-est rest, For I'm lean - ing on Thy breast.  
 Keep my mind in per - fect peace, Ev - 'ry day my faith in - crease.

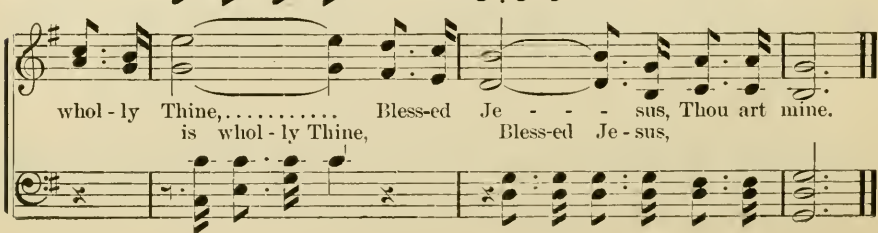
CHORUS. white,.....



Bless-ed Je - - - sus, keep me white, keep me white, Keep me  
 Bless-ed Je - sus, keep me white,



walk - - - ing,  
 walk-ing, Keep me walk-ing in the light,..... All I have..... is  
 Keep me walk - ing in the light, All I have



whol - ly Thine,..... Bless-ed Je - - - sus, Thou art mine.  
 is whol - ly Thine, Bless-ed Je - sus,



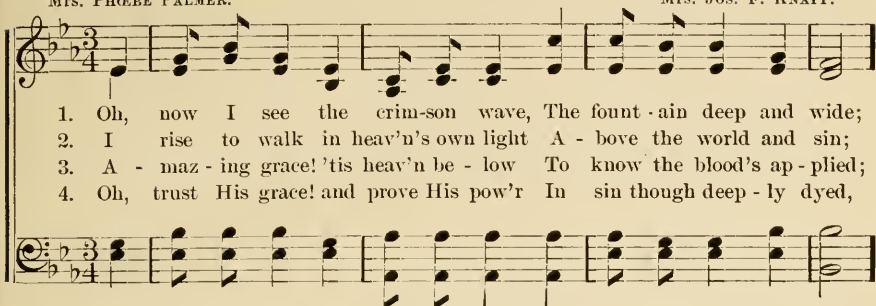
## No. 51.

## The Cleansing Wave.

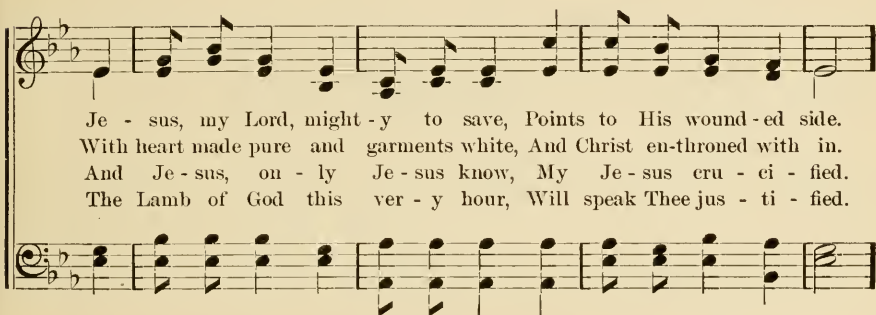
"And washed us from our sins in His own blood." Rev. 13: 5.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.



1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave, The fount - ain deep and wide;  
 2. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light A - bove the world and sin;  
 3. A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low To know the blood's ap - plied;  
 4. Oh, trust His grace! and prove His pow'r In sin though deep - ly dyed,

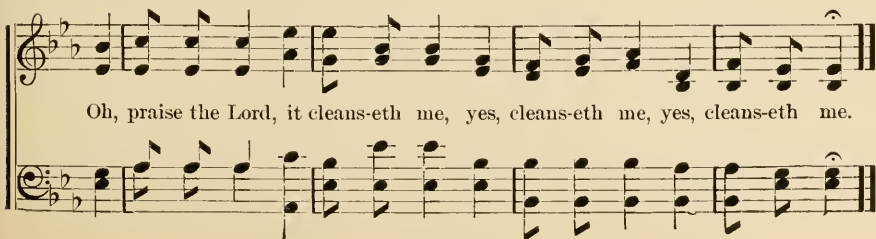


Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wound - ed side.  
 With heart made pure and garments white, And Christ en - throned with in.  
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.  
 The Lamb of God this ver - y hour, Will speak Thee jus - ti - fied.

CHORUS.



The cleans-ing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me,



Oh, praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me, yes, cleans-eth me, yes, cleans-eth me.

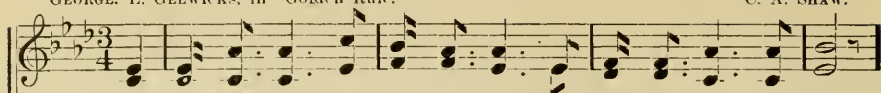
By permission.

## No. 52.

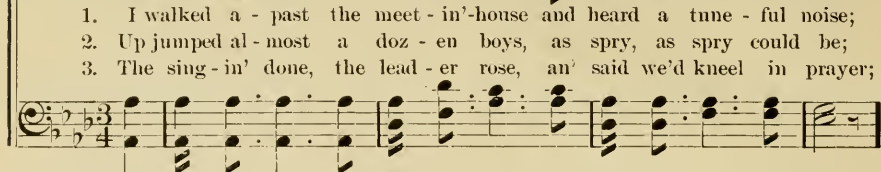
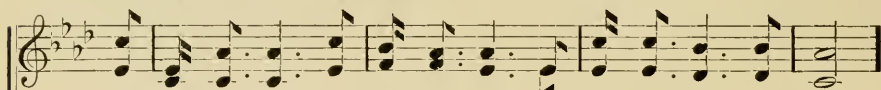
## An Old Man's Opinion.

GEORGE E. GELWICKS, in "Golden Rule."

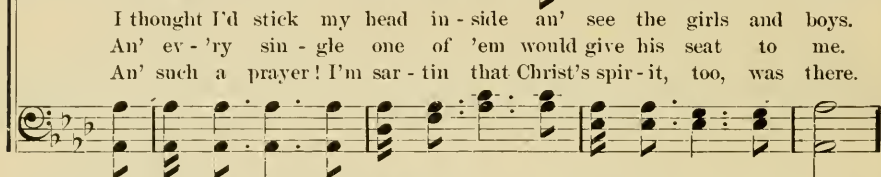

C. A. SHAW.



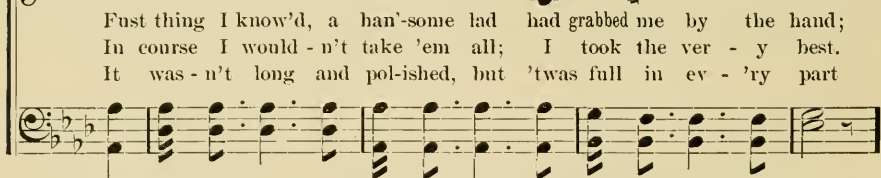

1. I walked a - past the meet - in' - house and heard a tune - ful noise;  
 2. Up jumped al - most a doz - en boys, as spry, as spry could be;  
 3. The sing - in' done, the lead - er rose, an' said we'd kneel in prayer;

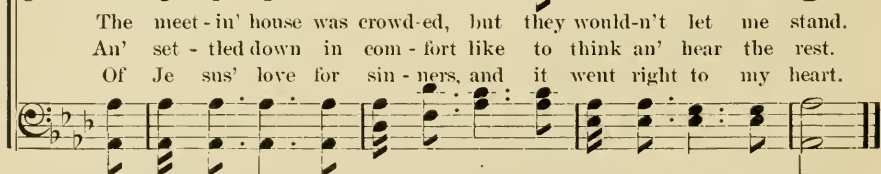
I thought I'd stick my head in - side an' see the girls and boys.  
 An' ev - 'ry sin - gle one of 'em would give his seat to me.  
 An' such a prayer! I'm sar - tin that Christ's spir - it, too, was there.

Fust thing I know'd, a han'-some lad had grabbed me by the hand;  
 In course I would - n't take 'em all; I took the ver - y best.  
 It was - n't long and pol - ished, but 'twas full in ev - 'ry part

The meet - in' house was crowd - ed, but they would - n't let me stand.  
 An' set - tled down in com - fort like to think an' hear the rest.  
 Of Je sus' love for sin - ners, and it went right to my heart.



- 4 Another an' another rose an' told us how the Lord  
 Had brought them through temptation by their trustin' in His word.  
 Another simple prayer was made, another hymn was sung,  
 The leader said 'twas time to close; I thought they'd just begun.
5. An' then the way they shook my hand I never seed before—  
 They shook it from the time I rose until I reached the door;  
 I promised 'em to come ag'in; I tell you, friends, they've given  
 This poor old heart a mighty lift toward Jesus' home an' heaven.

\* Repeat this for refrain if you desire.

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## No. 53.

## Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY.

"He is faithful that hath promised." Heb. 10: 23.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of  
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture  
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His  
 burst on my sight, An-gels de-scending, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of  
 hap-py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir-it, washed in His blood...  
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love... This is my sto-ry, this is my  
 good-ness, lost in His love...

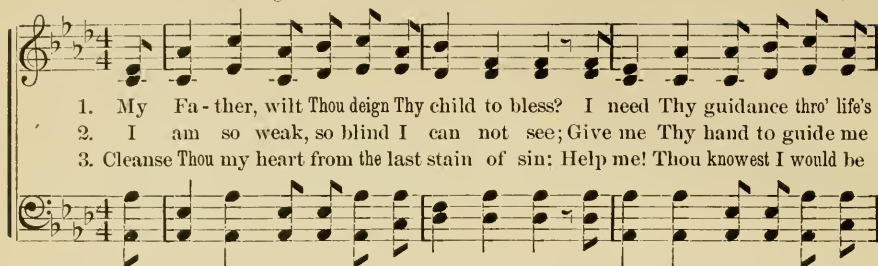
song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

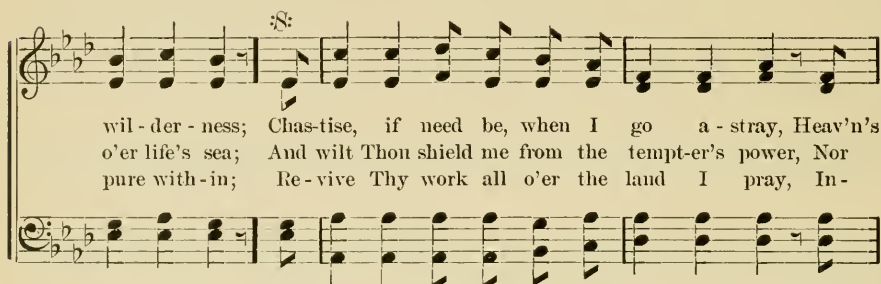
PRAYER.

Mrs. JOHN GILL, in "Michigan Christian Advocate."

C. A. SHAW.

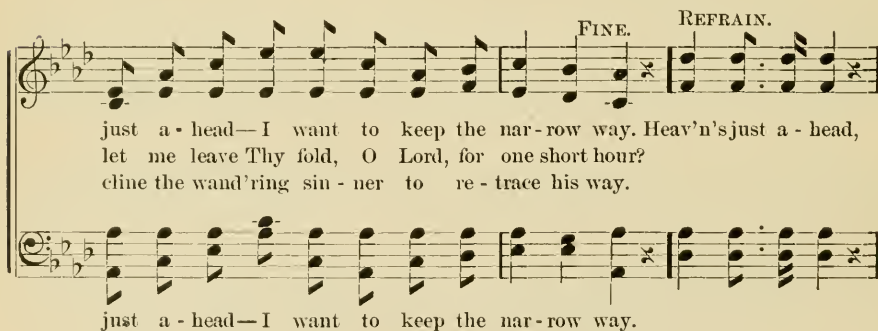


1. My Fa-ther, wilt Thou deign Thy child to bless? I need Thy guidance thro' life's  
 2. I am so weak, so blind I can not see; Give me Thy hand to guide me  
 3. Cleanse Thou my heart from the last stain of sin; Help me! Thou knowest I would be



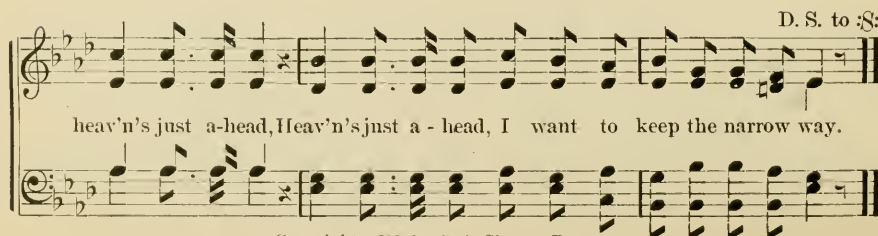
wil-der-ness; Chas-tise, if need be, when I go a-stray, Heav'n's  
 o'er life's sea; And wilt Thou shield me from the tempt-er's power, Nor  
 pure with-in; Re-vive Thy work all o'er the land I pray, In-

D. S. Chas-tise, if need be, when I go a-stray, Heav'n's



just a-head—I want to keep the nar-row way. Heav'n's just a-head,  
 let me leave Thy fold, O Lord, for one short hour?  
 eline the wand'ring sin-ner to re-trace his way.

just a-head—I want to keep the nar-row way.



heav'n's just a-head, Heav'n's just a-head, I want to keep the narrow way.

## No. 55.

## We Walk by Faith.

J. E. WOLFE.

P. BILHORN.

1. By child-like faith in Christ, the Lord, We have from sin sal - va - tion;  
 2. How sim - ple is the way of life, 'Tis on - ly to be - lieve Him;  
 3. Thro' Je - sus' death the debt was paid, Not feel - ing, nor e - mo - tion;  
 4. We walk by faith and not by sight, How grand is this re - veal - ing!

By ful - ly trust - ing in His word, We pass from con - dem - na - tion.  
 'Twill end your sor - row and your strife If you will but re - ceive Him.  
 On Him our sin and guilt was laid; O, give Him your de - vo - tion.  
 'Tis God's own way, and must be right, 'Tis wrong to trust in feel - ing.

CHORUS.

We walk by faith, and not by sight;  
 We walk by faith and not by sight; 'Tis God's own way and must be right;

We walk by faith,  
 We walk by faith and not by sight; We fol - low Christ, the Light.



## No. 56.

## Beautiful Heaven.

JOHN B. SHAW.

W. G. FARRAR.

1. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful heav - en, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove;  
 2. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful heav - en, Sweet are thy songs to me;  
 3. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful heav - en, Beau - ti - ful land we're told;

O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Comes thy sweet voice of love;  
 Send from thy man - sions in glo - ry, Strains of sweet mel - o - dy;  
 Man - sion that's built by the Sav - ior, Streets that are paved with gold;

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful heav - en, Home of the pure and blest; The  
 Sing of sal - va - tion's sweet sto - ry, Sing of the Sav - ior's love; Then  
 Wide pearl-y gates that are o - pen, Je - sus the Sav - ior's there; He'll

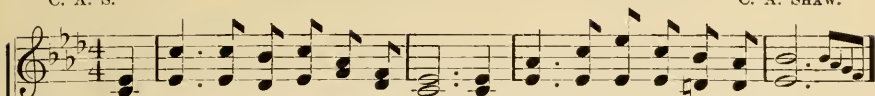
*Rit.*

wea - ry ones long for thy por - tals, They dream of thy rest, sweet rest.  
 toil - ing a - long on my jour - ney, I'll sing of my home a - bove.  
 wel - come us home when life's o - ver, His King - dom with us to share.

# No. 57. Near Me, O My Savior, Stand.

C. A. S.

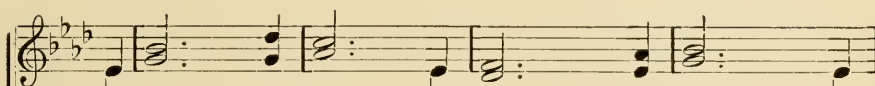
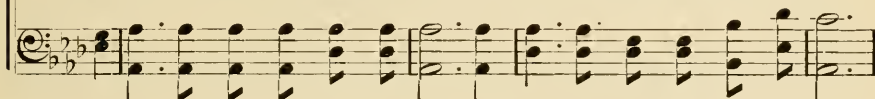
C. A. SHAW.



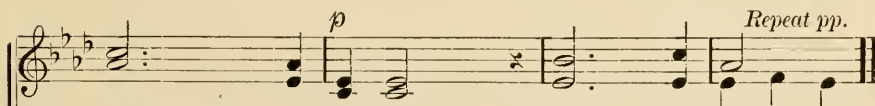
1. Near, near me, O my Sav-ior, stand, And guard me in temptation's hour;
2. Near, near me, O my Sav-ior, stand, When waves of trouble round me roll,
3. Near, near me, O my Sav-ior, stay; On Thee my steadfast soul re - lies;



Lead, lead me by Thy lov-ing hand, And show'r in me Thy sav-ing power.  
And darkness hides the promised land, And half o'er-whelms my sink-ing soul.  
Keep, keep me in the nar-row way, And help me gain the heav'nly prize.



Oh, let my soul Thy pres - - ence feel, And  
Oh, let my soul Thy presence feel, Oh, let my soul Thy presence feel, And



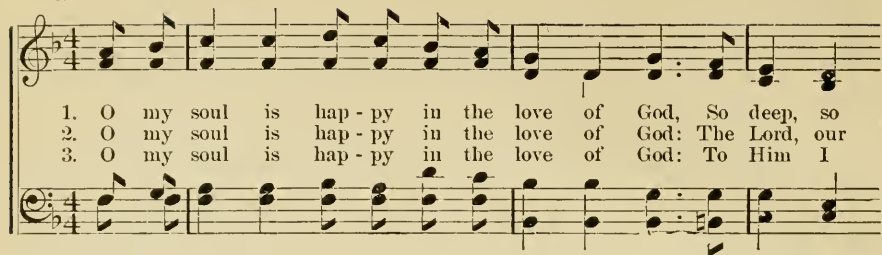
hear the whis-per, "Peace, be still."  
hear the whisper, hear the whisper, "Peace, be still, peace be still."



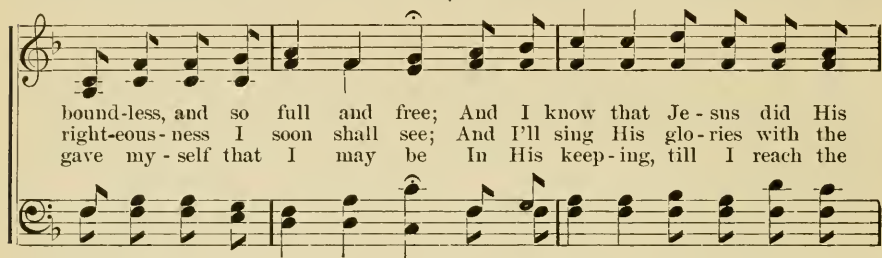
# No.58. Happy in the Love of God.

C. A. S.

C. A. SHAW.

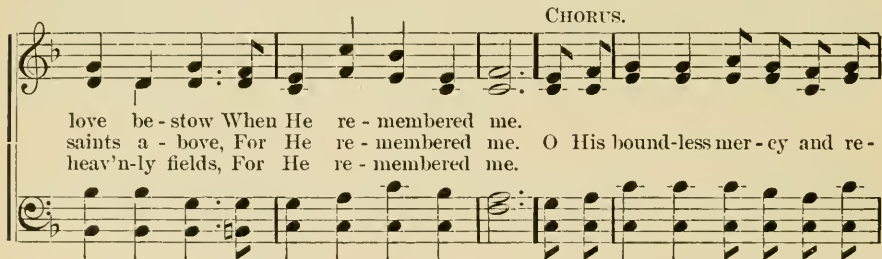


1. O my soul is hap - py in the love of God, So deep, so  
 2. O my soul is hap - py in the love of God: The Lord, our  
 3. O my soul is hap - py in the love of God: To Him I



bound-less, and so full and free; And I know that Je - sus did His  
 right-eous-ness I soon shall see; And I'll sing His glo-ries with the  
 gave my - self that I may be In His keep-ing, till I reach the

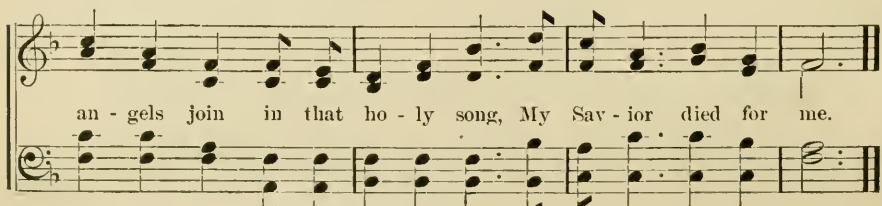
CHORUS.



love be-stow When He re - membered me.  
 saints a - bove, For He re - membered me. O His bound-less mer-cy and re-  
 heav'n-ly fields, For He re - membered me.



deem-ing love! I will sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, With the

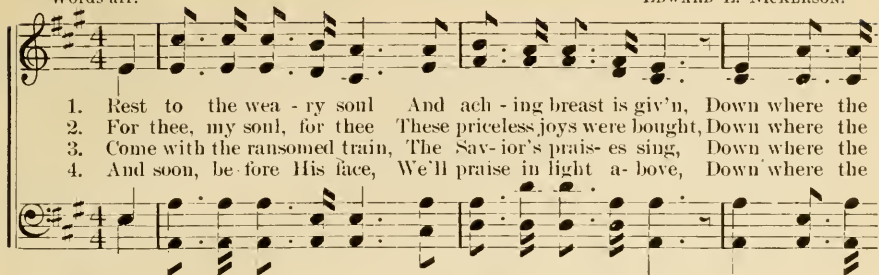


an - gels join in that ho - ly song, My Sav - ior died for me.

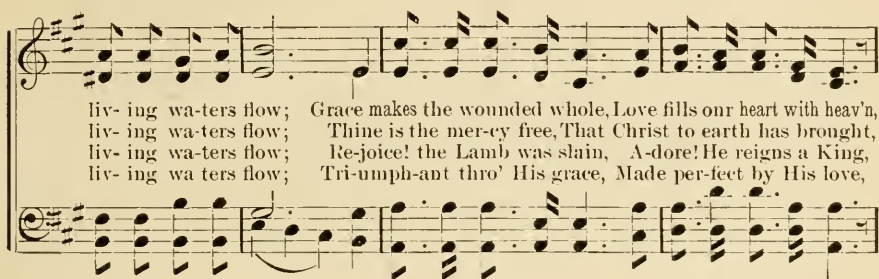
# No. 59. Where the Living Waters Flow.

Words arr.

EDWARD E. NICKERSON.

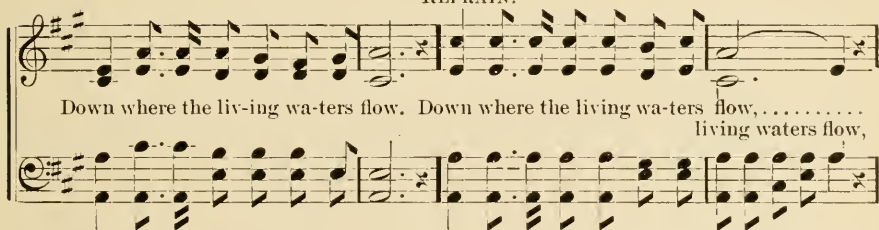


1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is giv'n, Down where the  
 2. For thee, my soul, for thee These priceless joys were bought, Down where the  
 3. Come with the ransomed train, The Sav - ior's prais - es sing, Down where the  
 4. And soon, be - fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove, Down where the

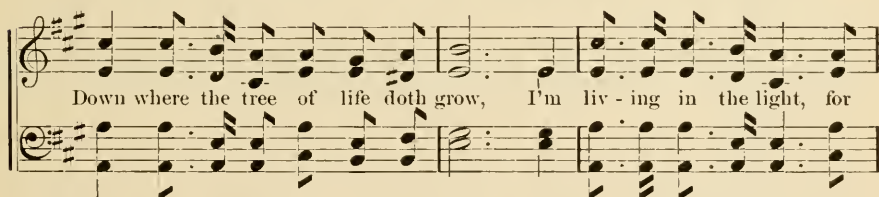


liv - ing wa - ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole, Love fills our heart with heav'n,  
 liv - ing wa - ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free, That Christ to earth has brought,  
 liv - ing wa - ters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain, A - dore! He reigns a King,  
 liv - ing wa - ters flow; Tri - umph - ant thro' His grace, Made per - fect by His love,

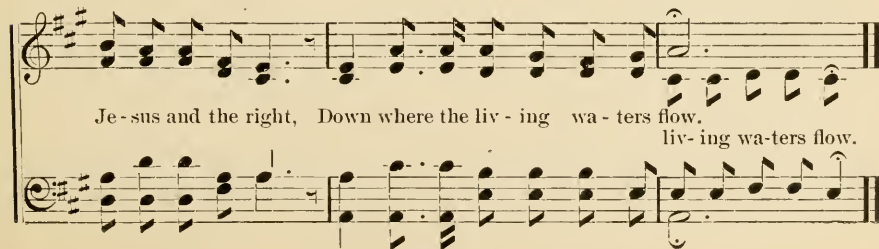
## REFRAIN.



Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow, Down where the living wa - ters flow, .....  
 living waters flow,



Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm liv - ing in the light, for

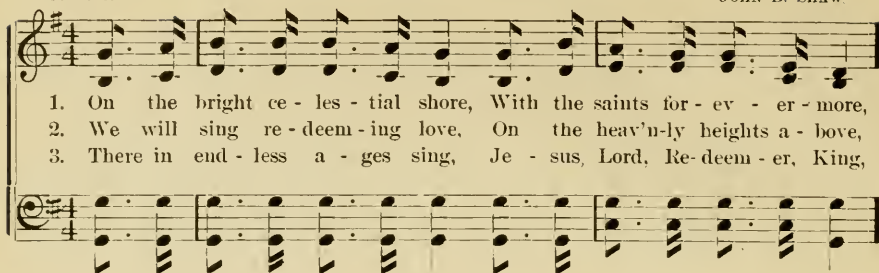


Je - sus and the right, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.  
 liv - ing wa - ters flow.

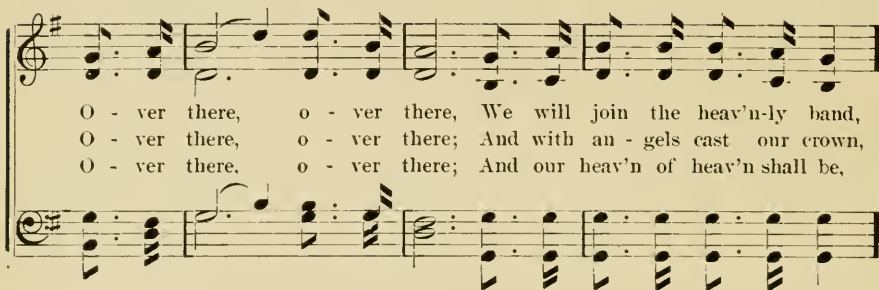
# No. 60. On the Bright Celestial Shore.

J. B. S.


JOHN B. SHAW



1. On the bright ce - les - tial shore, With the saints for - ev - er - more,  
 2. We will sing re - deem - ing love, On the heav'n - ly heights a - bove,  
 3. There in end - less a - ges sing, Je - sus, Lord, Re - deem - er, King,

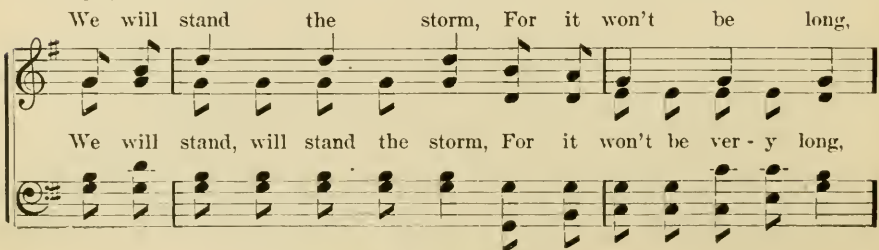


O - ver there, o - ver there, We will join the heav'n - ly band,  
 O - ver there, o - ver there; And with an - gels cast our crown,  
 O - ver there, o - ver there; And our heav'n of heav'n shall be,



In that bless - ed glo - ry - land, O - ver there, o - ver there.  
 At the feet of Je - sus down, O - ver there, o - ver there.  
 Christ the Lord e - ter - nal - ly, O - ver there, o - ver there.

## CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, For it won't be long,  
 We will stand, will stand the storm, For it won't be ver - y long,



## On the Bright Celestial Shore. Concluded.

And we'll an - chor by and by;..... For we're go - - ing home,  
And we'll an chor by and by;..... For we're go - ing, go - ing home,

Nev - er more to roam, To our man - sions built on high.  
Nev - er, nev - er more to roam, To our man - sions built on high.

## No. 61. Jesus, I Come to Thee.

E. JOHNSON.

W. JOHNSON.

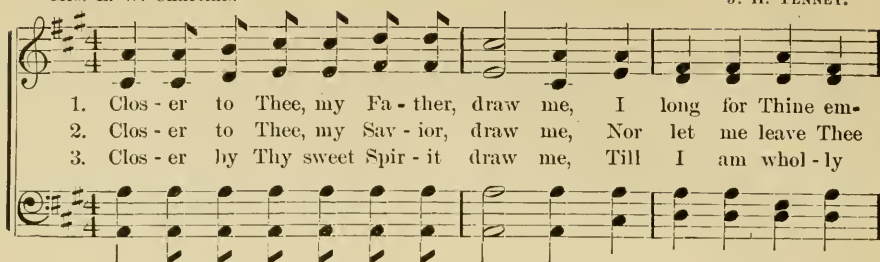
1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, In weak - ness help Thou me,  
2. Keep me by night and day, Nor let me ev - er stray  
3. Washed in Thy pre - cious blood, And so brought nigh to God,  
4. So let me ev - er be Wait - ing, my Lord, for Thee,

My strength and ref - uge be, Je - sus, my Lord.  
From Thee, the liv - ing way, Je - sus, my Lord.  
I'll sound Thy praise a - broad, Je - sus, my Lord.  
Long - ing Thy face to see, Je - sus, my Lord.

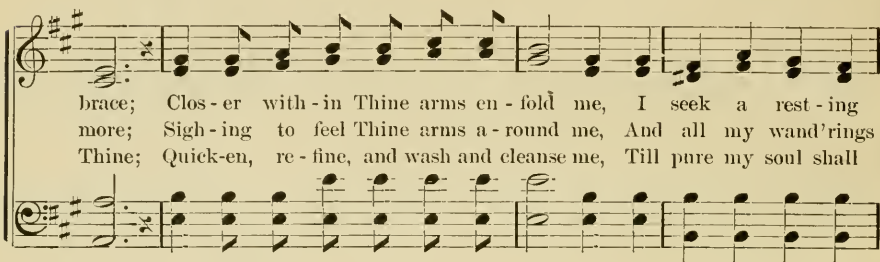
# No. 62. Draw Me Closer to Thee.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

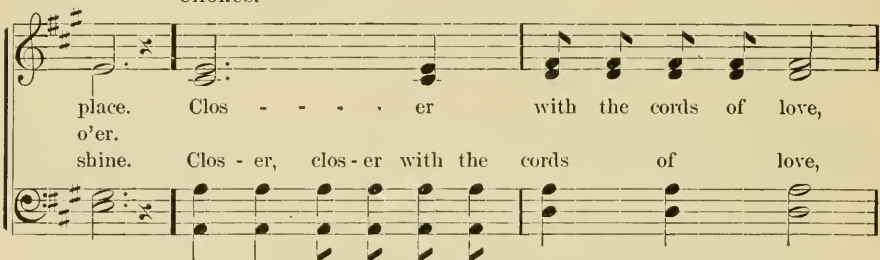


1. Clos - er to Thee, my Fa - ther, draw me, I long for Thine em -  
 2. Clos - er to Thee, my Sav - ior, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee  
 3. Clos - er by Thy sweet Spir - it draw me, Till I am whol - ly

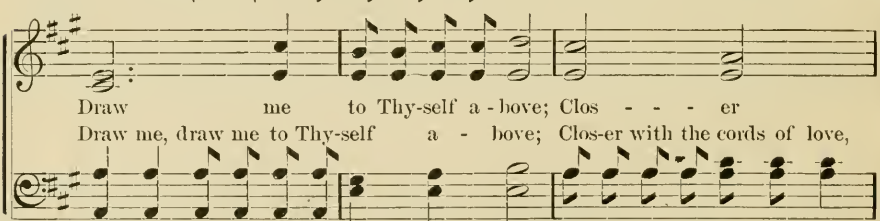


brace; Clos - er with - in Thine arms en - fold me, I seek a rest - ing  
 more; Sigh - ing to feel Thine arms a - round me, And all my wand' rings  
 Thine; Quick - en, re - fine, and wash and cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall

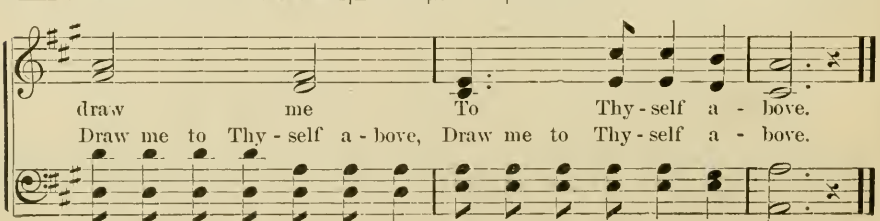
## CHORUS.



place. Clos - - - er with the cords of love,  
 o'er.  
 shine. Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love,



Draw me to Thy - self a - bove; Clos - - - er  
 Draw me, draw me to Thy - self a - bove; Clos - er with the cords of love,



draw me To Thy - self a - bove.  
 Draw me to Thy - self a - bove, Draw me to Thy - self a - bove.

By permission.

# No. 63.

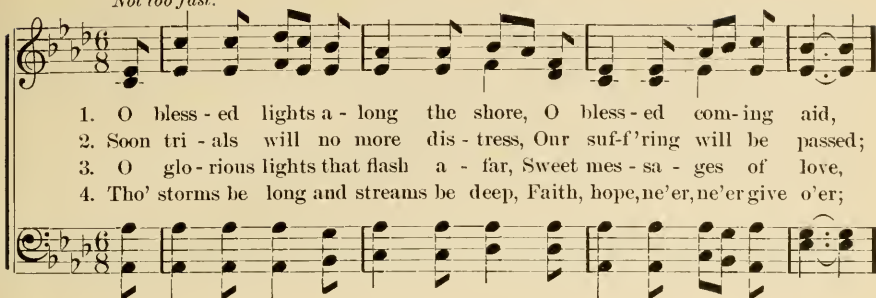
# Lights Along the Shore.

Rev. F. A. HARDIN.

Compliments of the author to F. A. Hardin.

C. A. SHAW.

*Not too fast.*

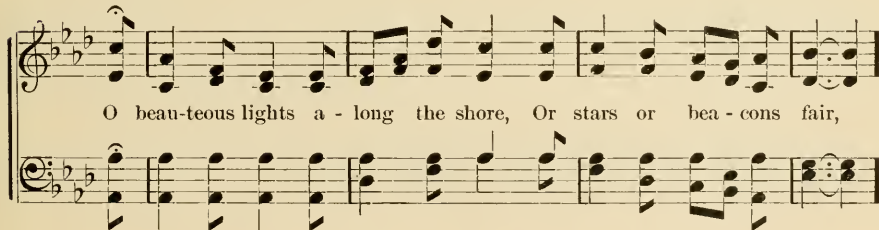


1. O bless - ed lights a - long the shore, O bless - ed com - ing aid,  
 2. Soon tri - als will no more dis - tress, Our suf - f'ring will be passed;  
 3. O glo - rious lights that flash a - far, Sweet mes - sa - ges of love,  
 4. Tho' storms be long and streams be deep, Faith, hope, ne'er, ne'er give o'er;

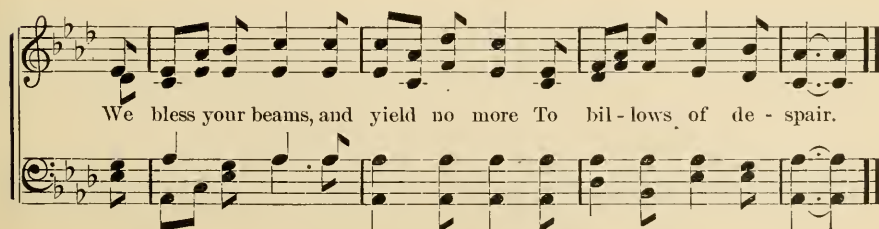


I hear a - bove the tem-pest's roar, Thy voice, "Be not dis - mayed."  
 God will His faith - ful chil - dren bless, And shel - ter from the blast.  
 That sound a - bove earth's din and jar, There's rest and peace a - bove.  
 Al-might - y power will ev - er keep Lights on the heav - en - ly shore.

## CHORUS.



O beau - teous lights a - long the shore, Or stars or bea - cons fair,



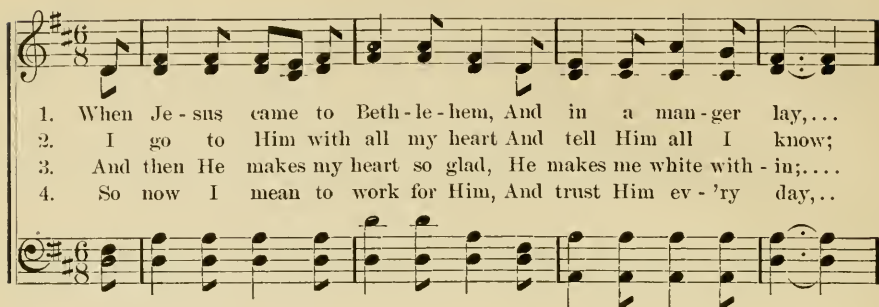
We bless your beams, and yield no more To bil - lows of de - spair.

# No. 64. When Jesus Came to Bethlehem.

J. B. S.

CHILDREN'S SONG.

JOHN B. SHAW.

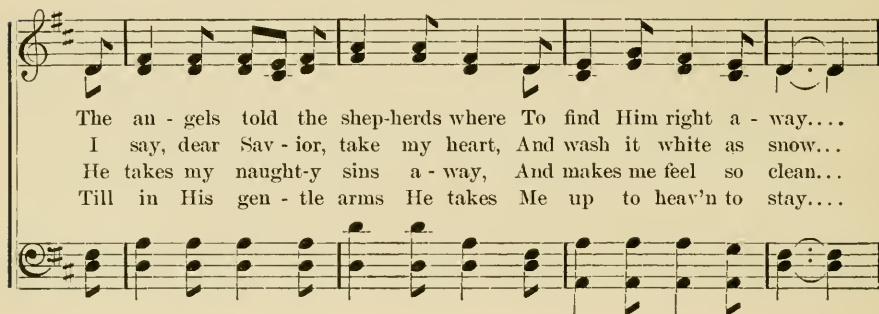


1. When Je - sus came to Beth - le - hem, And in a man - ger lay,...

2. I go to Him with all my heart And tell Him all I know;

3. And then He makes my heart so glad, He makes me white with - in;...

4. So now I mean to work for Him, And trust Him ev - 'ry day,...



The an - gels told the shep - herds where To find Him right a - way....

I say, dear Sav - ior, take my heart, And wash it white as snow...

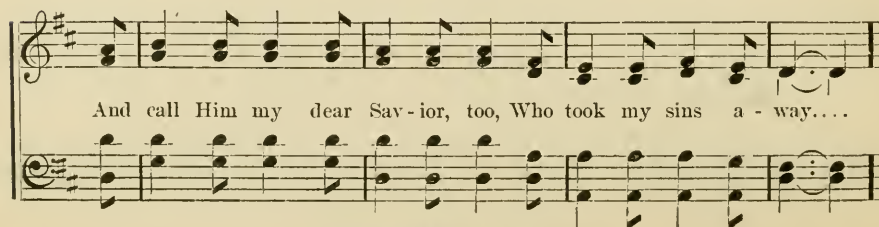
He takes my naught - y sins a - way, And makes me feel so clean...

Till in His gen - tle arms He takes Me up to heav'n to stay....

## CHORUS.



So with the an - gels now I sing His prais - es ev - 'ry day,...



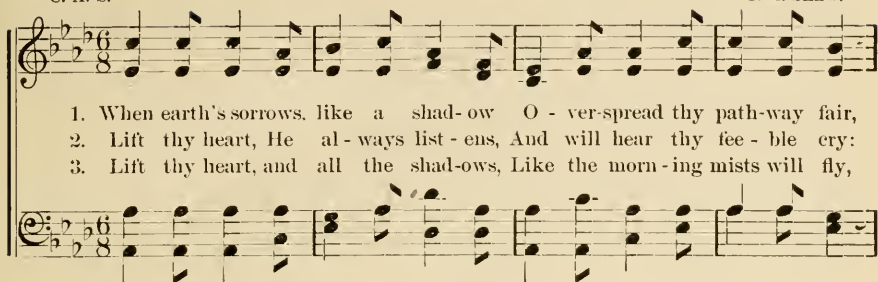
And call Him my dear Sav - ior, too, Who took my sins a - way....

# No. 65. Lift Thy Heart in Prayer.

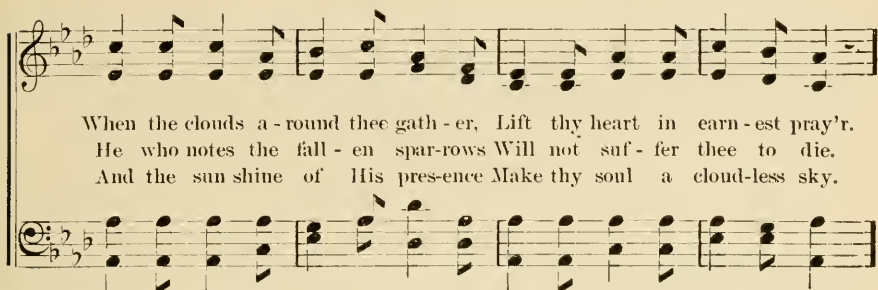
To my Friend I. L. Van Meter, Gallatin, Mo.

C. A. S.

C. A. SHAW.

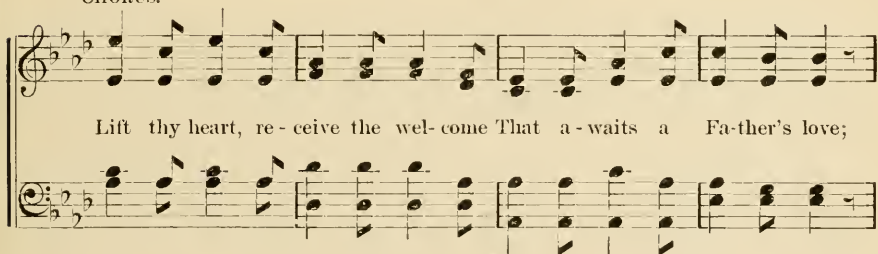


1. When earth's sorrows, like a shad-ow O - ver-spread thy path-way fair,  
2. Lift thy heart, He al-ways list - ens, And will hear thy fee - ble cry:  
3. Lift thy heart, and all the shad-ows, Like the morn-ing mists will fly,

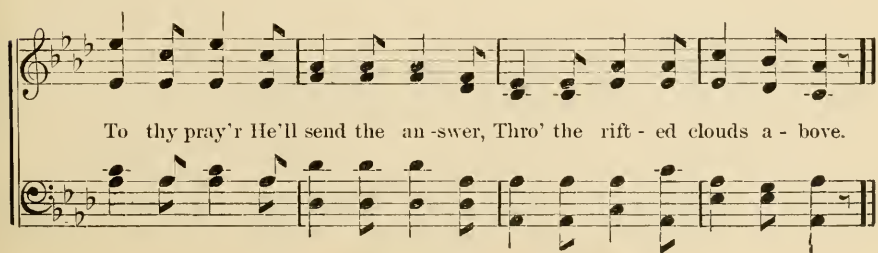


When the clouds a - round thee gath - er, Lift thy heart in earn - est pray'r.  
He who notes the fall - en spar-rows Will not suf - fer thee to die.  
And the sun shine of His pres-ence Make thy soul a cloud-less sky.

## CHORUS.



Lift thy heart, re - ceive the wel - come That a - waits a Fa - ther's love;



To thy pray'r He'll send the an - swer, Thro' the rift - ed clouds a - bove.



## No. 66.

## I am Coming.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I am com-ing, Lord, and kneel-ing At Thy foot - stool low,  
 2. Sin and guilt in shame con-fess-ing, At Thy feet I bow;  
 3. Hear my plea, O bless-ed Sav-ior! While in tears I bow;  
 4. Kind-ly, ten-der-ly re-ceive me, As I hum-bly pray;

And I pray with ten-der feel-ing, "Oh! save.... me now."  
 While I lin-ger for the bless-ing, Oh! save.... me now.  
 Grant to me Thy grace and fa-vor Just now,... just now.  
 Free-ly, gra-cious-ly for-give me To-day,... to-day.

## CHORUS.

I am com-ing, I am com-ing, Bless-ed Je-sus, just now;..

Bless and heal me, cleanse and seal me, I am com-ing just now.

# No. 67. He Doeth All Things Well.

F. J. BURDETT.

1. Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art! All the way long it is Je - sus;  
2. But may our ac - tions al - ways say, All the way long it is Je - sus;  
3. This note a - bove the rest shall swell, All the way long it is Je - sus;

May none of us from Thee de - part, All the way long it is Je - sus.  
We're marching in the good old way, All the way long it is Je - sus.  
That Je - sus do - eth all things well, All the way long it is Je - sus.

## REFRAIN.

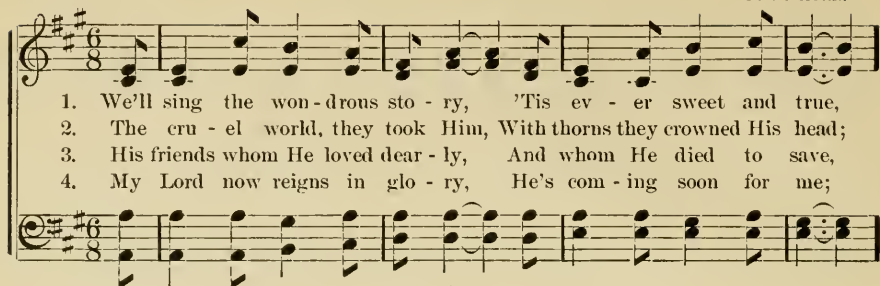
Je - sus, Je - sus, All the way long it is Je - sus;

Je - sus, Je - sus, All the way long it is Je - sus;

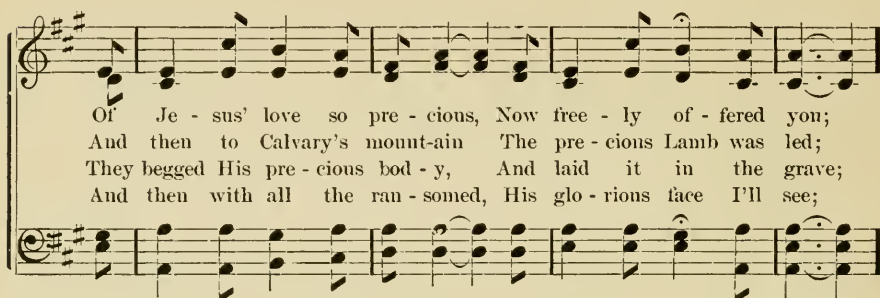
# No. 68. A Story Sweet and True.

E. W. OAKES.

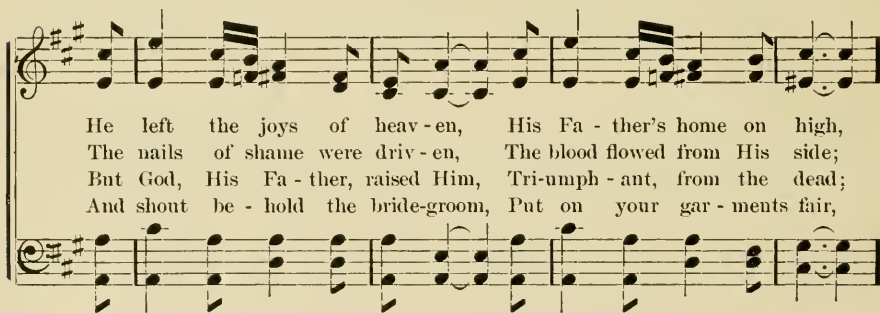
P. BILHORN.



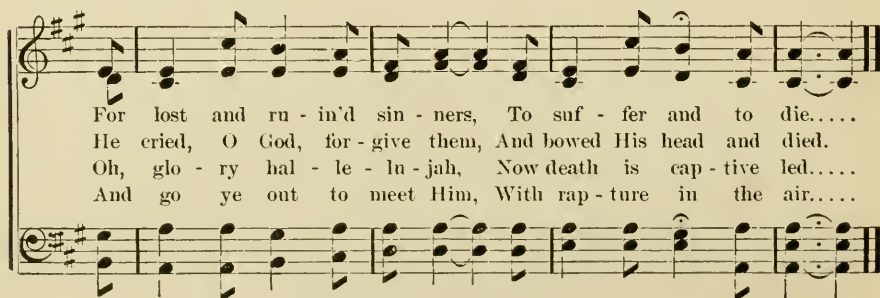
1. We'll sing the won-drous sto - ry, 'Tis ev - er sweet and true,  
 2. The cru - el world, they took Him, With thorns they crowned His head;  
 3. His friends whom He loved dear - ly, And whom He died to save,  
 4. My Lord now reigns in glo - ry, He's com - ing soon for me;



Of Je - sus' love so pre - cious, Now free - ly of - fered you;  
 And then to Calvary's mount-ain The pre - cious Lamb was led;  
 They begged His pre - cious bod - y, And laid it in the grave;  
 And then with all the ran - somed, His glo - rious face I'll see;



He left the joys of heav-en, His Fa - ther's home on high,  
 The nails of shame were driv-en, The blood flowed from His side;  
 But God, His Fa - ther, raised Him, Tri-umph - ant, from the dead;  
 And shout be - hold the bride-groom, Put on your gar - ments fair,



For lost and ru - in'd sin - ners, To suf - fer and to die....  
 He cried, O God, for - give them, And bowed His head and died.  
 Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Now death is cap - tive led....  
 And go ye out to meet Him, With rap - ture in the air....

## No. 69.

## Toiling for Jesus.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

*Spirited.*

1. Glad - ly, glad - ly toil - ing for the Mas - ter, Go we forth with  
 2. Sweet - ly, sweet - ly we will tell the sto - ry Of His love to  
 3. Meek - ly, meek - ly toil - ing for the Mas - ter, Walk - ing, faith - ful -

will - ing hands to do, What - so - e'er to us He hath ap - point - ed,  
 mor - tals here be - low; Christ, the brightness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry,  
 ly the path He trod; Lead - ing wand'ers to the dear Re - deem - er,

CHORUS.

Faith - ful - ly our mis - sion we'll pur - sue. Toil - - ing for  
 Free - ly here His bless - ing will be - stow.  
 Point - ing sin - ners to the Lamb of God. Toil - ing, toil - ing

Je - sus, Joy - ful - ly we go, yes, joy - ful - ly we go;  
 for the Mas - ter,


Toil - ing for Je - sus, In His vine - yard here be - low.  
 Toil - ing, toil - ing for the Mas - ter.

## No. 70.

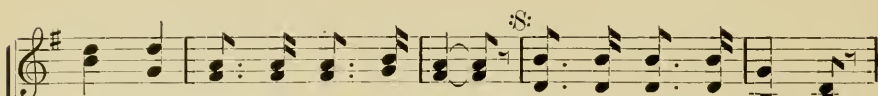
## Little Reapers.

*With spirit.*

Rev. J. H. WEBER.




1. We are lit - tle reap - ers, Toil - ing thro' the day, Lab'ring in the  
 2. We are lit - tle reap - ers, In the fields of sin, Striv - ing for the  
 3. We are lit - tle reap - ers, In the har - vest field, Truth and right the



har - vest O'er the ston - y way; Glean - ing 'mong the this - tles,  
 Mas - ter Pre - cious souls to win; Point - ing them to Je - sus,  
 sick - les That we there do wield: And we la - bor ev - er,

FINE.



Search - ing thro' the rain, Fit - ting for the gar - ner Bright and gold - en grain.  
 To the Lamb of God; Fol - low - ing His foot - steps In the paths He trod.  
 'Neath our Fa - ther's eye, Gath - er - ing the bright sheaves For the home on high.

CHORUS.

D. S. al FINE.



Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing all the day, Toil - ing, toil - ing in this hap - py way.



# No. 71. There is Sunshine in My Soul.

J. B. S.

JOHN B. SHAW.

1. There's an an-them in my soul to-day: How sweet-ly I com-mune!  
2. There is peace with-in my heart to-day, Which like a riv-er flows;  
3. There is heav-en in my heart to-day: A song of praise I bring;

And my dear Sav-ior's love for me Will keep my heart in tune.  
And none but those who feel it know The sun-shine of re- pose.  
For sav- ing grace that set me free In Je- sus, Lord and King.

## CHORUS.

There is sun- shine, there is sun- shine, There is sun-shine in my soul;

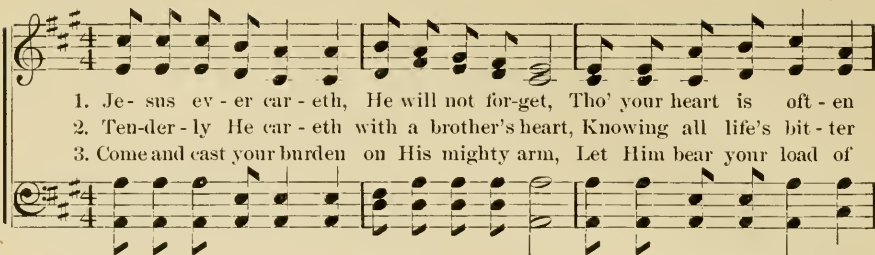
There is sun- shine, there is sun- shine, Since the Lord has made me whole.

## No. 72.

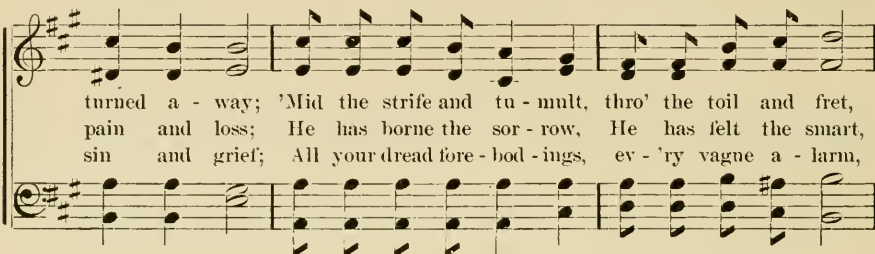
## He Careth for You.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

A. BEIRLY.

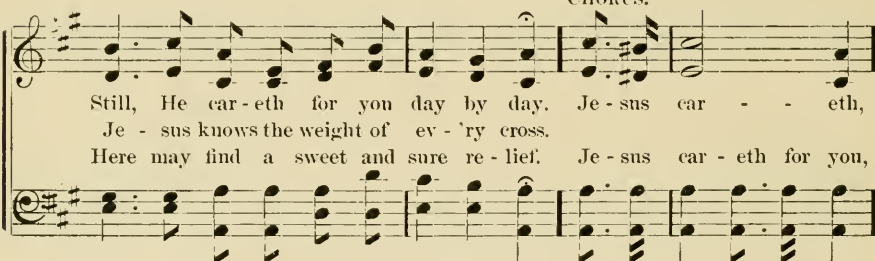


1. Je - sus ev - er car - eth, He will not for - get, Tho' your heart is oft - en  
 2. Ten - der - ly He car - eth with a brother's heart, Knowing all life's bit - ter  
 3. Come and cast your burden on His mighty arm, Let Him bear your load of

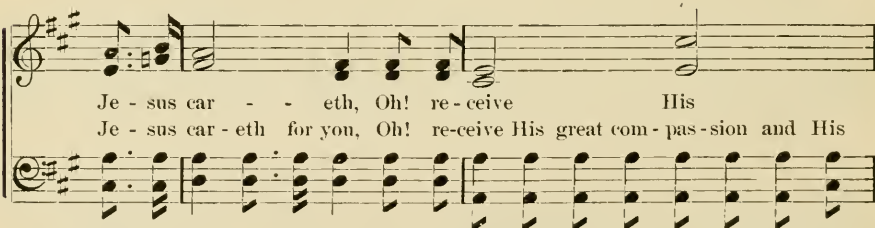


turned a - way; 'Mid the strife and tu - mult, thro' the toil and fret,  
 pain and loss; He has borne the sor - row, He has felt the smart,  
 sin and grief; All your dread fore - bod - ings, ev - 'ry vague a - larm,

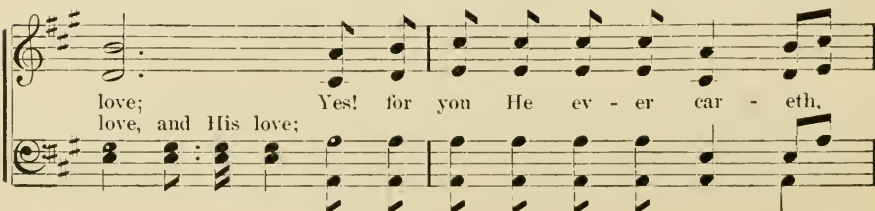
## CHORUS.



Still, He car - eth for you day by day, Je - sus car - - eth,  
 Je - sus knows the weight of ev - 'ry cross.  
 Here may find a sweet and sure re - lief. Je - sus car - eth for you,



Je - sus car - - eth, Oh! re - ceive His  
 Je - sus car - eth for you, Oh! re - ceive His great com - pas - sion and His



love;  
 love, and His love; Yes! for you He ev - er car - eth,

# He Careth for You. Concluded.

All your bur-dens shar-eth, Call-ing you to lift your heart a-bove.

## No. 73. Lord, Save Me.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Oth - ers, Lord, have come con-fess - ing, Oth - ers have received Thy blessing,  
 2. Ma - ny hearts on Thee re - ly - ing, Find their comforts mul-ti - ply - ing,  
 3. In the midst of trib - u - la - tion, When be - set by sore temp-ta - tion,

This will not a - vail for me, List - en to my earn - est plea.  
 Show Thy mer - cy un - to me, Help - less un - to Thee I fly.  
 Thon a - lone canst com - fort me, My sup - port and ref - uge be.

### REFRAIN.

Lord, save me, Save me, e - ven me;  
 Lord, help me, Help me, e - ven me;  
 Lord, bless me, Bless me, e - ven me;

Oth-er hearts Thy mer - cy know,

Now Thy grace on me be - stow, { Lord, save me, Save e - ven me.  
 Lord, help me, Help e - ven me.  
 Lord, bless me, Bless e - ven me.

## No. 74.

## Are You Saved?

W. E. CATLIN.

Arr. by O. E. MURRAY.

1. Are you dai - ly serv - ing Je - sns, our dear Lord, Have you  
 2. Are you prais - ing our dear Sav - ior ev - 'ry day, For the  
 3. Do you seek to know the Mas - ter's bless - ed will, Do you  
 4. Will you meet me in that bright and glo - ry land, There to

learned to know and trust His ho - ly Word? Are you cleansed from all your sin,  
 bless-ings you re - ceive a - long the way? Is your heart now filled with love  
 live each day His pur - pose to ful - fill? Do you now in ev - 'ry place,  
 sing with all the glad and joy - ous band, Sing the new and hap - py song,

Does the Sav - ior live with-in, Are you read - y for the Lord?  
 For the bless-ings from a - bove, Do you tru - ly love the Lord?  
 Ful - ly trust Him for His grace, That will keep you serv - ing God?  
 Sung by all the blood-washed throng, "Sing of Mo - ses and the Lamb?"

## CHORUS.

Are you saved? Are you saved? Are you read - y now to  
 Are you saved to - day? Are you saved to - day?

## Are You Saved? Concluded.



meet the Son of God? Are you cleansed from your sin,  
Son of God,

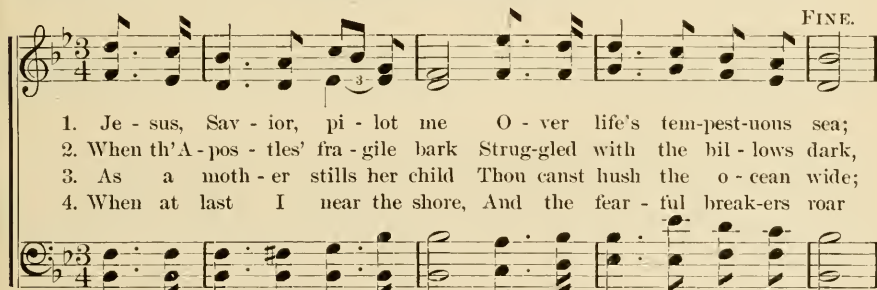
Does the Sav - ior live with-in, Are you read - y for the Lord?

## No. 75.

## Savior, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.

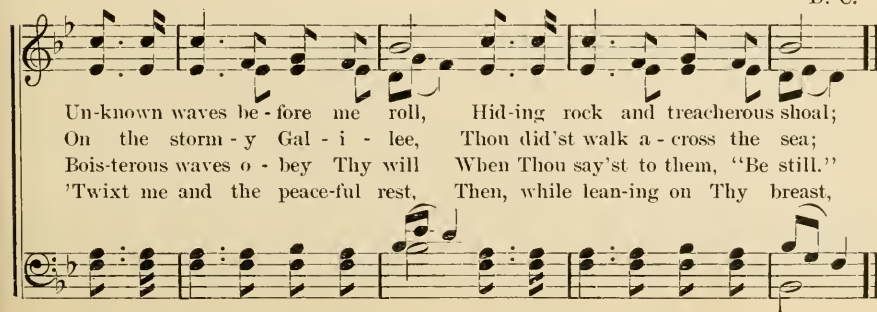
FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uons sea;  
2. When th'A - pos - tles' fra - gile bark Strug-gled with the bil - lows dark,  
3. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wide;  
4. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

D. C. Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.  
D. C. And when they be - held Thy form, Safe they glid - ed thro' the storm.  
D. C. Won drous Sov-ereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.  
D. C. May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

D. C.



Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;  
On the storm - y Gal - i - lee, Thou did'st walk a - cross the sea;  
Bois-terous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."  
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

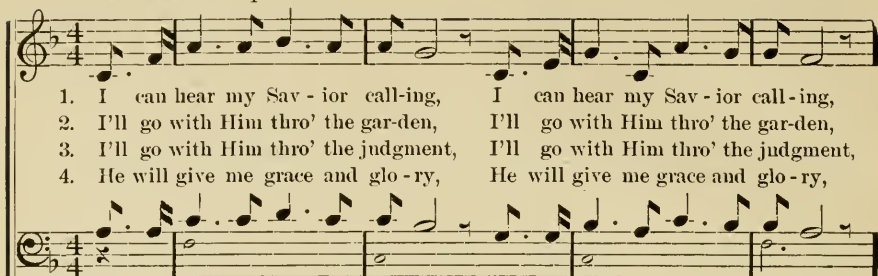


# No. 76. The Way of the Cross.

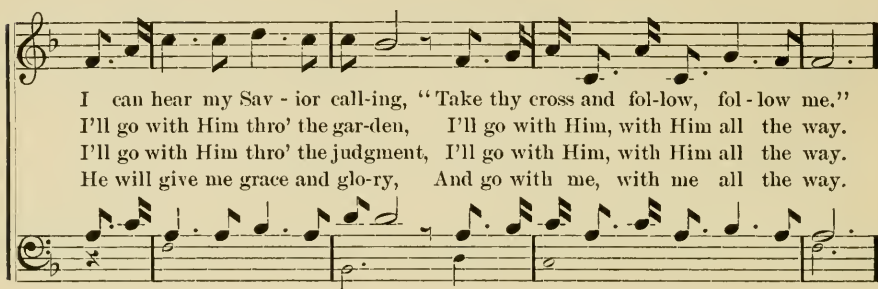
E. W. BLANDY.

Arr. by J. S. NORRIS.

*Andantino con espressione.*

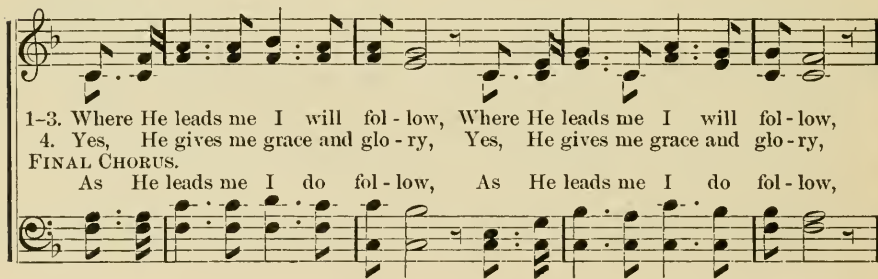


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,  
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,  
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,  
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

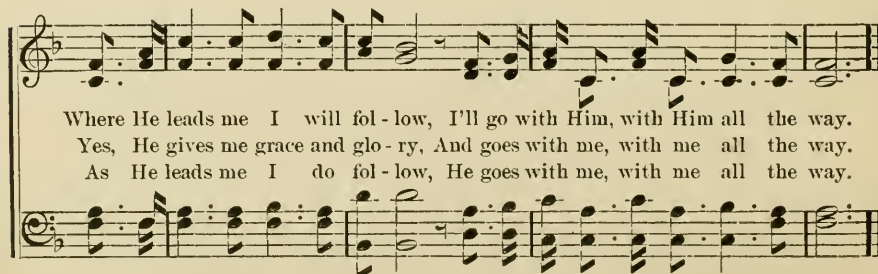


I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."  
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

## CHORUS.



1-3. Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,  
 4. Yes, He gives me grace and glo - ry, Yes, He gives me grace and glo - ry,  
 FINAL CHORUS.  
 As He leads me I do fol - low, As He leads me I do fol - low,

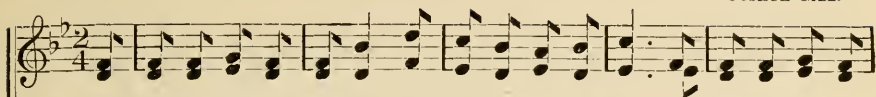


Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 Yes, He gives me grace and glo - ry, And goes with me, with me all the way.  
 As He leads me I do fol - low, He goes with me, with me all the way.

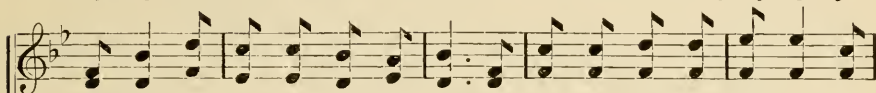
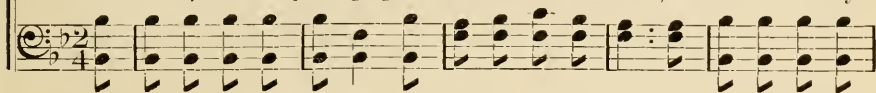
# No. 77. There's Music in My Soul!

REV. HENRY BURTON.

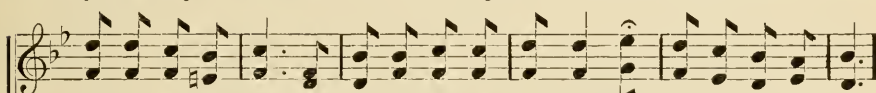
JOSHUA GILL.



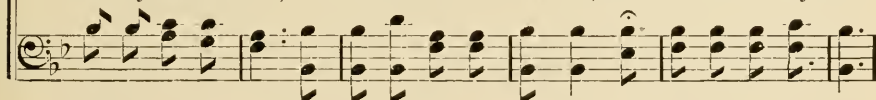
1. The world is full of sing-ing, I hear it ev'-ry-where; The flow'rs their bells are
2. My heart was fond of sigh-ing, With just some breaks of song; As self was ev-er
3. My life was full of sad-ness, Of o-ver-weighting care; But now the 'oil of
4. And so my heart keeps clinging To the dear Master's Word; And it is al-ways



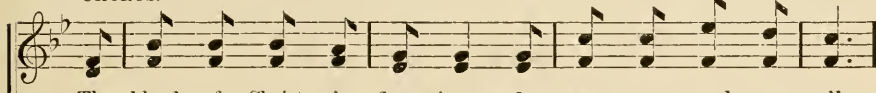
ring-ing Out on the scent-ed air; And up a-bove, a-round me, The  
try-ing To make its weak-ness strong; But now in Him con-fid-ing, His  
glad-ness" Has turn'd to praise the prayer; And so I keep pur-su-ing, And  
sing-ing, Just like a spring-time bird; I know not what the harps be, Where



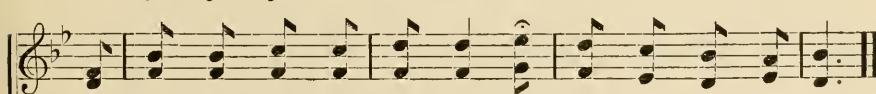
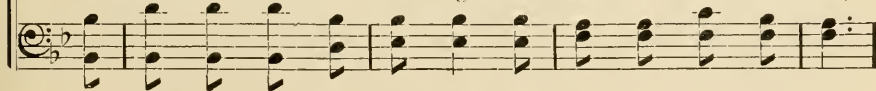
si-lent anthems roll; The glorious Lord has found me, There's mu-sic in my soul!  
Word has made me whole, And e'er in Christ a-bid-ing, There's mu-sic in my soul!  
pressing t'ward the goal; But praying, waiting, do-ing, There's mu-sic in my soul!  
heavenly anthems roll; I know that heav'n is near me, There's mu-sic in my soul!



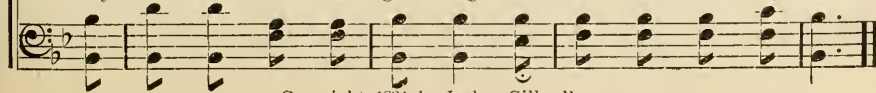
## CHORUS.



The blood of Christ is flow-ing, Its waves a-round me roll;



My heart with love is glow-ing, There's mu-sic in my soul!

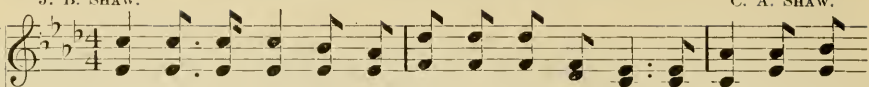


## No. 78.

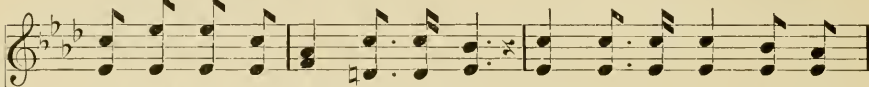
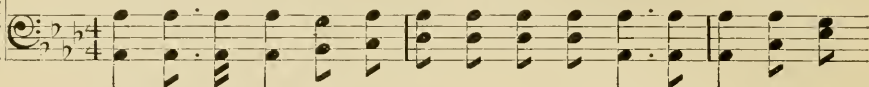
## For My Yoke is Easy.

J. B. SHAW.

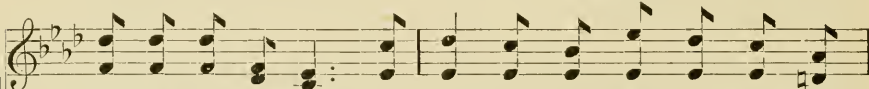
C. A. SHAW.



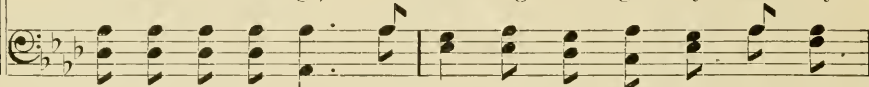
1. "Come un - to me," said the Sav-ior's gen-tle voice, O come with your
2. All ye that la - bor and heav-y. la - den be, Who seek for a
3. Learn now of me and thy heart shall nev-er stray, Nor life seem a



bur-dened soul, and make me thy choice; Come un - to me, and your  
rest - ing place, O come un - to me; Your sins of crim - son as  
bur - den, with thy sins washed a - way; Meek - ly and low - ly, thy



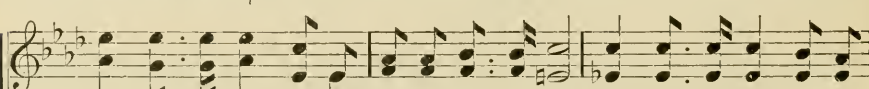
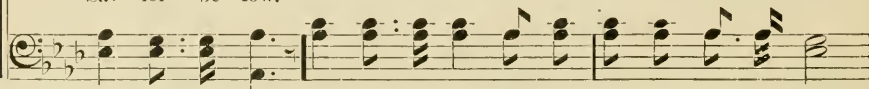
sins shall par-doned be; Your ran - som was paid in blood on  
white as snow shall be; If washed in the blood I shed, now  
soul will on - ward go, March - ing to glo - ry with thy



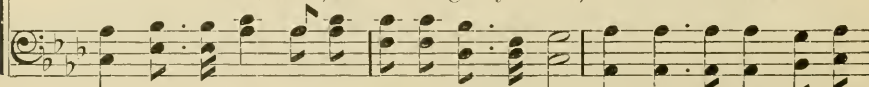
## CHORUS.



Cal - va - ry's tree.  
flow - ing for thee. Come un - to me, Come, and lean up - on my breast;  
Sav ior be - low.



Come un - to me, Come, and I will give you rest; And with the saints in their



## For My Yoke is Easy. Concluded.

songs of praise u-nite, For my yoke is eas - y, and my bur - den is light.

## No. 79. Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourn-er in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst - y, re - joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ni - ty free? O, poor trou-bled
4. Step out on this prom-ise, and Christ thou shalt win, "The blood of His

wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the  
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the  
soul! there's a prom - ise for thee, There's rest, wea - ry one, in the  
Son cleans-eth us from all sin," It cleans - eth me now, hal - le -

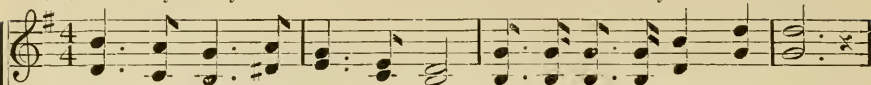
word of thy God; Step out on the prom-ise,—get un - der the blood.  
ban-quet of God; Step out on the prom-ise,—get un - der the blood.  
bo - som of God; Step out on the prom-ise,—get un - der the blood.  
lu - jah to God; I rest on His prom-ise,—I'm un - der the blood.



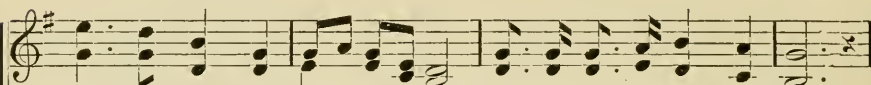
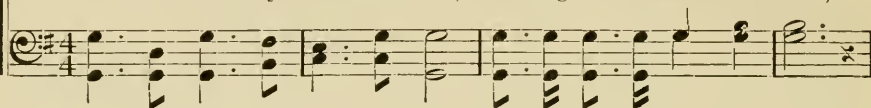
# No. 80. Calling for the Wand'rer.

Salvation Army Melody.

Arr. and harmonized by LIZZIE A. BENTLEY.



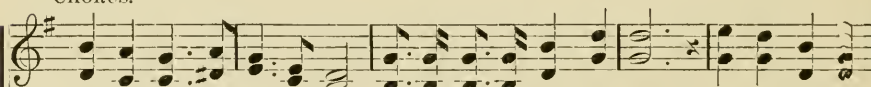
1. Je - sus stands, and knocks and pleads, Call - ing for the wan - d'rer home;
2. As a lamb to slaught - er led, Call - ing for the wan - d'rer home;
3. He has oft - en called be - fore, Call - ing for the wan - d'rer home;
4. Come, oh! come while yet He stands, Call - ing for the wan - d'rer home;
5. Soon His mer - cy will be o'er, Call - ing for the wan - d'rer home;



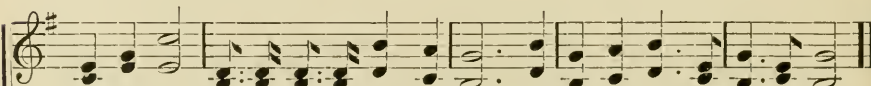
And for sin - ners in - ter - cedes, Call - ing for the wan - d'rer home.  
 On the cross His blood was shed, Call - ing for the wan - d'rer home.  
 Now He's wait - ing at the door, Call - ing for the wan - d'rer home.  
 While in love He spreads His hands, Call - ing for the wan - d'rer home.  
 Thou shalt hear His voice no more, Call - ing for the wan - d'rer home.



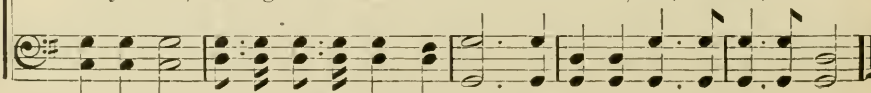
## CHORUS.



Boundless love, be - yond de - gree; Call - ing for the wand'rer home; Je - sus longs to



set you free, Call - ing for the wand'rer home: O wand'rer, come, come home, come home.



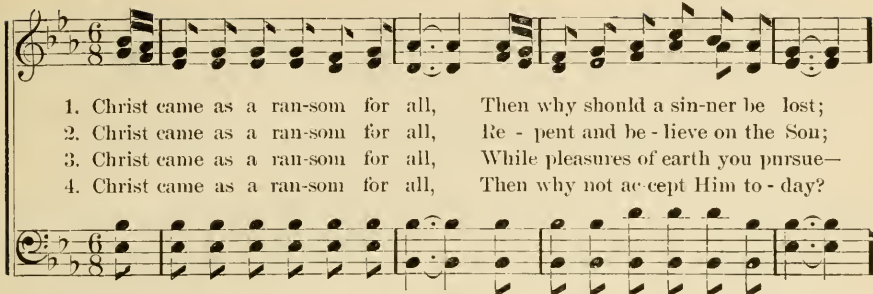


## No. 81.

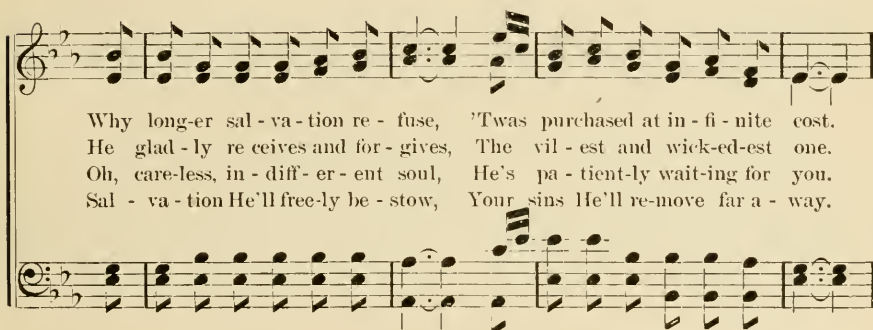
## Jesus Our Ransom.

L. W. S.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

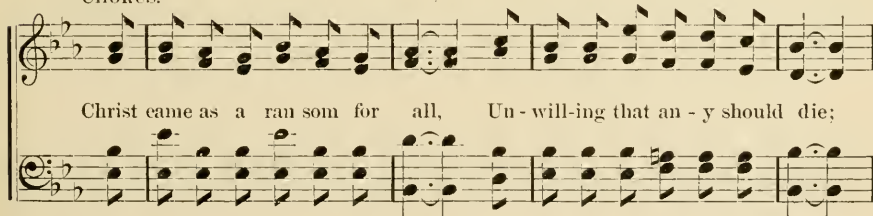


1. Christ came as a ran-som for all,      Then why should a sin-ner be lost;  
 2. Christ came as a ran-som for all,      Re - pent and be - lieve on the Son;  
 3. Christ came as a ran-som for all,      While pleasures of earth you pursue—  
 4. Christ came as a ran-som for all,      Then why not ac-cept Him to - day?

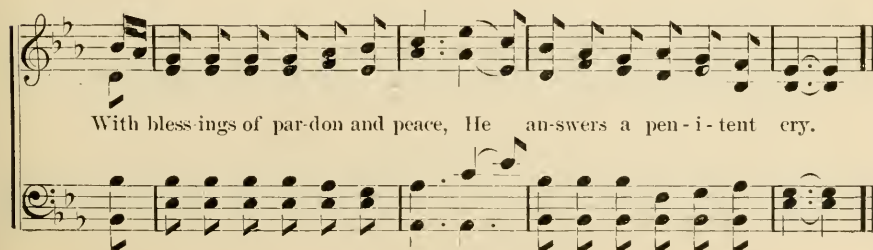


Why long-er sal - va - tion re - fuse,      'Twas purchased at in - fi - nite cost.  
 He glad - ly re ceives and for - gives,      The vil - est and wick-ed-est one.  
 Oh, care-less, in - diff - er - ent soul,      He's pa - tient-ly wait-ing for you.  
 Sal - va - tion He'll free-ly be - stow,      Your sins He'll re-move far a - way.

## CHORUS.



Christ came as a ran som for all,      Un - will-ing that an - y should die;



With bless-ings of par-don and peace,      He an-swers a pen-i-tent cry.

## No. 82.

## Hear the Sweet Voice.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Hear the sweet voice of the Sav - ior, Wea-ry one, come un-to me;  
 2. Hear the sweet voice of the Sav - ior, Ten-der - ly say - ing come in;  
 3. Hear the sweet voice of the Sav - ior Of - fer - ing par-don to - day;

Come while there's mer-cy a - wait - ing, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.  
 Bring Him each tri - al and sor - row, Bring Him your bur - den of sin.  
 Hear Him so ten - der - ly plead - ing, Tar - ry no long - er a - way.

## CHORUS.

Call - ing for thee, yes, call - ing for thee, Je - sus is say - ing come home;

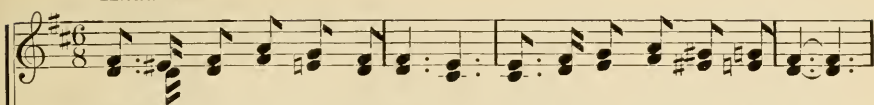
Call - ing for thee, yes, call - ing for thee, Ten - der - ly say - ing come home.

# No. 83. Bring Me Still Closer to Thee.

J. S. N.

J. S. NORRIS.

*Andantino.*



1. Grant me Thy spir - it, dear Sav - ior, Fount - ain of meek - ness and love; ..
2. Give me Thy mind, bless - ed Sav - ior, Help me to "walk in the light;"
3. Give me Thy beau - ty, dear Sav - ior, Show me Thy glo - ry di - vine;



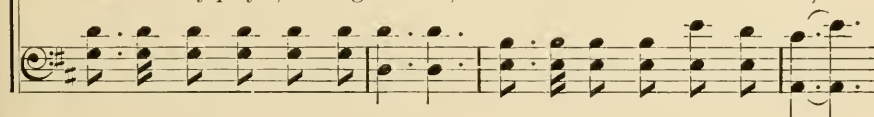
Gra - cious - ly guide and up - hold me, Bring me to man - sions a - bove.  
True to all truth ev - er make me, So shall my path - way be bright.  
Dwell - ing with - in, make me ra - diant, So that for Thee I may shine.



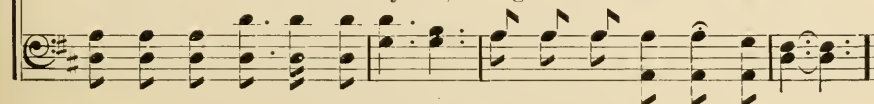
## CHORUS.



Hear Thou my prayer, lov - ing Sav - ior, Clos - er to Thee would I be; ...



What - ev - er else Thou de - ny - est, Bring me still clos - er to Thee.



## No. 84.

## Looking to Jesus.

F. A. HARDIN.

C. A. SHAW.

1. While a - cross time's o - cean sail - ing, Should thy sky ad - verse - ly lower,  
 2. When thy faith be - gins to wav - er, And thy strength and hope grow small,  
 3. When thy heart is sad with trou - ble, And thy mind dark with de - spair,  
 4. Long as life's voy - age is tend - ing, On - ward nev - er to its end,

And temp - ta - tion's waves as - sail - ing, Rock thee with a - harm - ing power,  
 Raise thine arms to heav'n, where Je - sus Waits to heed thy faint - est call.  
 Look to Je - sus, who re - gards thee, With the tend'r - est love and care.  
 Look to Je - sus, He will prove thee An un - fail - ing, pre - cious friend.

CHORUS.

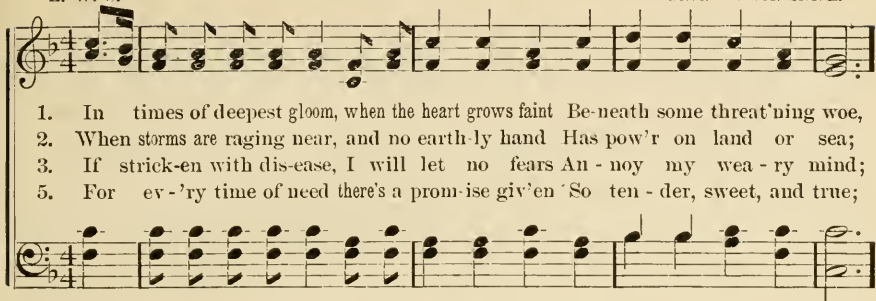
Look to Je - sus! Look to Je - sus! What - so - e'er thy trou - ble be,

Trust in Je - sus! Trust in Je - sus! He will prove a friend to thee.

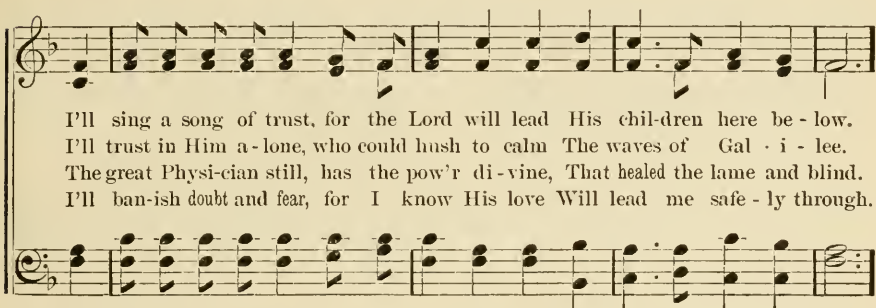
# No. 85. What Time I Am Afraid.

L. W. S.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

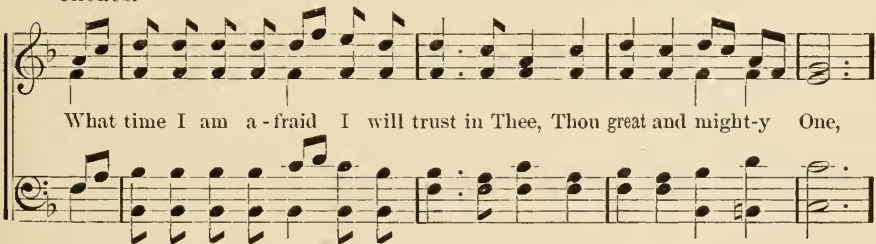


1. In times of deepest gloom, when the heart grows faint Be-neath some threat'ning woe,  
 2. When storms are raging near, and no earth-ly hand Has pow'r on land or sea;  
 3. If strick-en with dis-ease, I will let no fears An - noy my wea - ry mind;  
 5. For ev - 'ry time of need there's a prom-ise giv'en 'So ten - der, sweet, and true;

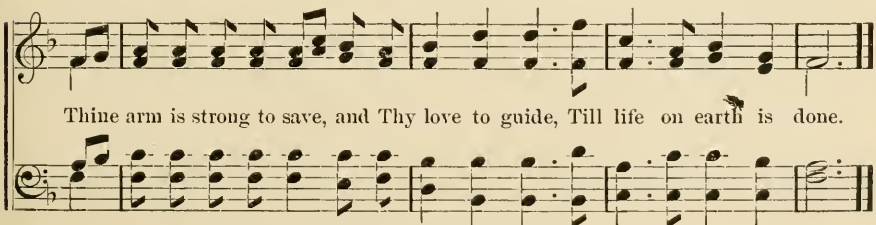


I'll sing a song of trust, for the Lord will lead His chil-dren here be - low.  
 I'll trust in Him a - lone, who could hush to calm The waves of Gal - i - lee.  
 The great Physi-cian still, has the pow'r di - vine, That healed the lame and blind.  
 I'll ban-ish doubt and fear, for I know His love Will lead me safe - ly through.

## CHORUS.



What time I am a - fraid I will trust in Thee, Thou great and might-y One,



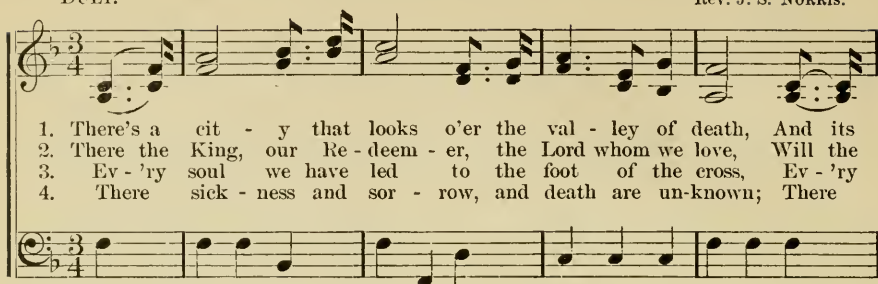
Thine arm is strong to save, and Thy love to guide, Till life on earth is done.



# No. 86. That Beautiful City of Gold.

DUET.

REV. J. S. NORRIS.



1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its  
 2. There the King, our Re - deem - er, the Lord whom we love, Will the  
 3. Ev - 'ry soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - 'ry  
 4. There sick - ness and sor - row, and death are un-known; There



glo - ries may nev - er be told;..... There the sun nev - er sets, and the  
 faith - ful with rap - ture be - hold;..... There the right - eous for - ev - er shall  
 lamb we have brought to the fold;..... Will be kept as bright jew - els our  
 glo - ries on glo - ries un - fold;..... There the Lamb is the light in the

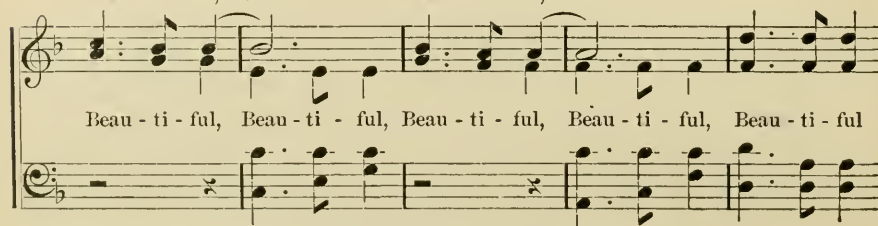


leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful Cit - y of gold.....  
 shine as the stars, In that beau - ti - ful Cit - y of gold.....  
 crowns to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful Cit - y of gold.....  
 midst of the throne, In that beau - ti - ful Cit - y of gold.....

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful,.....

Beau - ti - ful,.....



Beau - ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful

# That Beautiful City of Gold. Concluded.

Beau - ti - ful,.....

Cit - y of gold;..... Beau - ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful,

Beau - ti - ful,.....

*Repeat last time pp.*

Beau - ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful, Half of it nev - er.... was told. ....

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song 'That Beautiful City of Gold. Concluded.' It features two systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff with lyrics 'Cit - y of gold;..... Beau - ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful,'. The second system continues the melody with lyrics 'Beau - ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful, Half of it nev - er.... was told. ....' and includes a dynamic marking 'p' and a repeat instruction 'Repeat last time pp.'.

## No. 87. Jesus Christ is Passing by.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth." Mark, 10: 47.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, ... Sin - ner lift to Him thine eye;..  
 2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?"  
 3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see;... Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;..  
 4. Oh, how sweet the touch of pow - er Comes,—and is sal - va - tion's hour.

*Rit.*

As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, Cry, be mer - ei - ful to me!  
 Rise, and tell Him all Thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.  
 Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol.  
 Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, "Faith hath saved thee, go in, peace!"

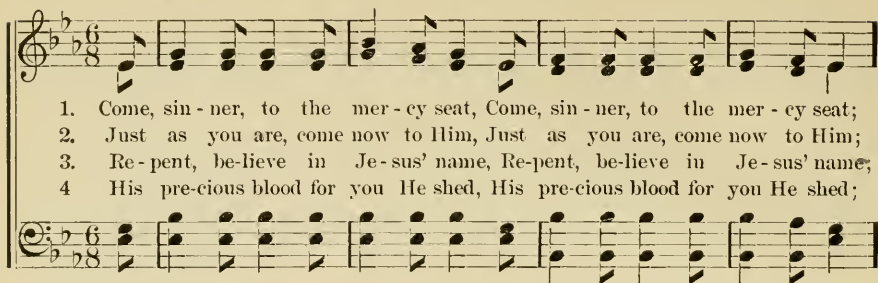
Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'Jesus Christ is Passing by.' It features a single system of music with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are presented in four numbered lines, followed by a 'Rit.' (Ritardando) instruction and a concluding verse. The music is in 3/4 time.

By permission.

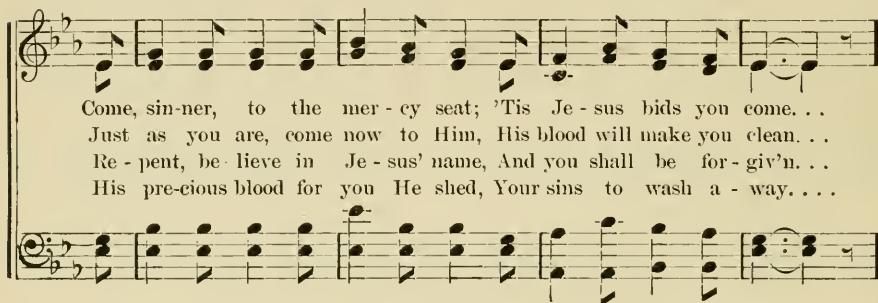
# No. 88. Come to the Mercy Seat.

H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

W. S. NICKLE.

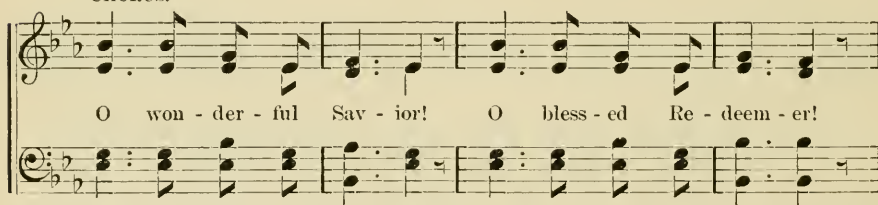


1. Come, sin - ner, to the mer - cy seat, Come, sin - ner, to the mer - cy seat;  
 2. Just as you are, come now to Him, Just as you are, come now to Him;  
 3. Re - pent, be - lieve in Je - sus' name, Re - pent, be - lieve in Je - sus' name;  
 4. His pre - cious blood for you He shed, His pre - cious blood for you He shed;

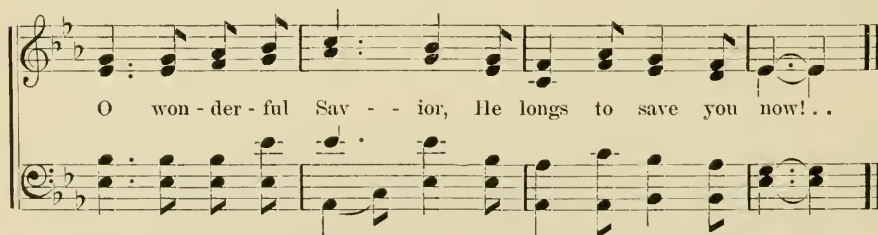


Come, sin - ner, to the mer - cy seat; 'Tis Je - sus bids you come. . .  
 Just as you are, come now to Him, His blood will make you clean. . .  
 Re - pent, be - lieve in Je - sus' name, And you shall be for - giv'n. . .  
 His pre - cious blood for you He shed, Your sins to wash a - way. . .

## CHORUS.



O won - der - ful Sav - ior! O bless - ed Re - deem - er!



O won - der - ful Sav - - ior, He longs to save you now! . .

5 A full atonement Jesus made,  
 A full atonement Jesus made,  
 A full atonement Jesus made,  
 For you on Calvary.

Cho.—O wonderful Savior! etc.

6 No longer doubt, but trust His word,  
 No longer doubt, but trust His word,  
 No longer doubt, but trust His word,  
 And He will save you now.

Cho.—O wonderful Savior! etc.

## No. 89.

## What a Savior!

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. My spir - it thrills with joy to - day, No soul more hap - py could be;  
 2. He gra - cious - ly my soul re - deemed, And I am par - doned and free;  
 3. My sin and guilt none else could bear And can - cel all on the tree;  
 4. And so I sing to Christ my song, For His the glo - ry shall be;

For Christ has washed my sins a - way; O what a Sav - ior is He!  
 On me the heav'n - ly light has beamed; O what a Sav - ior is He!  
 But Christ for me has an - swered there; O what a Sav - ior is He!  
 To Him the strains of praise be - long, O what a Sav - ior is He!


O what a won - der - ful Sav - ior, Be - stow - ing free - ly His fa - vor!  
 O what a won - der - ful Friend is He, Be - stow - ing free - ly His love on me!

*Ritard.*  
 A gra - cious, lov - ing Re - deem - er, A pre - cious Sav - ior is He!

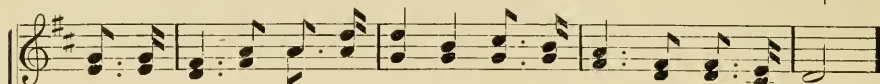
# No. 90. To Him that Overcometh.

L. W. S.


LANTA WILSON SMITH.



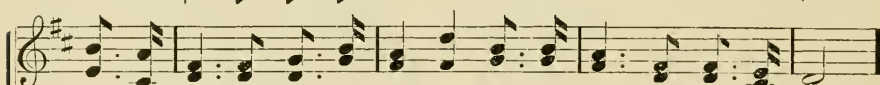
1. Un - to him that o - ver - com - eth, There is prom - ised sweet re - ward,  
 2. Un - to him shall come do - min - ion, And the na - tions shall o - bey,  
 3. "Un - to him that o - ver - com - eth, I will give the morn - ing star;"



When at last the war - fare's end - ed, And he stands be - fore the Lord.  
 He shall rule with rod of i - ron, Thro' the long e - ter - nal day.  
 Glitt'ring world of God's cre - a - tion, Shin - ing in the blue a - far.



There a new name shall be giv - en, And ex - haust - less, rich sup - plies;  
 For as once the Sav - ior conquered And as - cend - ed to the throne,  
 Rai - ment white, and songs of glo - ry, Per - fect rest for earth - ly strife,



He shall eat of hid - den man - na, And the fruit of Par - a - dise.  
 There's a place of pow'r and hon - or, Close be - side Him, for His own.  
 Kings and priests to God for - ev - er, Who have won the crown of life.

CHORUS.



Un - to him that o - ver - com - eth, Rich - est bless - ings lie in store:



# To Him that Overcometh. Concluded.

End - less life, and pow'r, and glo - ry, Peace and joy for - ev - er - more.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic setting of the lyrics.

## No. 91.

## Oh, Happy Day.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { Oh, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior, and my God! }  
{ Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad. }

The musical score is in 3/2 time and one sharp key signature. It features a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staff.

♩: CHORUS. FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

The musical score continues with a chorus section. It is marked 'CHORUS' and 'FINE'. The melody is on a treble clef staff with a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staff.

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

The musical score continues with a 'D. S.' (Da Capo) section. The melody is on a treble clef staff with a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staff.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am the Lord's and He is mine;  
He drew me and I follow'd on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

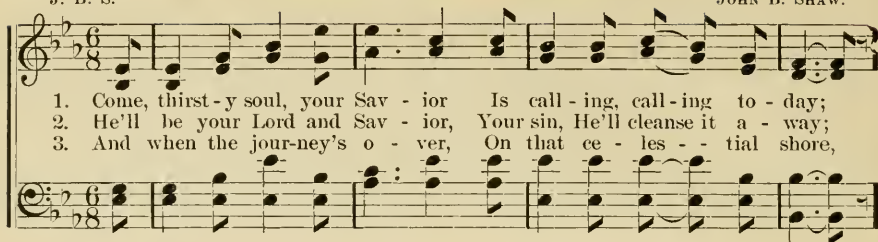
3 Now rest, my long-divided heart!  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him, of every good possessed.

## No. 92.

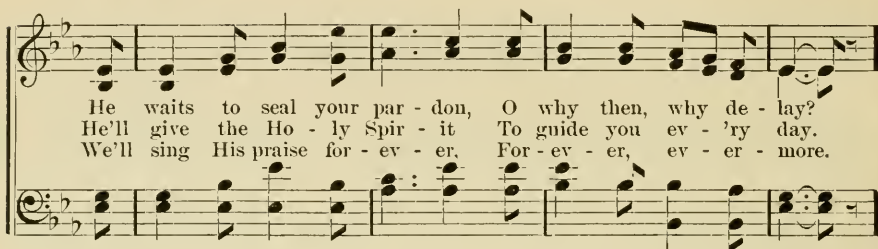
## Come, Thirsty Soul.

J. B. S.

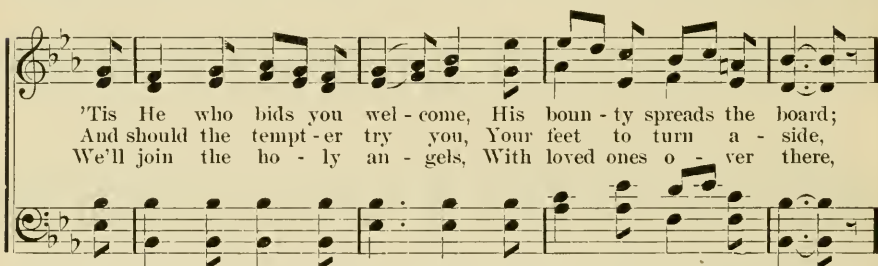
JOHN B. SHAW.



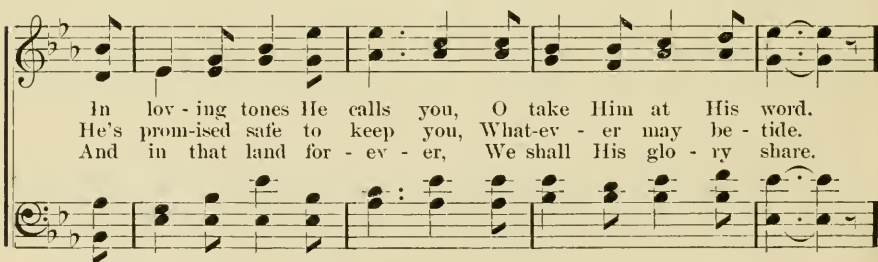
1. Come, thirst-y soul, your Sav - ior Is call - ing, call - ing to - day;  
 2. He'll be your Lord and Sav - ior, Your sin, He'll cleanse it a - way;  
 3. And when the jour - ney's o - ver, On that ce - les - - tial shore,



He waits to seal your par - don, O why then, why de - lay?  
 He'll give the Ho - ly Spir - it To guide you ev - 'ry day.  
 We'll sing His praise for - ev - er, For - ev - er, ev - er - more.



'Tis He who bids you wel - come, His boun - ty spreads the board;  
 And should the tempt - er try you, Your feet to turn a - side,  
 We'll join the ho - ly an - gels, With loved ones o - ver there,



In lov - ing tones He calls you, O take Him at His word.  
 He's prom - ised safe to keep you, What - ev - er may be - tide.  
 And in that land for - ev - er, We shall His glo - ry share.

## CHORUS.



Come, O come, poor sin - ner, Come, O come to - day,.... He

## Come, Thirsty Soul. Concluded.

calls, for all things read - y are, Come, wash your sins a - way...

## No. 93. Preciousness of Jesus.

JOHN NEWTON.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. How te - dious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no long - er I see!  
 2. His name yields the rich - est per-fume, And sweet - er than mn - sic His voice;  
 3. Con - tent with be - hold - ing His face, My all to His pleas - ure re - signed,

FINE.

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweet-ness to me;  
 His pres-ence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re-joice;  
 No changes of sea - son or place Would make a - ny change in my mind:

D. S. But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem - ber's as pleas - ant as May.  
 No mor - tal so hap - py as I, My sum - mer would last all the year.  
 And pris - ons would pal - ac - es prove, If Je - sus would dwell with me there.

D. S.

The mid-sum - mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
 I should, were He al - ways thus nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear.  
 While blest with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would ap - pear.

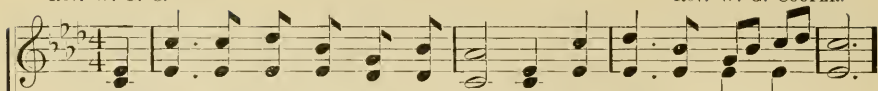
## No. 94.

## Childhood's Memories.

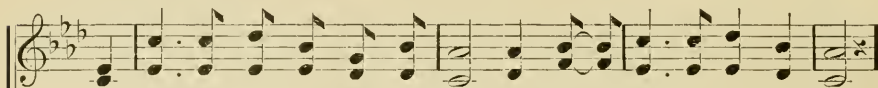
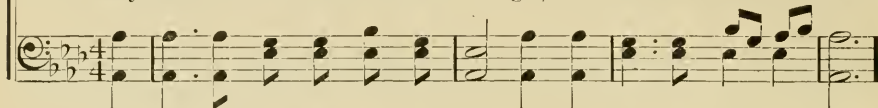
Rev. W. G. C.

Their children remember. Jer. 17: 2.

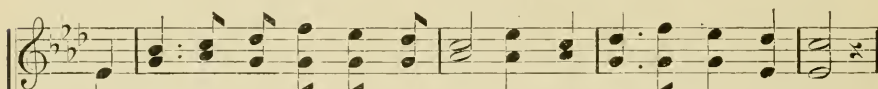
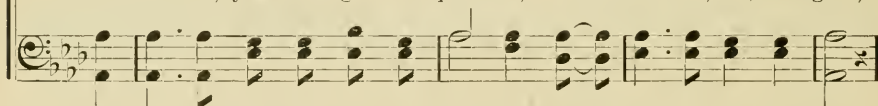
Rev. W. G. COOPER.



1. While sit - ting by my lone - ly fire - side, I breathe a long - ing sigh;
2. Once more be - side my moth - er kneel - ing, My eyes are bur - ied deep;
3. But when the long dark night was end - ed, I wak - ened from my dreams;
4. The break - fast hour was quick - ly o - ver, And then by moth - er's side
5. Why do these scenes still round me lin - ger, As when in child - hood's dawn?



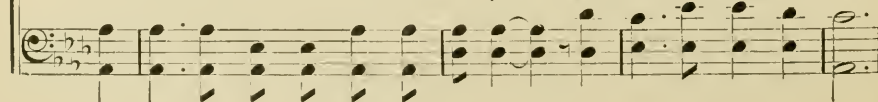
In thought I'm car - ried back to child - hood, Those days so long gone by:  
 Once more that lit - tle pray'r I'm say - ing, "Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
 And birds were near my win - dow sing - ing, A - mid the sun's bright beams;  
 I sat, and joined with her in sing - ing, Of Je - sus cru - ci - fied;  
 For moth - er, years a - go de - part - ed, And fa - ther, too, is gone;



When moth - er sat be - side the cra - dle, And rocked her dar - ling boy;  
 Then with a good - night kiss I scream - bled In - to my lit tle bed;  
 Then quick - ly climb - ing from my cra - dle, I ran to moth - er's arms;  
 My fa - ther, too, from off the clock - shelf, That dear old Book would take,  
 So ne'er a - gain in that sweet un - ion, We'll meet to sing and pray,



Her face with love and pleas - ure beam - ing.. Filled all our home with joy.  
 While she sends up - ward pray'rs to heav - en.. For bless - ings on my head.  
 She kissed me, dressed me, did there ev - er... A moth - er have such charms?  
 And read - ing, then all hum - bly kneel - ing, The voice of pray'r would wake.  
 Un - til with - in the Gold - en Cit - y... We meet no more to stray.



## Childhood's Memories. Concluded.

Think-ing of child-hood to-night,..... Beau - ti - ful and  
 Think-ing of child-hood, Beau - ti - ful and  
 real it seems! Think - ing of child-hood to -  
 real, how beau - ti - ful it seems!  
 night,..... Mus - ing o'er its van-ished dreams.  
 Beau - ti - ful child-hood,

### No. 95.

### Old Hundred.

ISAAC WATTS.

G. FRANC. 1545.

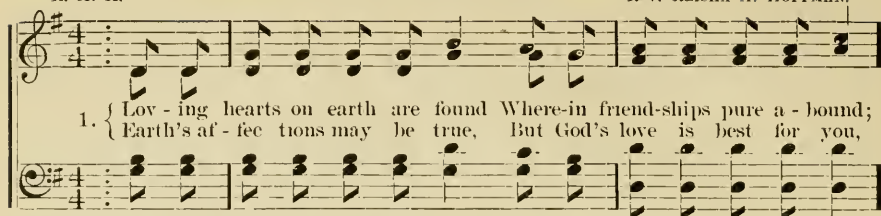
1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;  
 2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer-ies Lord, E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;  
*Dox. Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be - low;*  
 Let the Re-deem - er's name be sung, Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
*Praise Him a - bove ye heav-en - ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.*



# No. 96. There Is No Better Friend.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. { Lov - ing hearts on earth are found Where-in friend-ships pure a - bound;  
Earth's af - fec - tions may be true, But God's love is best for you,

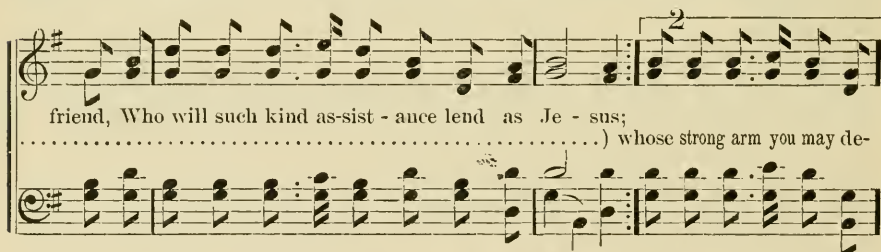


But you'll nev - er find a bet - ter friend than Je - sus; }  
You will nev - er find a bet - ter friend than Je - sus. }

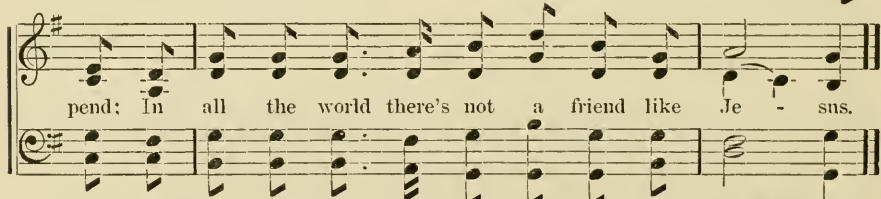
## CHORUS



You will nev - er find a bet - ter friend, So pure, and good, and true a  
You will nev - er find a bet - ter friend, On (*Omit*.....)



friend, Who will such kind as - sist - ance lend as Je - sus;  
.....) whose strong arm you may de -



pend: In all the world there's not a friend like Je - sus.

2 E'en a mother's love may fail,  
Should the love of sin prevail;  
You will never find a better friend than Jesus;  
They who should be true to you,  
May prove faithless and untrue,  
You will never find a better friend than Jesus.

3 You may turn from this dear friend,  
On whose love you may depend,  
But you'll never find a better friend than Jesus,  
You may scorn His friendship here,  
And esteem His love less dear,  
But in all the world there's not a friend like Jesus.

## No. 97.

## The Fountain.

COWPER.

A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-nel's veins,  
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, That fount-ain in his day,  
 3. Dear dy-ing Lamb! Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its power,  
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,  
 5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy power to save,

And sin-ners, plunged be neath that flood, Loose all their guilt-y stains.  
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.  
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
 While this poor, lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue, Lies si-lent in the grave.

## CHORUS.

Sav-ior, wash . . . . . me in the blood, To the  
 Sav-ior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, To the

fount - - - ain let me go: Wash me in . . . . . the crimson  
 fountain let me go, to the fountain let me go, Wash me in the crimson flood, Wash me

flood, And I shall be whiter than the snow (the snow).  
 in the crimson flood, And I shall be whiter, whiter than the snow.

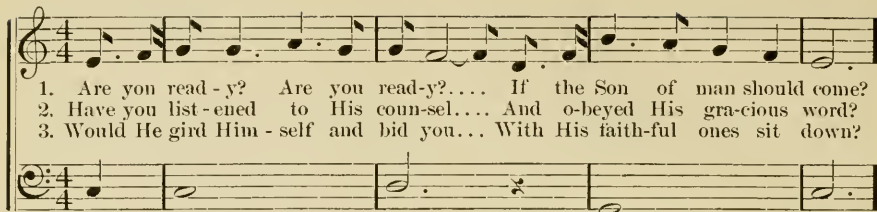
# No. 98.

# Are You Ready?

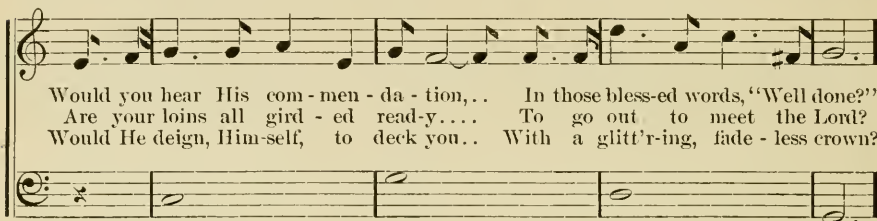
NAOMI QUINCY.

J. S. NORRIS.

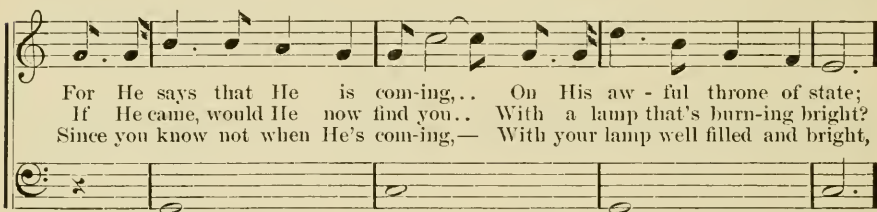
SOLO. Soprano or Tenor.



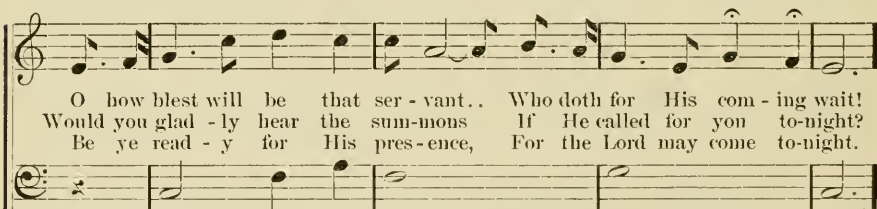
1. Are you read - y? Are you read-y?... If the Son of man should come?  
 2. Have you list - ened to His coun-sel.... And o-beyed His gra-cious word?  
 3. Would He gird Him - self and bid you... With His faith-ful ones sit down?



Would you hear His com - men - da - tion,.. In those bless-ed words, "Well done?"  
 Are your loins all gird - ed read-y.... To go out to meet the Lord?  
 Would He deign, Him-self, to deck you.. With a glitt'r-ing, fade - less crown?

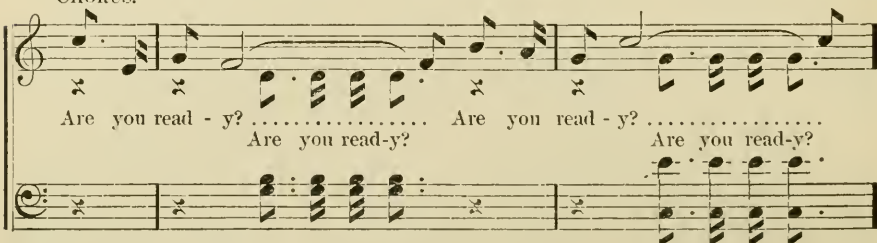


For He says that He is com-ing,.. On His aw - ful throne of state;  
 If He came, would He now find you.. With a lamp that's burn-ing bright?  
 Since you know not when He's com-ing,— With your lamp well filled and bright,



O how blest will be that ser - vant.. Who doth for His com - ing wait!  
 Would you glad - ly hear the sum-mons If He called for you to-night?  
 Be ye read - y for His pres-ence, For the Lord may come to-night.

CHORUS.



Are you read - y? ..... Are you read - y? .....  
 Are you read-y? ..... Are you read-y?

# Are You Ready? Concluded.

*Rit. Cres.*

With a lamp that's burn-ing bright?.... Be ye read-y!.....  
burning bright? Be ye read - y!

Be ye read - y!..... For—per - haps He'll come to - night.  
Be ye read-y!

## No. 99.

## I Do Believe.

C. WESLEY

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;  
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath!  
3. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

CHO. — I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

If Thou with-draw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith - er shall I go?  
With pain, with la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death?  
O, may I now re - ceive that gift; My soul, with - out it, does.

And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

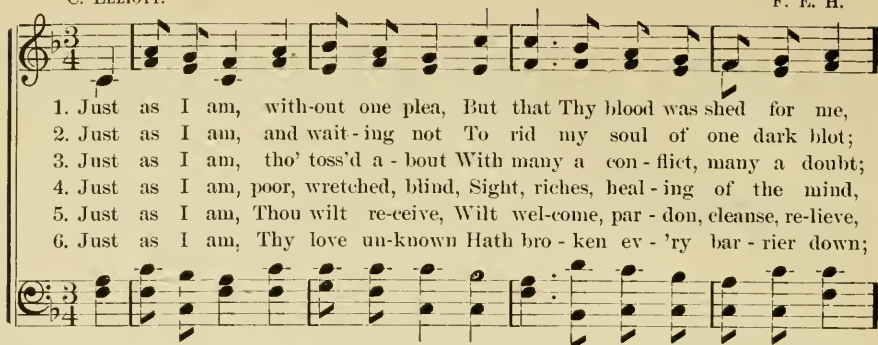


## No. 100.

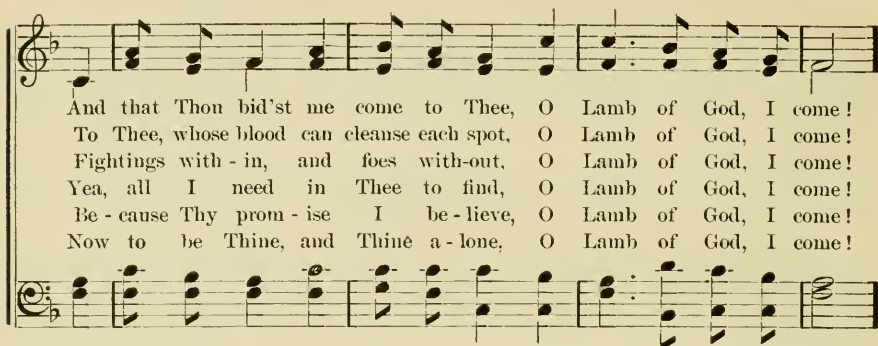
## He Takes My Sin Away.

C. ELLIOTT.

F. E. H.

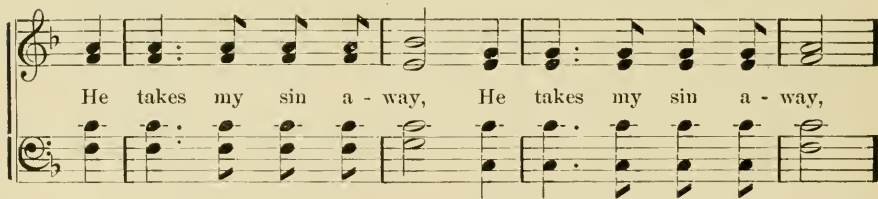


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;  
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt;  
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,  
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve,  
 6. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;

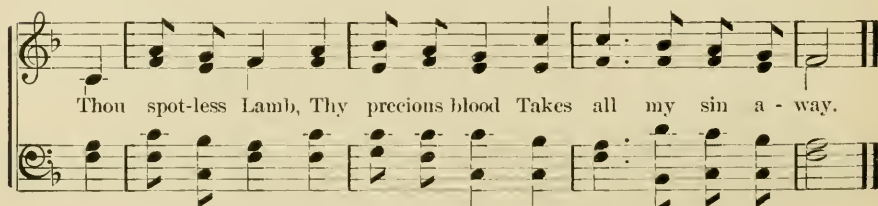


And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!  
 Fightings with-in, and foes with-out, O Lamb of God, I come!  
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!  
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come!  
 Now to be Thine, and Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come!

## CHORUS.



He takes my sin a-way, He takes my sin a-way,



Thou spot-less Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Takes all my sin a-way.



# No. 101. "I'll be With Thee All the Way."

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Heb. 13: 5.

E. C. A.

E. C. Avis.

1. Sin - ner, canst thou trust the Sav - ior, And His gra - cious call o - bey?  
 2. In Geth - sem - a - ne He suf - fer'd, On the cross He died for thee  
 3. When in sor - row and in an - guish, Weak and blind we go a - stray;  
 4. When the storms are round us rag - ing, And dark clouds o'erspread our way,

"Come who - ev - er will, and en - ter: I'll be with thee all the way."  
 From the grave He came forth, say - ing, "I'll be with thee all the way."  
 Hear the voice of Je - sus say - ing, "I'll be with thee all the way."  
 Midst the gloom from heav'n He whis pers, "I'll be with thee all the way."

## CHORUS.


"I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee all the way;

I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee all the way."

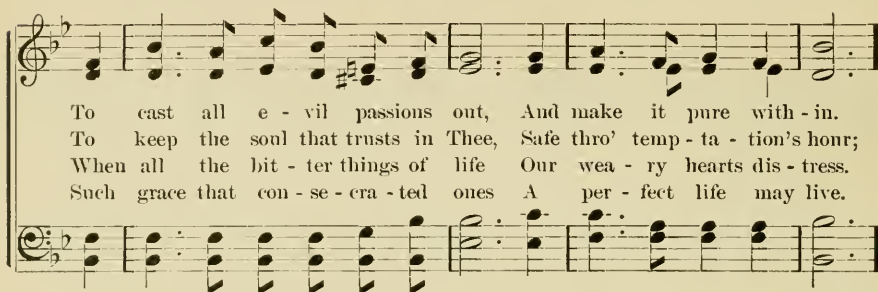
# No. 102. The Uttermost Salvation.

L. W. S.

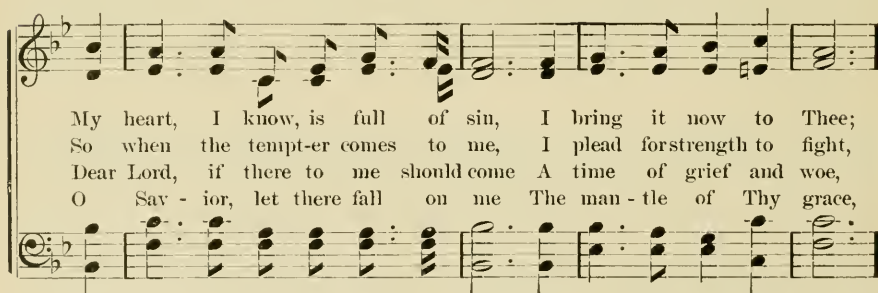
LANTA WILSON SMITH.



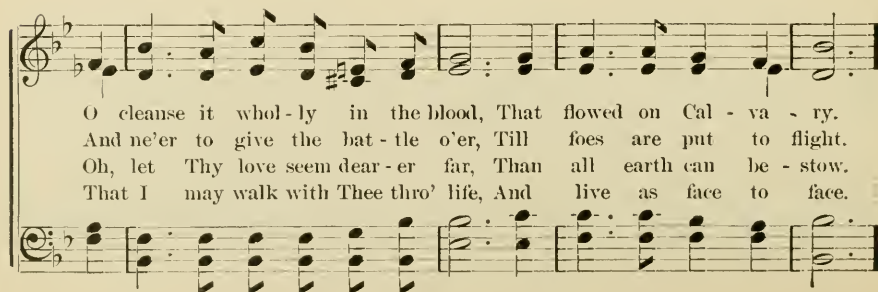
1. I know that Thou art a - ble, Lord, To cleanse a heart from sin;  
 2. I know that Thou art a - ble, Lord, By Thine al - might - y pow'r,  
 3. I know that Thou art a - ble, Lord, To cheer and help and bless,  
 4. I know that Thou art a - ble, Lord, In bound - less love to give



To cast all e - vil passions out, And make it pure with - in.  
 To keep the soul that trusts in Thee, Safe thro' temp - ta - tion's hour;  
 When all the bit - ter things of life Our wea - ry hearts dis - tress.  
 Such grace that con - se - cra - ted ones A per - fect life may live.



My heart, I know, is full of sin, I bring it now to Thee;  
 So when the tempt - er comes to me, I plead for strength to fight,  
 Dear Lord, if there to me should come A time of grief and woe,  
 O Sav - ior, let there fall on me The man - tle of Thy grace,



O cleanse it whol - ly in the blood, That flowed on Cal - va - ry.  
 And ne'er to give the bat - tle o'er, Till foes are put to flight.  
 Oh, let Thy love seem dear - er far, Than all earth can be - stow.  
 That I may walk with Thee thro' life, And live as face to face.

# The Uttermost Salvation. Concluded.

CHORUS.



The ut - ter - most sal - va - tion, Lord, Is what I sore - ly need,

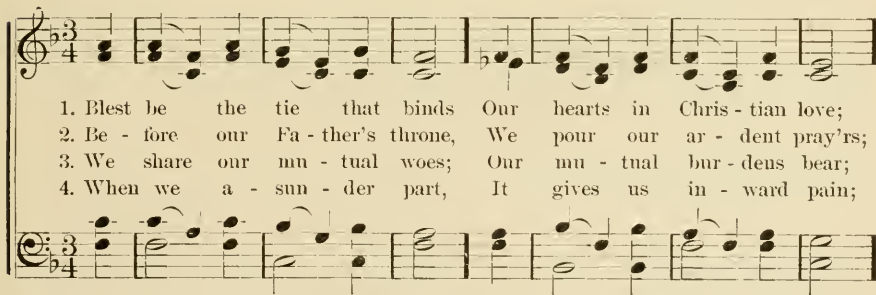


The ut - ter - most sal - va - tion, Lord, To make me Thine in - deed.

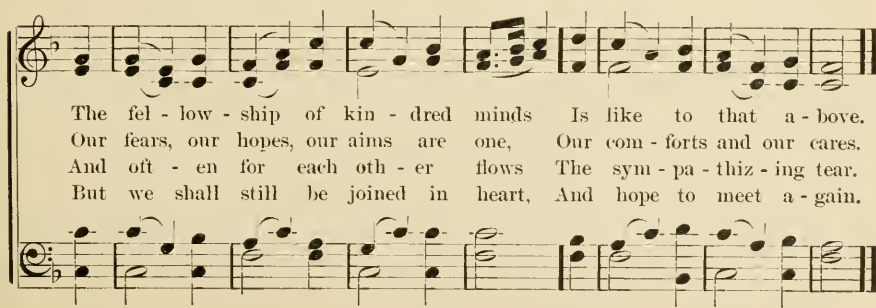
## No. 103. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

J. FAWCETT.

Arr. from H. G. NAGELL.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;  
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;  
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;  
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;



The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.  
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

# No. 104.

# Send the Light.

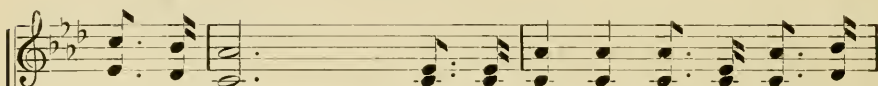
C. H. G.

C. H. G.

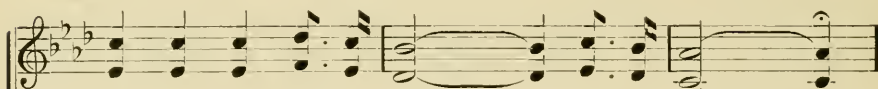
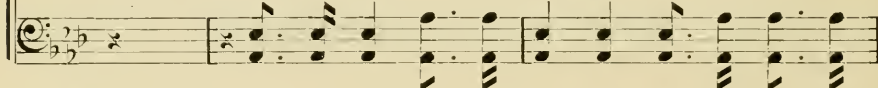


1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!.....
2. We have heard the Ma - ce - do - nian call to - day, "Send the light!.....
3. Let us pray that grace may ev - 'ry-where abound, Send the light!.....
4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the work of love, Send the light!.....

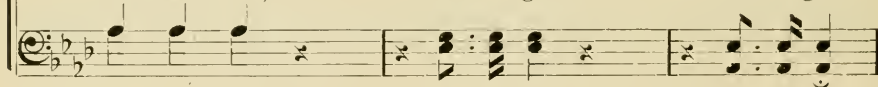
Send the light!



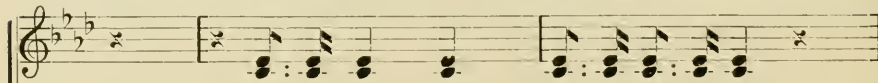
Send the light!"                      There are souls to      res - cue, there are  
Send the light!"                      And a gold - en      off - 'ring at the  
Send the light!                      And a Christ - like      spir - it ev - 'ry -  
Send the light! Send the light! Let us gath - er      jew - els for a



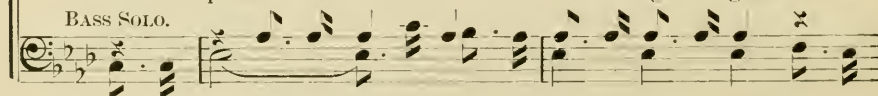
souls to save, Send the light!..... Send the light!.....  
cross we lay,  
where be found,  
crown a - bove,                      Send the light!                      Send the light!



CHORUS. *The first eight measures, (or Bass Solo,) may be omitted.*



We will spread the ev - er - last-ing light,  
We will spread..... the ev - er - last - ing light With a  
BASS SOLO.



# Send the Light. Concluded.

With a will - ing, will-ing heart and hand, Giving God the  
will - - ing heart and hand,..... Giv-ing God..... the glo-ry

glo-ry ev - er-more, We will fol - low, fol - low His command.  
ev - - er - more, We will fol - low His com-mand.....

Send the light,..... the bless-ed gos - pel light, Let it  
Send the light, the bless-ed gos - pel light,

shine..... from shore to shore!..... Send the light!.... and let its  
Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light! and

ra - diant beams Light the world..... for-ev-er-more.....  
let its radiant beams Light the world for-ev-er-more.



## No. 105.

## Wandering Back.

A. M. HOOTMAN.

W. S. NICKLE.

1. I am think-ing to - day of the scenes of my youth, And the  
 2. The old house, crib and barn, are re - placed by a new, And the  
 3. Yes, I'm glid - ing a - down the si - lent stream of time, And the

days that have long passed and gone; Of the time when I played 'round my  
 home-stead seems strange to me now; But my tho'ts wan-der back to my  
 ev - ning of life is at hand; And their shadows seem to meet and gath-

dear moth - er's knee, When she sang me her lul - la - by song.  
 dear moth - er's side, Where in child-hood she oft kissed my brow.  
 er at my feet, Like the shells 'mid the bright drift-ing sand.

# Wandering Back. Concluded.

CHORUS.

*f*

No! the days will ne'er re - turn, when I was a boy, The

*m*

hopes of my youth fade a - way; I am journ'ying a - long

*Rit.* *Repeat pp.*

to the land of the blest, Where the scenes of my youth ne'er de - cay.

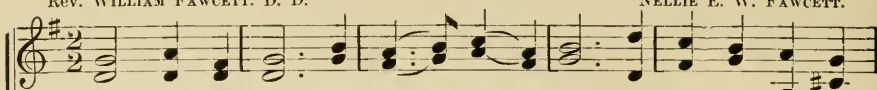
## No. 106.

## For Jesus' Sake.

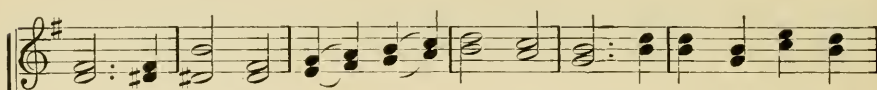
Dedicated to Lucy Rider Meyer.

Rev. WILLIAM FAWCETT, D. D.

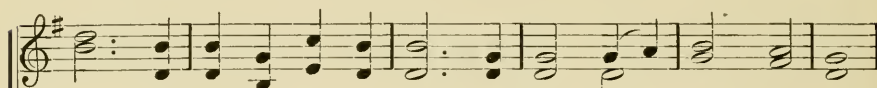
NELLIE E. W. FAWCETT.



1. "For Je - sus' sake;" thus an - gels sing A-round the great white  
 2. "For Je - sus' sake;" the blood - washed shout! All safe - ly sealed in  
 3. "For Je - sus' sake;" shall be our theme; His love, our rich - est  
 4. "For Je - sus' sake;" O bless - ed One! Ful - fill our heart's de -



throne; To Him their rich - est off'r - ings bring, And wor - ship Him a -  
 heav'n; They sing of His re - deem - ing blood, Thro' which they were for -  
 prize; For His dear name a - lone we'll live, And by His pow'r a -  
 sire; We would un - to Thy glo - ry live, And in Thy work ex -



lone; And wor - ship Him a - lone, And wor - ship Him a - lone.  
 a-lone, a-lone,  
 giv'n; Thro' which they were for - giv'n, Thro' which they were for - giv'n.  
 for-giv'n, for-giv'n,  
 rise; And by His pow'r a - rise, And by His pow'r a - rise.  
 a - rise, a - rise,  
 pire; And in Thy work ex - pire, And in Thy work ex - pire.  
 ex-pire, ex-pire,

## CHORUS.



"For Je - sus' sake" shall be our song! His right in us we

# For Jesus' Sake. Concluded.

*Cres.*

*Rit.*

own; To Him our life and all be-long, To Him, and Him a-lone.  
right we own;

## No. 107.

## Jesus Saves.

Rev. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP

1. Ma - ny at the cross are kneel - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves,  
2. Hearts are at this mo - ment pray - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves,  
3. Hal - le - lu - jah, saints are sing - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves,

By His bound-less love re - veal - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.  
Ev - 'ry sin - ful stain re - mov - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.  
Heav'n with joy - ous song is ring - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.

### CHORUS.

{ Hal - le-lu jah, light is beaming, Hal - le-lu - jah, Je - sus saves,  
{ Hal - le-lu-jah, blood is streaming, Hal - le-lu - jah, ..... Je-sus saves. }

By permission.

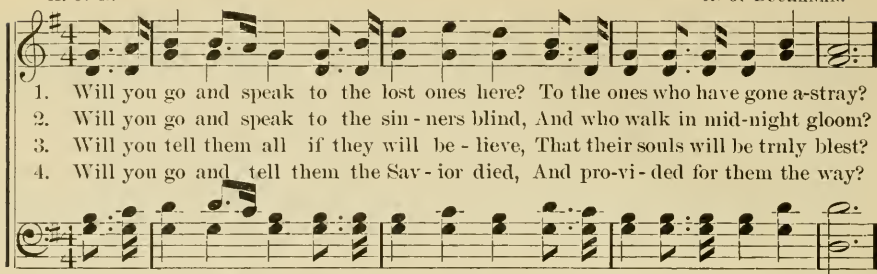
## No. 108.

## Seeking the Lost.

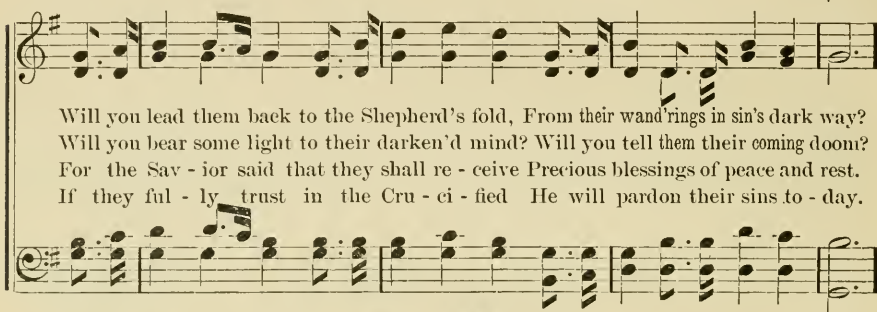
Written after hearing a sermon by J. H. Boyet, D. D., from James 5: 20.

A. J. B.

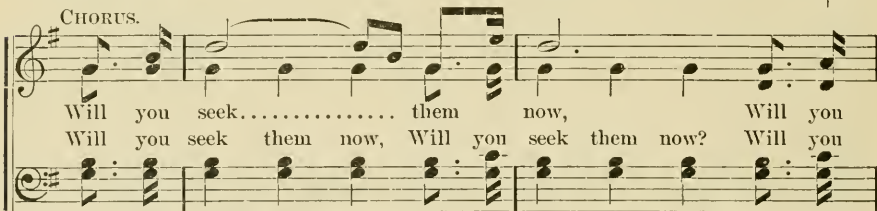
A. J. BUCHANAN.



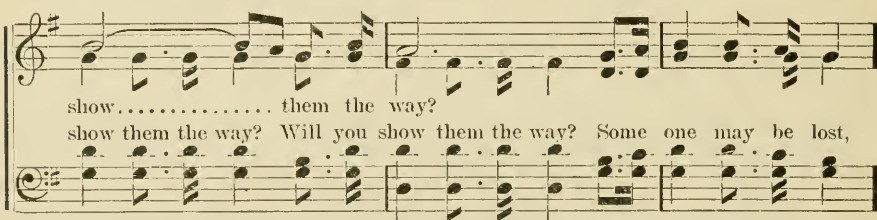
1. Will you go and speak to the lost ones here? To the ones who have gone a-stray?  
 2. Will you go and speak to the sin - ners blind, And who walk in mid - night gloom?  
 3. Will you tell them all if they will be - lieve, That their souls will be truly blest?  
 4. Will you go and tell them the Sav - ior died, And pro - vi - ded for them the way?



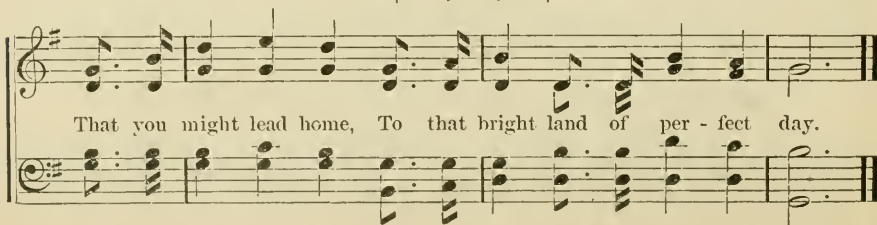
Will you lead them back to the Shepherd's fold, From their wand'ring in sin's dark way?  
 Will you bear some light to their darken'd mind? Will you tell them their coming doom?  
 For the Sav - ior said that they shall re - ceive Precious blessings of peace and rest.  
 If they ful - ly trust in the Cru - ci - fied He will pardon their sins to - day.



CHORUS.  
 Will you seek..... them now, Will you seek them now? Will you  
 Will you seek them now, Will you seek them now? Will you



show..... them the way?  
 show them the way? Will you show them the way? Some one may be lost,



That you might lead home, To that bright land of per - fect day.

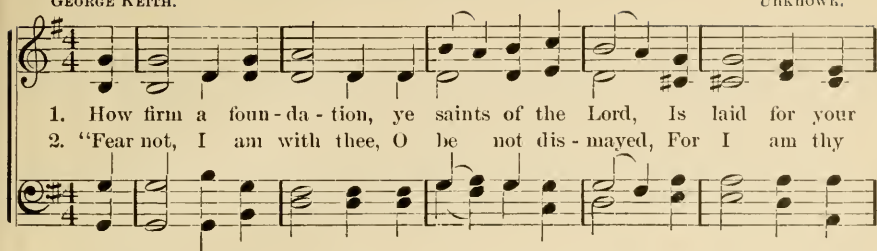


## No. 109.

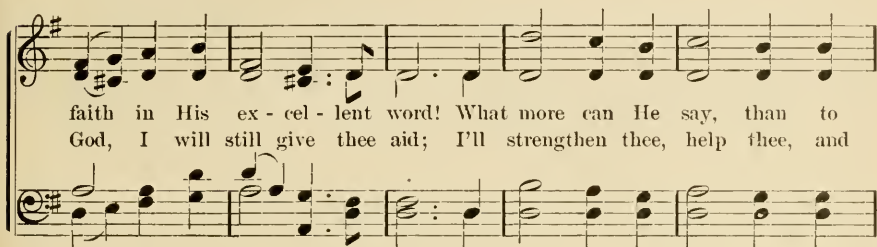
## Portuguese Hymn.

GEORGE KEITH.

Unknown.



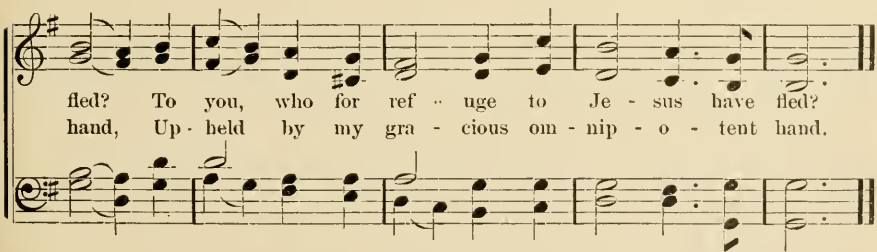
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy



faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say, than to  
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and



you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have  
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent



fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?  
 hand, Up - held by my gra - cious om - nip - o - tent hand.

3 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee  
 to go.

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
 For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway  
 shall lie,

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,  
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people  
 shall prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne,

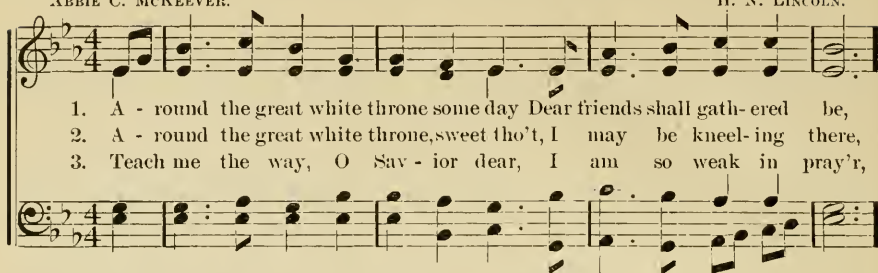
6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for  
 repose,

I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
 That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

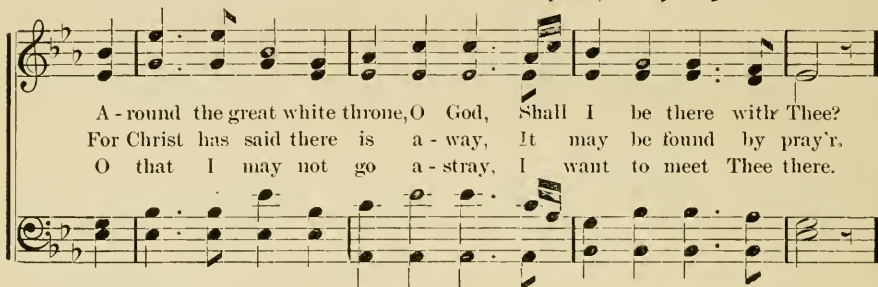
# No. 110. Around the Great White Throne.

ABBIE C. MCKEEVER.

H. N. LINCOLN.

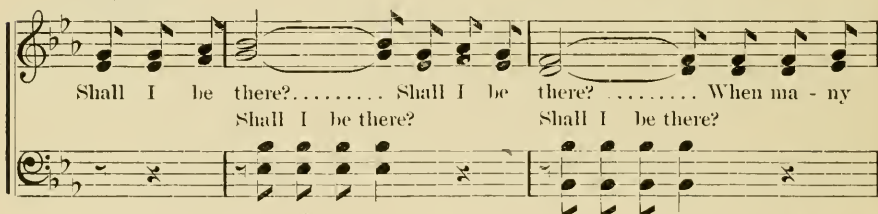


1. A - round the great white throne some day Dear friends shall gath-ered be,  
 2. A - round the great white throne, sweet tho't, I may be kneel-ing there,  
 3. Teach me the way, O Sav - ior dear, I am so weak in pray'r,

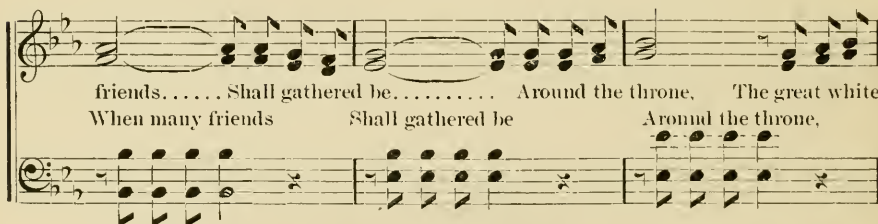


A - round the great white throne, O God, Shall I be there with Thee?  
 For Christ has said there is a - way, It may be found by pray'r,  
 O that I may not go a - stray, I want to meet Thee there.

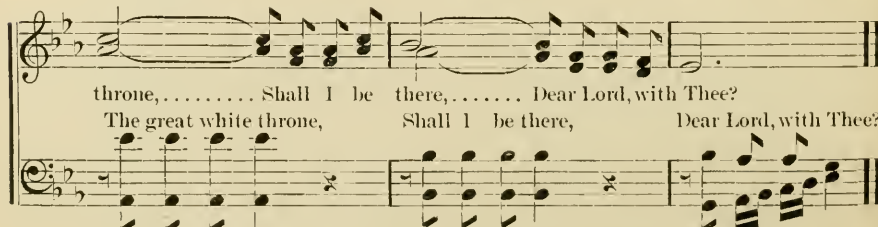
## CHORUS.



Shall I be there?..... Shall I be there?..... When ma - ny  
 Shall I be there? Shall I be there?



friends..... Shall gathered be..... Around the throne, The great white  
 When many friends Shall gathered be Around the throne,



throne,..... Shall I be there,..... Dear Lord, with Thee?  
 The great white throne, Shall I be there, Dear Lord, with Thee?

## No. 111.

## Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let Him in,  
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in,  
 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in,  
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n - ly Guest, Let Him in,  
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;  
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;  
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;  
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;  
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in;

Let Him in ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,  
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,  
 He is stand ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,  
 He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,

Je - sus Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in.  
 He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.  
 And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.  
 He will take you home to heaven, Let Him in.  
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.

# No. 112. I am Coming, Lord, to Thee.

W. A. O.

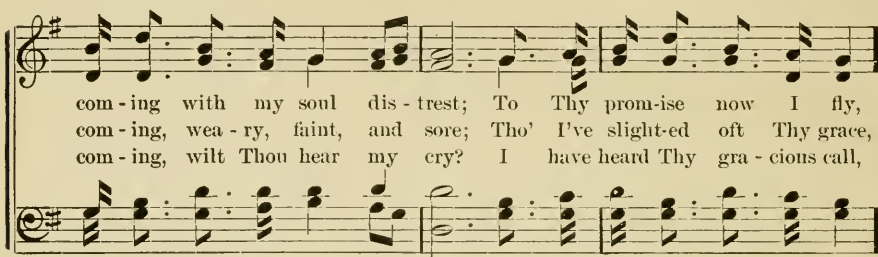
"In returning, ye shall be saved," Isa. 30: 15.

W. A. OGDEN.

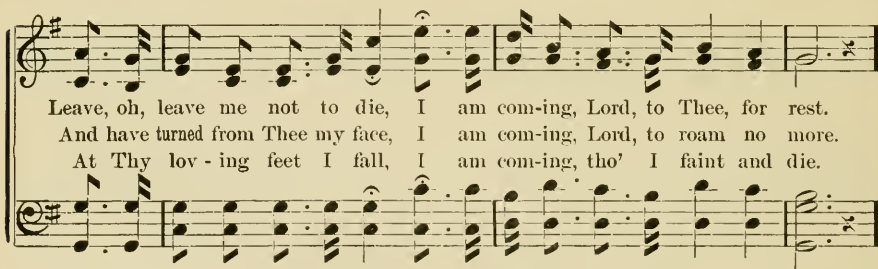
*Earnestly.*



1. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, with a trem-bling heart, I am  
 2. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, with my load of sin, I am  
 3. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, but my faith is weak, I am




com-ing with my soul dis-trest; To Thy prom-ise now I fly,  
 com-ing, wea-ry, faint, and sore; Tho' I've slight-ed oft Thy grace,  
 com-ing, wilt Thou hear my cry? I have heard Thy gra-cious call,

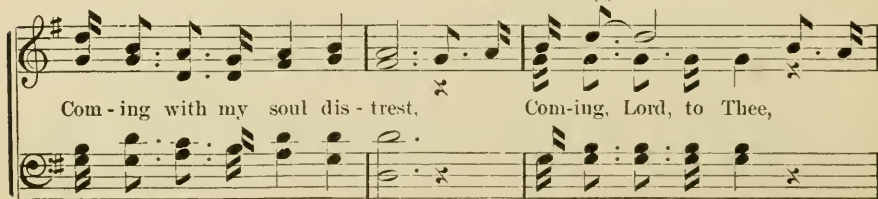


Leave, oh, leave me not to die, I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, for rest.  
 And have turned from Thee my face, I am com-ing, Lord, to roam no more.  
 At Thy lov-ing feet I fall, I am com-ing, tho' I faint and die.

CHORUS.



Com-ing, Lord, to Thee, Com-ing, Lord, to Thee;  
 I am com-ing, . . . I am



Com-ing with my soul dis-trest, Com-ing, Lord, to Thee,

By permission,

# I am Coming, Lord, to Thee. Concluded.

com-ing,.....

com-ing, Lord, to Thee, I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee for rest.

## No. 113.

## Enough for Me.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. O love sur-pass-ing knowl-edge! O grace so full and free!  
 2. O won-der-ful Sal-va-tion! From sin He makes me free!  
 3. O blood of Christ, so pre-cious, Poured out on Cal-vä-ry!

**FINE.**

I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me.  
 I feel the sweet as-sur-ance, And that's e-nough for me.  
 I feel its cleans-ing pow-er, And that's e-nough for me.

D. S. I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!

REFRAIN.

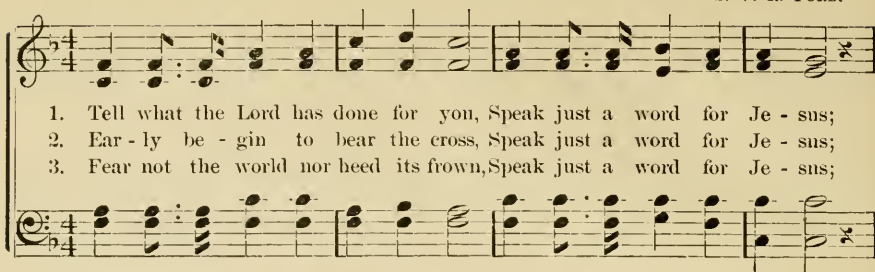
D. S.

And that's e-nough for me! And that's e-nough for me!

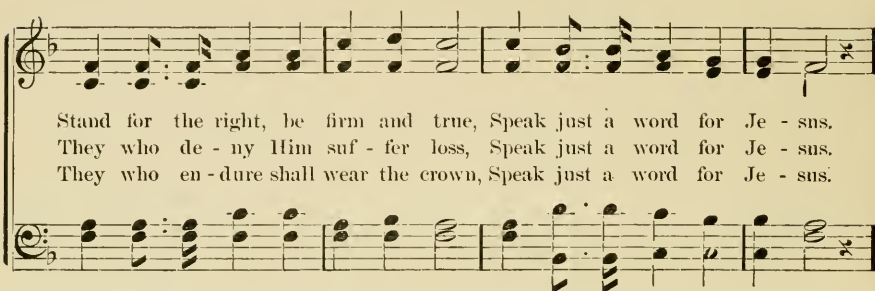


# No. 114. Speak Just a Word for Jesus.

S. V. R. FORD.

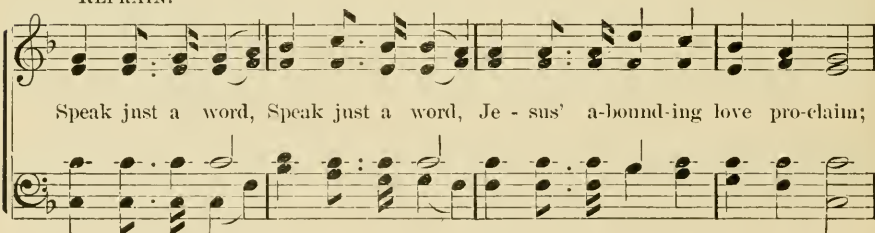


1. Tell what the Lord has done for you, Speak just a word for Je - sus;  
 2. Ear - ly be - gin to bear the cross, Speak just a word for Je - sus;  
 3. Fear not the world nor heed its frown, Speak just a word for Je - sus;



Stand for the right, be firm and true, Speak just a word for Je - sus.  
 They who de - ny Him suf - fer loss, Speak just a word for Je - sus.  
 They who en - dure shall wear the crown, Speak just a word for Je - sus.

## REFRAIN.



Speak just a word, Speak just a word, Je - sus' a-bound-ing love pro-claim;



Glad - ly con - fess your ris - en Lord, Hon - or His ho - ly name.

## No. 115.

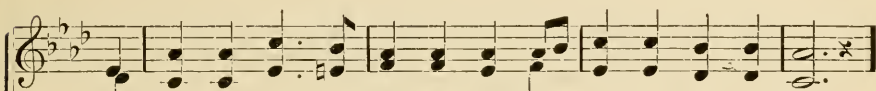
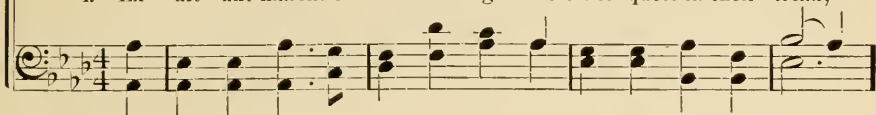
## The March of Holiness.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, in "Guide to Holiness." Chorus by C. A. S.

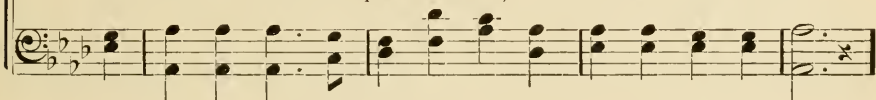
C. A. SHAW.



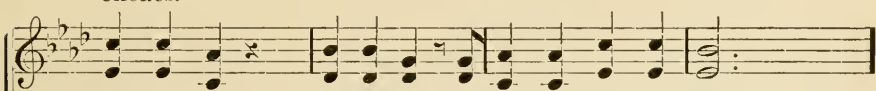
1. The saints of God are marching on In robes of spot - less white;
2. Their steps are true, their hearts beat high, Their songs, the songs of joy;
3. Crowns sit up - on each pol - ished brow, Bright crowns of liv - ing light;
4. Ex - ult - ant march! ex - ult - ant reign! There's conquest in their tread;



Their fac - es glow like morning's dawn, Their paths, the paths of light.  
 There's glad - ness in each beam - ing eye, And heav'n in their em - ploy.  
 They wave the palms of vic - t'ry now, Tho' pass - ing thro' the fight.  
 The foes of in - ward peace are slain, And sa - tan's host have fled.



## CHORUS.



March - ing on, marching on, In robes of spot - less white;  
 They are Robes of white,



Their hearts a - glow with love di - vine, They walk in paths of light.



ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shep-herd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert  
 2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the lit-tle  
 3. Out in the des-ert, hear their cry, Out on the mount-ain

dark and drear, Call-ing the lambs who've gone a-stray,  
 lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,  
 wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee:

## CHORUS.

Far from the Shep-herd's fold a-way.  
 Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold? Bring them in,  
 "Go, find my lambs, where-e'er they be."

Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je-sus.

## No. 117.

## He Leads Me On.

VICTORIA E. KEITH.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. He leads me on thro' des-erts drear, And o-ver mountains wild;  
 2. He leads me where the tor-rents roar, And thro' the storm-y sea,  
 3. He leads me 'neath the star-ry sky, And thro' the noon-tide heat,  
 4. He leads me on my pil-grim way, By watch-ful care I'm bound,

Wher-e'er He leads me I'll not fear, For I am still His child.  
 I hear Him call-ing from the shore, "Fear not, but fol-low me."  
 I know He guides me with His eye, And stays my falt-'ring feet.  
 There is no place a-long my way But that my God is found.

## REFRAIN.

He leads me on, He leads me on, With Him my way is sure;

His heav'n-ly love en-fold-eth me, And keeps my heart se-cure.

## No. 118.

## When I See the Blood.

"When I see the blood I will pass over you. Ex." 12: 13.

"Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." 1 Chor 5: 7.

JOHN.

J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er, died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner, paid all his dne;  
 2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has prom-ised, so will He do;  
 3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject-ed, who have refused?  
 4. Oh, what com-pas-sion, Oh, boundless love, Je-sus hath pow-er, Je-sus is true;

All who re-ceive Him, need nev-er fear, Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.  
 Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word, Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you.  
 Oh, sin-ner, hast-en, let Je-sus in, Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.  
 All who be-lieve, are safe from the storm, Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.

CHORUS.

When I see the blood, When I see the blood,  
 When I see the blood, When I see the blood,

Rit.

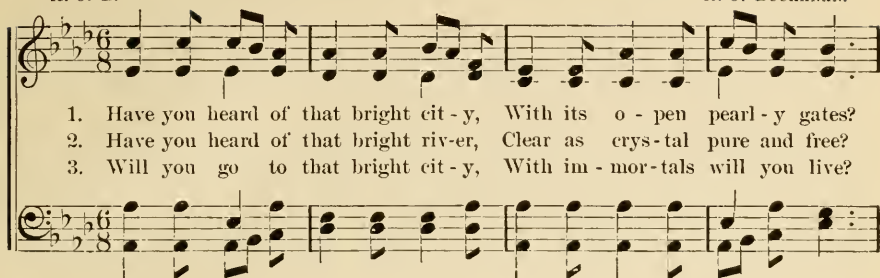
When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you.  
 When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you, o-ver you.



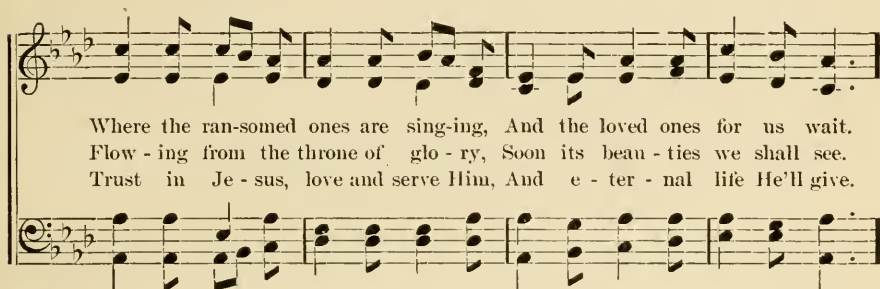
# No. 119. The Beautiful Pearly Gate.

A. J. B.

A. J. BUCHANAN.

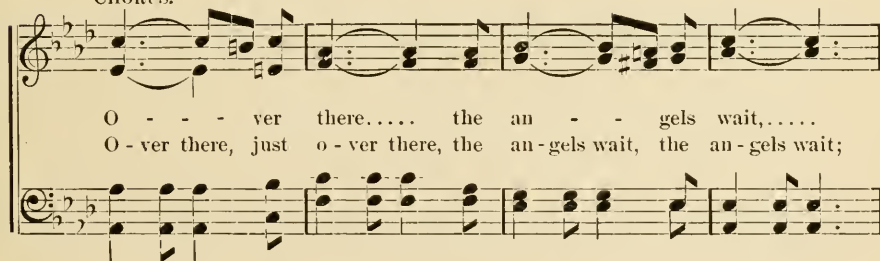


1. Have you heard of that bright cit-y, With its o - pen pearl-y gates?  
 2. Have you heard of that bright riv-er, Clear as crys-tal pure and free?  
 3. Will you go to that bright cit-y, With im - mor-tals will you live?

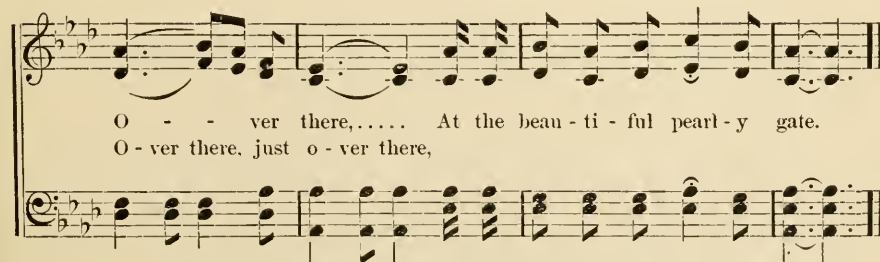


Where the ran-somed ones are sing-ing, And the loved ones for us wait.  
 Flow - ing from the throne of glo - ry, Soon its beau - ties we shall see.  
 Trust in Je - sus, love and serve Him, And e - ter - nal life He'll give.

## CHORUS.



O - - - ver there..... the an - - - gels wait,.....  
 O - ver there, just o - ver there, the an - gels wait, the an - gels wait;



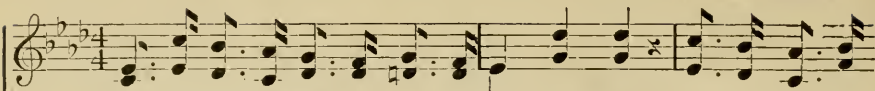
O - - - ver there,..... At the beau - ti - ful pearl - y gate.  
 O - ver there, just o - ver there,

# No. 120.

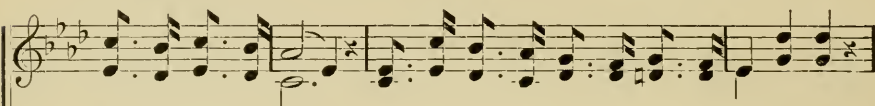
# Working and Waiting.

H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

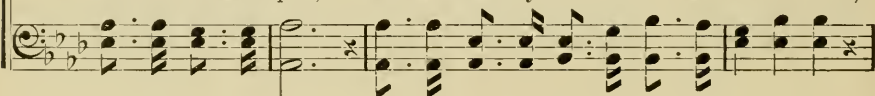
Mrs. W. S. NICKLE.



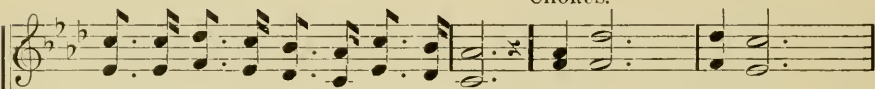
1. Work - ing for the Mas - ter in the har - vest field, Paus - ing not for
2. Work - ing in the vine - yard, toil - ing for the Lord, Faith - ful - ly from
3. Wait - ing for the Mas - ter in the Bu - lah Land, Wait - ing till the
4. Wait - ing for the Mas - ter by the riv - er's side, Wait - ing, watching



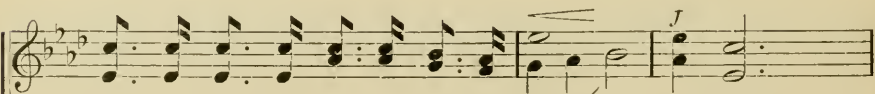
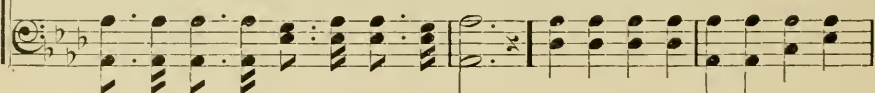
wea - ri - ness or pain! Joy - ful in His ser - vice, I the sic - kle wield,  
dawn to set of sun; Sweet will be the rest - ing, rich be my re - ward,  
wel - come summons come, Bid - ding me cross o - ver to the distant strand,  
for the boatman pale, Who will safe - ly bear me o'er the wa - ters wide,



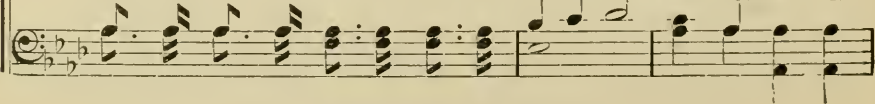
## CHORUS.



Gath'ring precious sheaves of gold - en grain. Working, working,  
When to me my Lord shall say, "Well done."  
There to dwell with Him in bliss at home.  
To the peace - ful port with - in the veil. Working, working, working, working,



Work - ing till the time of rest shall come;... Wait - ing,  
Wait - ing, wait - ing,



# Working and Waiting. Concluded.

wait - ing, Wait - ing till the Lord shall call me home.  
wait - ing, wait - ing,

The musical score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody features a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure. The lyrics are written below the melody.

## No. 121. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

REV. E. PERRONET.

CORONATION.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;

The musical score is in 4/4 time, key of D major. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody features a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure. The lyrics are written below the melody.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

The musical score is in 4/4 time, key of D major. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody features a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure. The lyrics are written below the melody.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

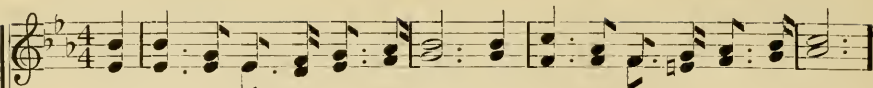
The musical score is in 4/4 time, key of D major. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody features a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure. The lyrics are written below the melody.

## No. 122.

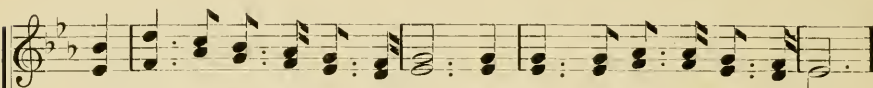
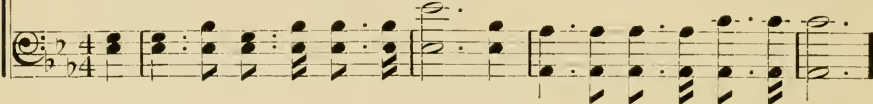
## His Call Obey.

EGERTON R. YOUNG.

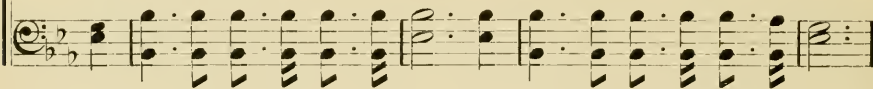
W. S. NICKLE.



1. A-rouse ye! chil-dren of the light; God calls, be va-liant in the fight;
2. Ten thousand vic-t'ries mark the way, As tri-umphs of the glo-rious day;
3. Yet mil-lions still in dark-ness grope, To them none yet has car-ried hope;
4. No ray of light il-lumes their way, But dens-est darkness hold-eth sway;
5. Yet they are broth-ers of our race; And dare we long-er turn our face
6. In mem-'ry of His dy-ing love, Whom we ex-pect to meet a-bove;



He seeks not an-gels for the fray: Shall not we then His call o bey?  
 And mul-ti-tudes have crossed the flood, Saved by the pur-chase of His blood.  
 From lands still shroud-ed in the gloom, They move in dark-ness to the tomb.  
 Their eyes are ev-er dimmed with tears, Their lives are haunt-ed by their fears.  
 From them, for whom our Sav-ior died, Our bless-ed Lord—the Cru-ci-fied.  
 Shall we not lis-ten to His call, And work for Him, who died for all?



## CHORUS.



Your brother's voice wails from the gloom: "Light up our path-way to the tomb."



A - rouse ye! a - rouse ye! the call is loud and clear;



## His Call Obey. Concluded.

A - rouse ye; a - rouse ye! God's Church must sure - ly hear.

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a single system with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

## No. 123. Revive Us Again.

Dr. W. P. MACKAY.

English Melody.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For  
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for the Spir - it of light, Who has  
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a single system with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

### CHORUS.

Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 shown us our Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain. Hal - le - lu - jah!

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a single system with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - ja! A - men. Re - vive us a - gain.

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a single system with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,  
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;  
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

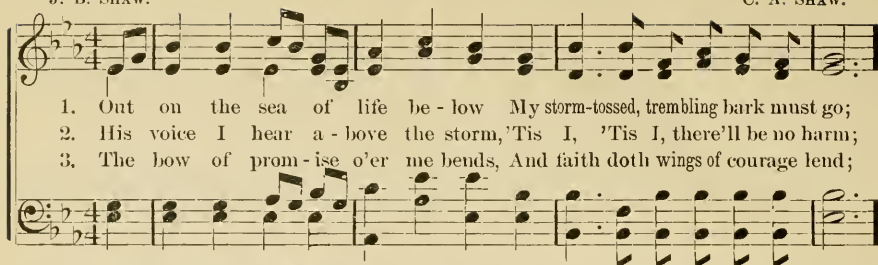


## No. 124.

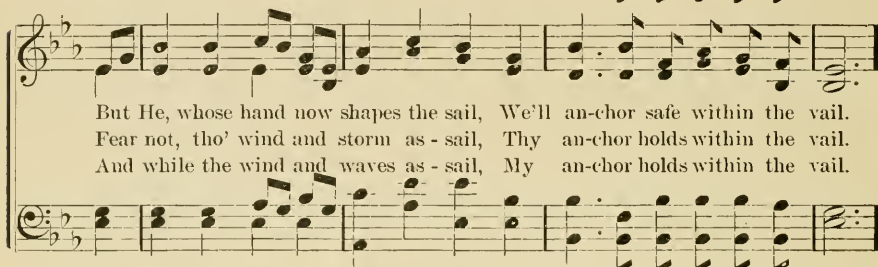
## My Anchor Holds.

J. B. SHAW.

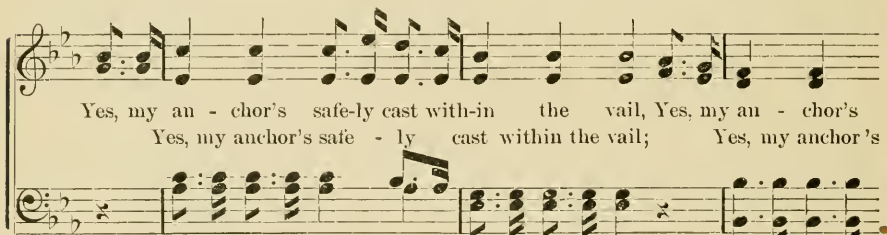
C. A. SHAW.



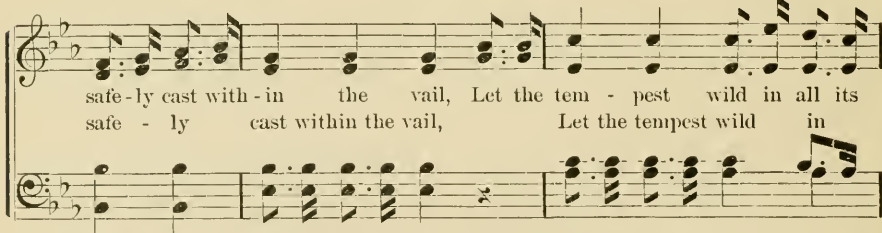
1. Out on the sea of life be - low My storm-tossed, trembling bark must go;  
 2. His voice I hear a - bove the storm, 'Tis I, 'Tis I, there'll be no harm;  
 3. The bow of prom - ise o'er me bends, And faith doth wings of courage lend;



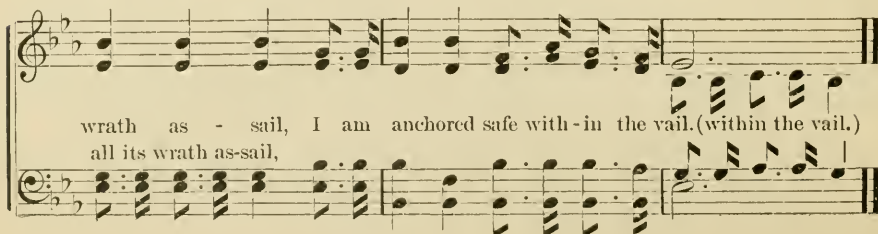
But He, whose hand now shapes the sail, We'll an - chor safe within the vail.  
 Fear not, tho' wind and storm as - sail, Thy an - chor holds within the vail.  
 And while the wind and waves as - sail, My an - chor holds within the vail.



Yes, my an - chor's safe - ly cast with - in the vail, Yes, my an - chor's  
 Yes, my anchor's safe - ly cast within the vail; Yes, my anchor's



safe - ly cast with - in the vail, Let the tem - pest wild in all its  
 safe - ly cast within the vail, Let the tempest wild in



wrath as - sail, I am anchored safe with - in the vail. (within the vail.)  
 all its wrath as - sail,

# No. 125. Make Me a Worker for Jesus.

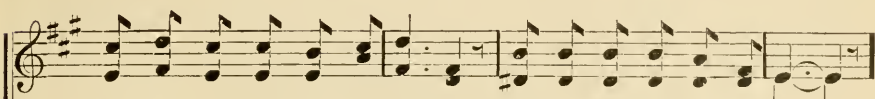
"And every man to his work." Mark. 13: 34.

EEBEN. E. REXFORD.

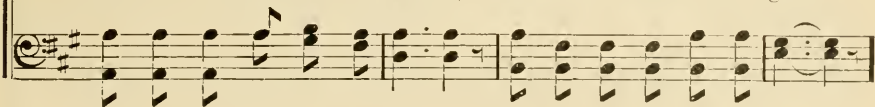
T. C. O'KANE.



1. Make me a work - er for Je - sus, Steadfast and earn - est and true;
2. Let me be brave in the con - flict, Read - y to go where He needs,
3. Let me go out to the har - vest, Faith - ful - ly do - ing my part,
4. Make me a work - er for Je - sus, Trust - ing Him nev - er in vain,



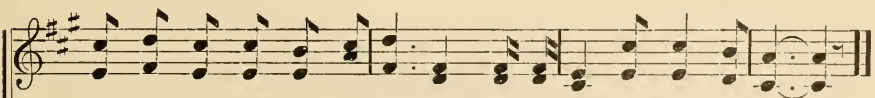
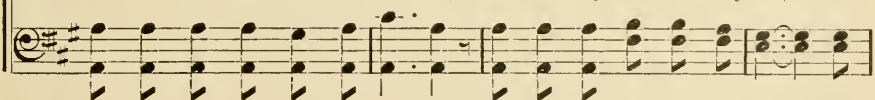
Will - ing to work for the Mas - ter, What He would have me to do...  
Sow - ing good seed for the har - vest, Pluck - ing up bri - ars and weeds.  
Gath - er - ing sheaves for the glean - ing, Stead - fast of pur - pose and heart.  
Glad if I bind for the Mas - ter, Sheaves of God's beau - ti - ful grain.



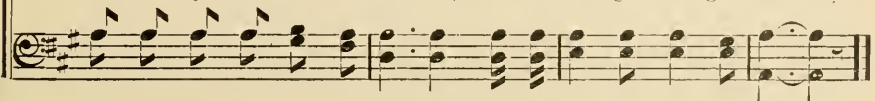
## CHORUS.



Make me a work - er for Je - sus, Hum - ble my la - bor may be, But



cheer - ful - ly done for the Mas - ter, Who hath done great things for me....

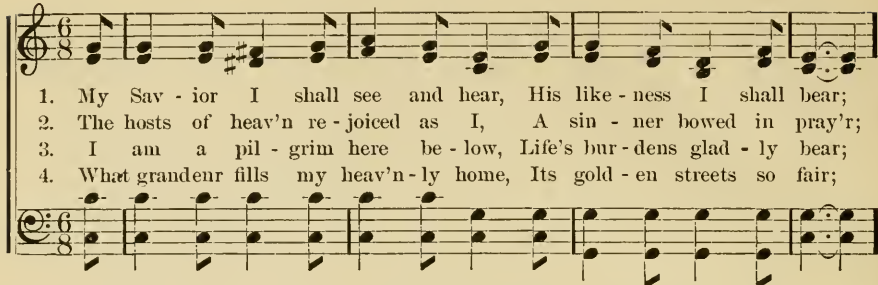


# No. 126. With Christ is far Better.

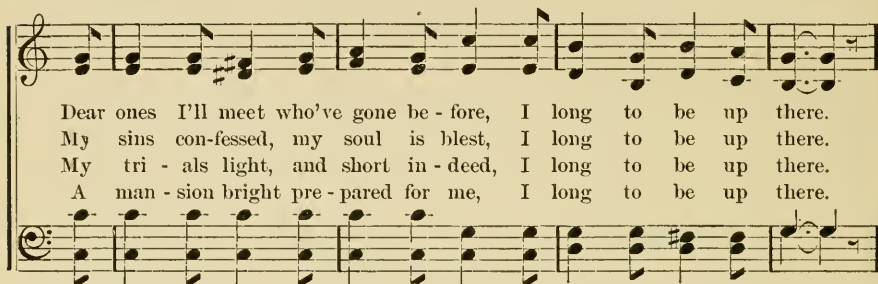
JOHN.

"I am in a straight betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and be with Christ; which is far better."—Phil. 1: 23.

J. G. F.

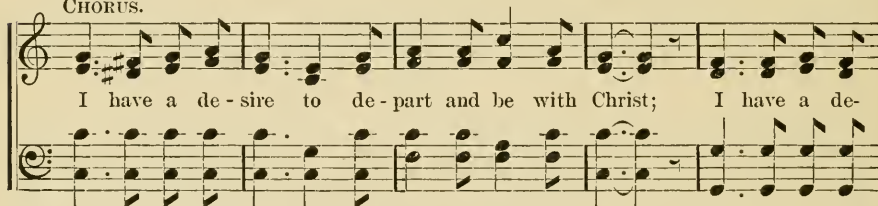


1. My Sav - ior I shall see and hear, His like - ness I shall bear;  
 2. The hosts of heav'n re - joiced as I, A sin - ner bowed in pray'r;  
 3. I am a pil - grim here be - low, Life's bur - dens glad - ly bear;  
 4. What grandeur fills my heav'n - ly home, Its gold - en streets so fair;



Dear ones I'll meet who've gone be - fore, I long to be up there.  
 My sins con-fessed, my soul is blest, I long to be up there.  
 My tri - als light, and short in - deed, I long to be up there.  
 A man - sion bright pre - pared for me, I long to be up there.

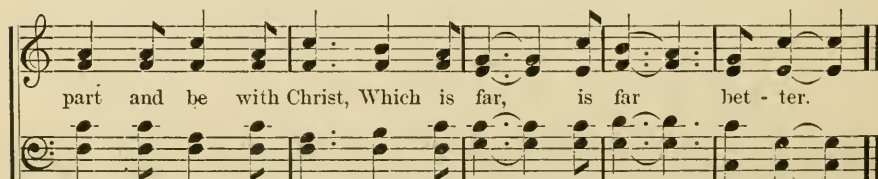
CHORUS.



I have a de - sire to de - part and be with Christ; I have a de -



sire to de - part and be with Christ; I have a de - sire to de -



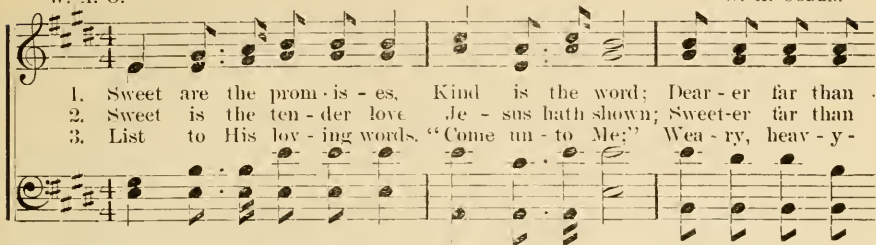
part and be with Christ, Which is far, is far bet - ter.

# No. 127. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

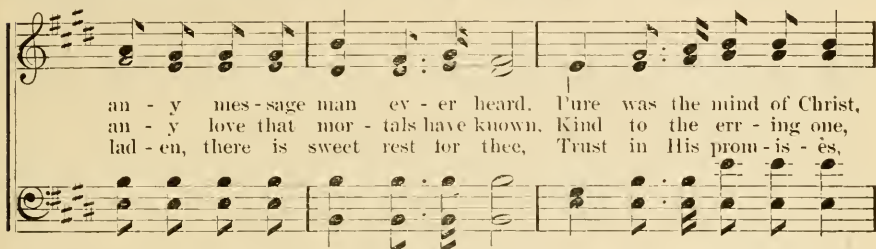
"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

W. A. O.

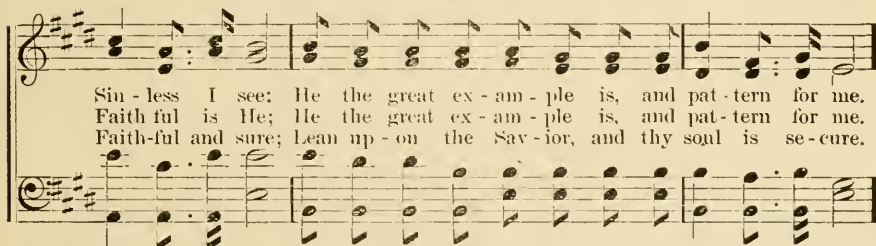
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Sweet are the prom-is-es, Kind is the word; Dear-er far than  
 2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je-sus hath shown; Sweet-er far than  
 3. List to His lov-ing words, "Come un-to Me;" Wea-ry, heav-y-

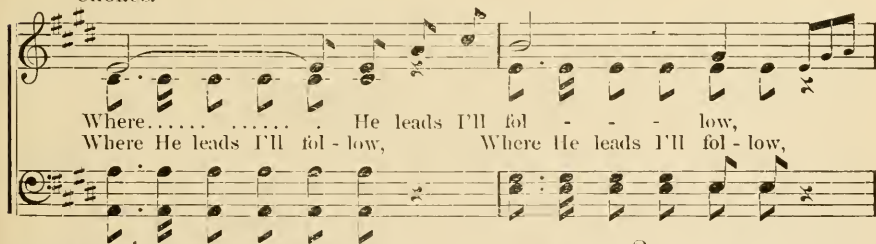


an-y mes-sage man ev-er heard. Pure was the mind of Christ,  
 an-y love that mor-tals have known. Kind to the err-ing one,  
 lad-en, there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His prom-is-es,

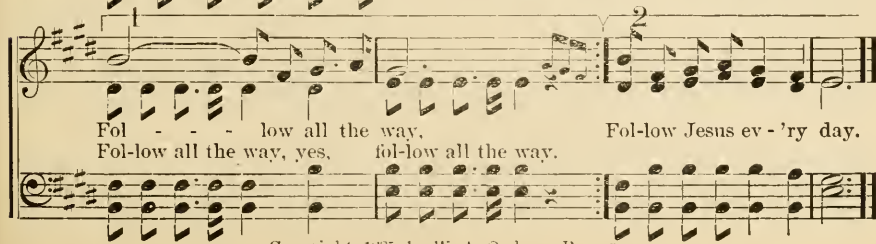


Sin-less I see; He the great ex-am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.  
 Faith-ful is He; He the great ex-am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.  
 Faith-ful and sure; Lean up-on the Sav-ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

CHORUS.



Where..... He leads I'll fol-low,  
 Where He leads I'll fol-low, Where He leads I'll fol-low,



Fol-low all the way, Fol-low Jesus ev-'ry day.  
 Fol-low all the way, yes, fol-low all the way.

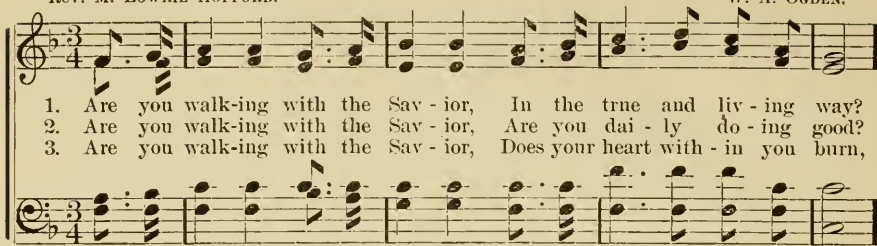


# No. 128. Walking With the Savior.

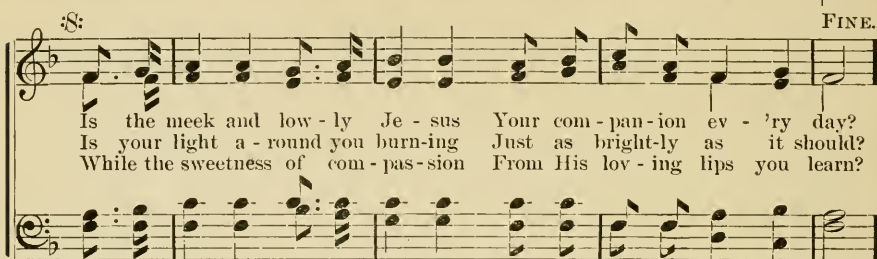
"Ye ought so to walk, even as He walked." 1 John 2: 6.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

W. A. OGDEN.

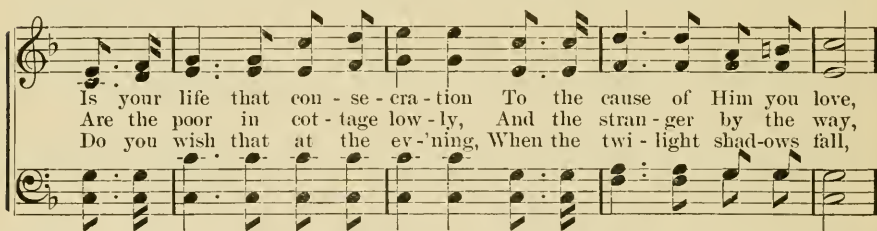


1. Are you walk-ing with the Sav - ior, In the true and liv - ing way?  
 2. Are you walk-ing with the Sav - ior, Are you dai - ly do - ing good?  
 3. Are you walk-ing with the Sav - ior, Does your heart with - in you burn,

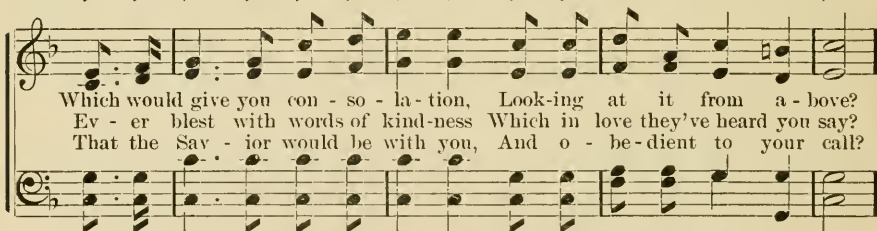


Is the meek and low - ly Je - sus Your com - pan - ion ev - 'ry day?  
 Is your light a - round you burn - ing Just as bright - ly as it should?  
 While the sweet - ness of com - pas - sion From His lov - ing lips you learn?

D. S. Is the meek and low - ly Je - sus Your com - pan - ion ev - 'ry day?



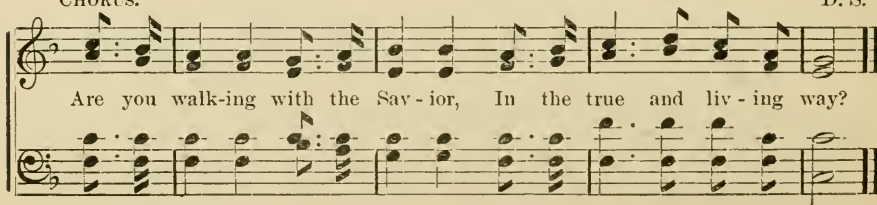
Is your life that con - se - cra - tion To the cause of Him you love,  
 Are the poor in cot - tage low - ly, And the stran - ger by the way,  
 Do you wish that at the ev - 'ning, When the twi - light shad - ows fall,



Which would give you con - so - la - tion, Look - ing at it from a - bove?  
 Ev - er blest with words of kind - ness Which in love they've heard you say?  
 That the Sav - ior would be with you, And o - be - dient to your call?

CHORUS.

D. S.



Are you walk - ing with the Sav - ior, In the true and liv - ing way?



# No. 129. My Weary Soul a Rest Hath Found.

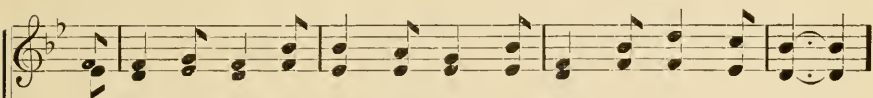
H. L. HASTINGS.

Isa. 32: 2.

E. C. AVIS.



1. My wea - ry soul a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;...
2. I hide me in this ref - uge strong From ev - 'ry tem-pest's blast;
3. Ye com - fort - less and tem - pest-tossed, By sins and woes op - pressed,
4. Ye thirst - y, from the smit - ten Rock, Life's crys - tal wa - ters spring;



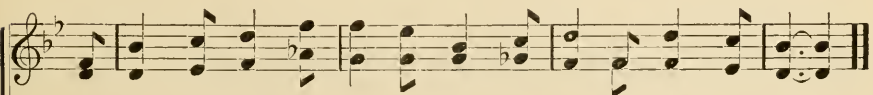
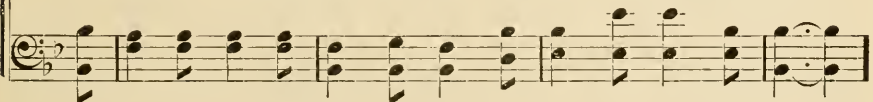
A sure and cer - tain an - chorage ground In Christ, with - in the vail...  
And sit and sing un - til the storm Of wrath is o - ver - past...  
Ye tempt-ed, troubled, ru - ined, lost, Come find in Christ your rest...  
There hide from ev - 'ry storm - y shock, And rest, and drink, and sing...



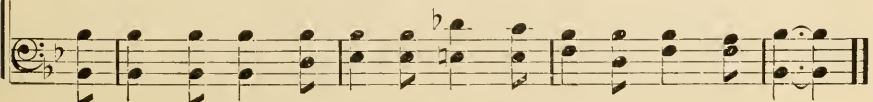
## CHORUS.



O Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, In Thee my soul would hide;



My tower of strength, I fly to Thee, And safe - ly there a - bide.



## No. 130.

## Rest in the Lord.

IDA L. REED.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Rest in the Lord and pa-tient-ly wait; Be-lieve on His word, His  
 2. Rest in the Lord and grieve not, nor fret; Thy works He'll re-ward, He  
 3. Rest in the Lord, He'll calm all Thy fears; He'll bear all thy bur-dens,

mer-cy is great; Rest in His love and fear not, for He, Tho'  
 can-not for-get; Rest in His love and fear not, for He, Tho'  
 dry all thy tears; Rest in His love and fear not, for He, Tho'

CHORUS.

dark be the hour, thy ref-uge shall be. Rest in the  
 dark be the hour, thy ref-uge shall be.  
 dark be the hour, thy ref-uge shall be. Rest in the Lord,

Lord, and pa-tient-ly wait, Rest  
 Rest in the Lord, Pa-tient-ly wait, Patiently wait, Rest in the Lord,

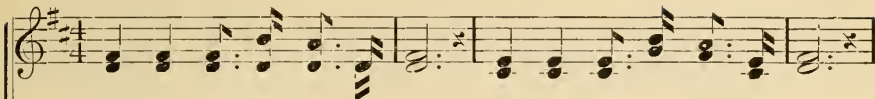
*Rit.*

in the Lord, His mer-cy is great.....  
 Rest in the Lord, His mer-cy is great, His mer-cy is great.

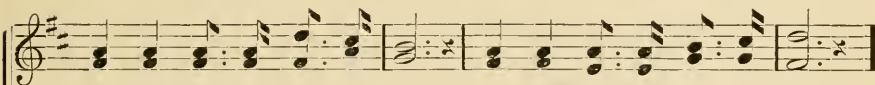
# No. 131. Entire Consecration.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Chorus by W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swif - t and bean - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for Thee;
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;



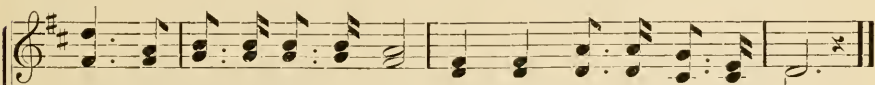
Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.  
 Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.  
 Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I with - hold.  
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thon shalt choose.



## CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Sav - ior's pre - cious blood, the precious blood, } Lord, I give to  
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the heal ing flood, }



Thee, my life and all, to be Thine, hence - forth, e - ter - nal - ly.



- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine;  
 It shall be no longer mine;  
 Take my heart,—it is Thine own,—  
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

- 6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour  
 At Thy feet its treasure-store!  
 Take myself, and I will be  
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

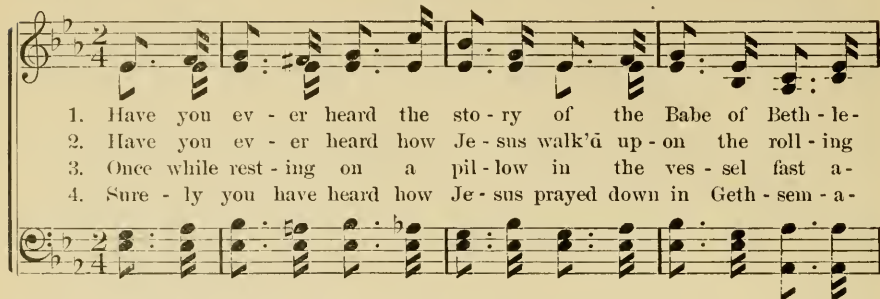
By Permission.

# No. 132. He is Just the Same To-day.

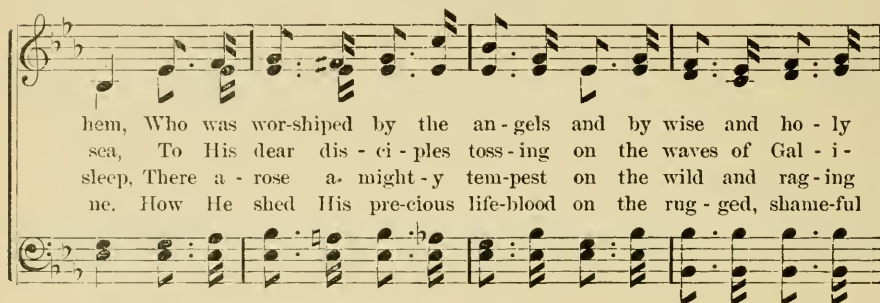
Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN.

Heb. 13: 8.

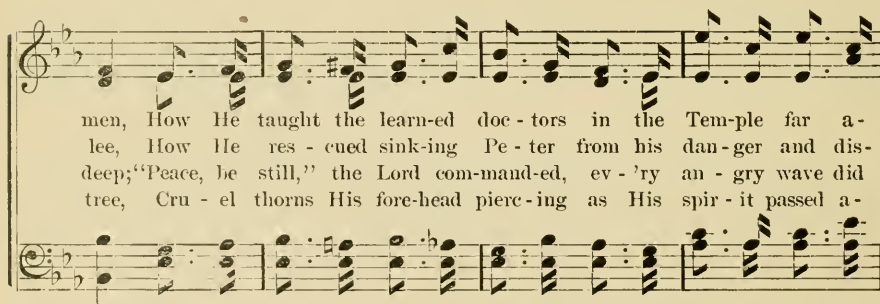
I. N. McHose.



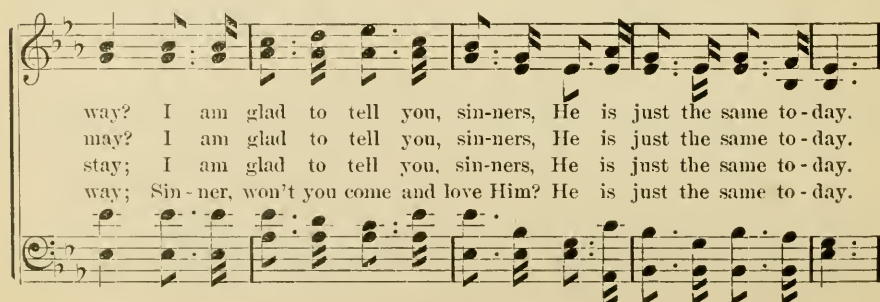
1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry of the Babe of Beth - le -  
 2. Have you ev - er heard how Je - sus walk'd up - on the roll - ing  
 3. Once while rest - ing on a pil - low in the ves - sel fast a -  
 4. Sure - ly you have heard how Je - sus prayed down in Geth - sem - a -



hem, Who was wor-ship-ed by the an - gels and by wise and ho - ly  
 sea, To His dear dis - ci - ples toss - ing on the waves of Gal - i -  
 leep, There a - rose a might - y tem - pest on the wild and rag - ing  
 ne. How He shed His pre - cious life - blood on the rug - ged, shame - ful



men, How He taught the learn - ed doc - tors in the Tem - ple far a -  
 lee, How He res - cued sink - ing Pe - ter from his dan - ger and dis -  
 deep; "Peace, be still," the Lord com - mand - ed, ev - 'ry an - gry wave did  
 tree, Cru - el thorns His fore - head pierc - ing as His spir - it passed a -



way? I am glad to tell you, sin - ners, He is just the same to - day.  
 may? I am glad to tell you, sin - ners, He is just the same to - day.  
 stay; I am glad to tell you, sin - ners, He is just the same to - day.  
 way; Sin - ner, won't you come and love Him? He is just the same to - day.

# He is Just the Same To-day. Concluded.

CHORUS.

He's just the same to - day, Yes, just the same to - day, I'm

glad to tell you, sin - ners, He is just the same to - day.

## No. 133.

## Teach Me Thy Will.

H. L. S.

Rev. H. L. SMITH.

1. Teach me Thy will, O Lord: And help me ev - 'ry hour To  
2. Teach me Thy will, O Lord; Thy power and life be - stow, That  
3. Teach me Thy will, O Lord; Help me my cross to bear; And

rest up - on Thy sa - cred word, And feel Thy cleans - ing power.  
I may by Thy grace re - stored, Thy full sal - va - tion know,  
ev - 'ry hour Thy grace af - ford, That I a crown may wear.

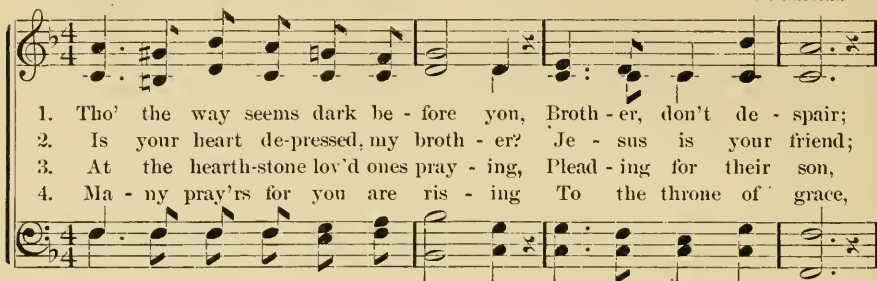


# No. 134. God Will Help You Stand.

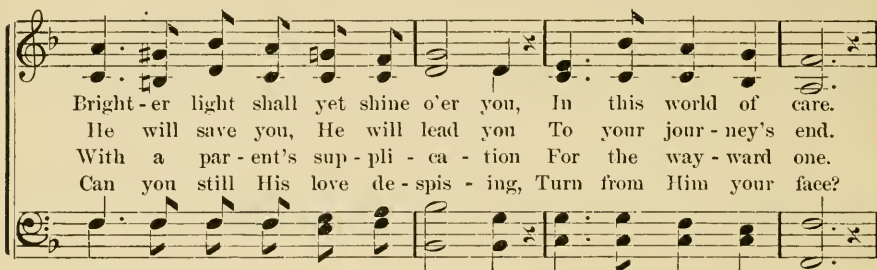
Words suggested by the following incident: A young man, the only son of respectable parents, well educated, and with natural qualities which would enable him to do a great deal of good in the world, became addicted to the use of strong drink. He tried in his own strength again and again to reform, but without success. Every effort seemed a failure. Finally, he determined to end his miserable existence by drowning in Lake Michigan. But by the providence of God, he was met on the way by a Christian gentleman, who persuaded him to abandon his purpose, and accept Jesus, which he did.

L. W. LYON.

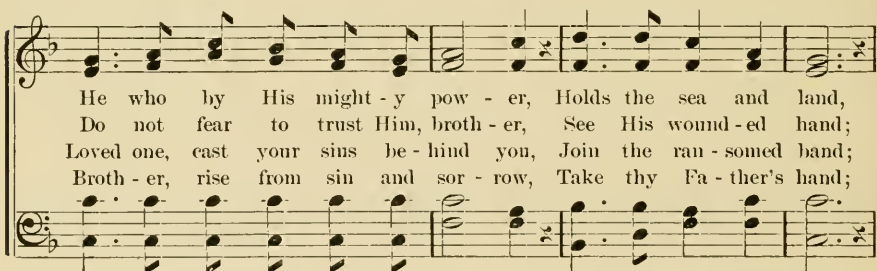
P. BILHORN.



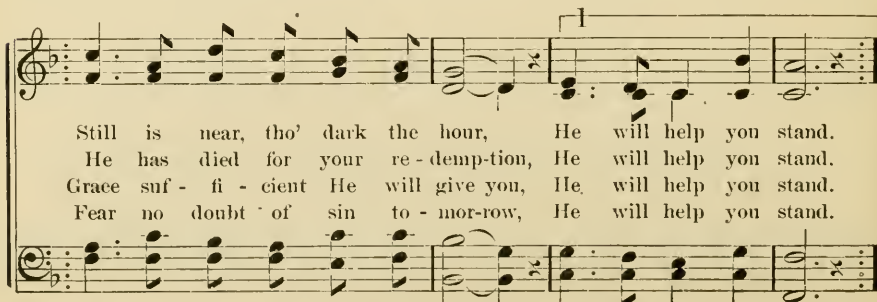
1. Tho' the way seems dark be - fore you, Broth - er, don't de - spair;  
 2. Is your heart de-pressed, my broth - er? Je - sus is your friend;  
 3. At the hearth-stone lov'd ones pray - ing, Plead - ing for their son,  
 4. Ma - ny pray'rs for you are ris - ing To the throne of grace,



Bright-er light shall yet shine o'er you, In this world of care.  
 He will save you, He will lead you To your jour - ney's end.  
 With a par - ent's sup - pli - ca - tion For the way - ward one.  
 Can you still His love de - spis - ing, Turn from Him your face?



He who by His might - y pow - er, Holds the sea and land,  
 Do not fear to trust Him, broth - er, See His wound - ed hand;  
 Loved one, cast your sins be - hind you, Join the ran - somed band;  
 Broth - er, rise from sin and sor - row, Take thy Fa - ther's hand;



Still is near, tho' dark the hour, He will help you stand.  
 He has died for your re - demp - tion, He will help you stand.  
 Grace suf - fi - cient He will give you, He will help you stand.  
 Fear no doubt of sin to - mor - row, He will help you stand.

# God Will Help You Stand. Concluded.

2 CHORUS.

He will help you stand. He will help you stand, He will help you stand,

Al - ways near, He'll not for - sake you, God will help you stand.

## No. 135. O For a Faith.

R. SIMPSON.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe,
2. That will not mur-mur nor com-plain, Be-neath the chast'n-ing rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tem-pests rage with-out:
4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come,

That will not trem-ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe!  
 But, in the hour of grief and pain, Will lean up-on its God;  
 That when in dan-ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt;  
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hal-lowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

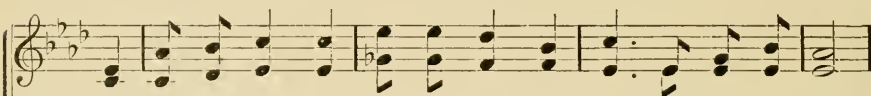
# No. 136. Thy Faith Hath Made Thee Whole.

JENNIE FOGLESANG.

C. A. SHAW.



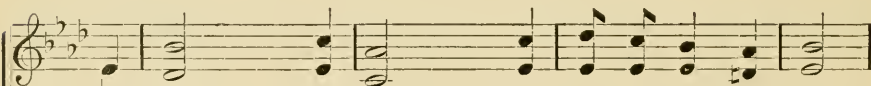
1. A - bove the tem - pest sin has raised, Be - yond the thunders roll:
2. When dread af - flic - tions beat np - on My weak, de - fence-less soul,
3. He wash - es all my sins a - way, My sor - rows helps con - trol,
4. And when the storms of life have passed, I'll reach the heav'n - ly goal,



I look to Je - sus and I hear, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."  
 While cling - ing to the rock I feel 'Tis faith can make me whole.  
 While sweet - ly rest - ing, I have found That faith can keep me whole.  
 The ma - ny man - sions in the skies: For faith hath made me whole.



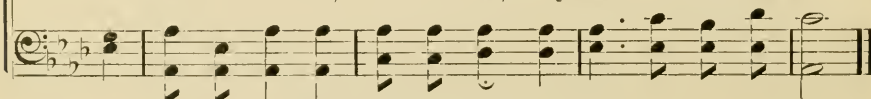
## CHORUS.



Thy faith, thy faith, Thy faith hath made thee whole;  
 Thy faith, thy faith hath made thee whole, Thy faith hath made thee whole;



I look to Je - sus, and I hear, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."



## No. 137.

## Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a-way from its nest, I had  
 2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the  
 3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Tho' a-

wan-der'd, my Sav-ior, from Thee; But Thy dear lov-ing voice call'd me  
 bo-som of mer-cy di-vine; I am fill'd with the light of Thy  
 round me the sur-ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the

home to Thy breast, And I knew there was wel-come for me.....  
 pres-ence so bright, And the joy that will ev-er be mine....  
 day nev-er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.....

## CHORUS.

Wel-come for me, Sav-ior from Thee; A smile and a welcome for me;...

Now, like a dove, I rest in Thy love, And find a sweet ref-uge in Thee....  
 in Thee.

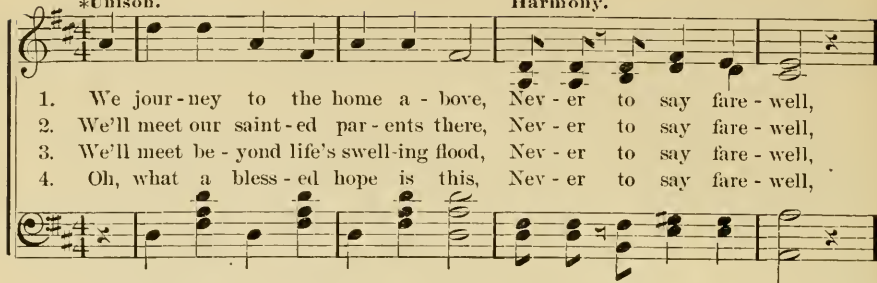
# No. 138. Never to Say Farewell.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

\*Unison.

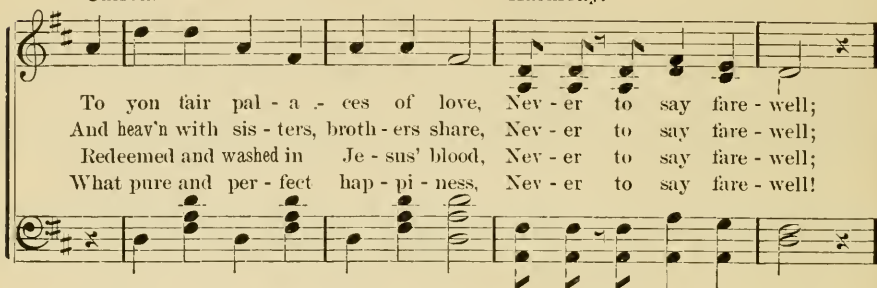
Harmony.



1. We jour-ney to the home a - bove, Nev - er to say fare - well,  
 2. We'll meet our saint - ed par - ents there, Nev - er to say fare - well,  
 3. We'll meet be - yond life's swell - ing flood, Nev - er to say fare - well,  
 4. Oh, what a bless - ed hope is this, Nev - er to say fare - well,


Unison.

Harmony.



To yon fair pal - a - ces of love, Nev - er to say fare - well;  
 And heav'n with sis - ters, broth - ers share, Nev - er to say fare - well;  
 Redeemed and washed in Je - sus' blood, Nev - er to say fare - well;  
 What pure and per - fect hap - pi - ness, Nev - er to say fare - well!

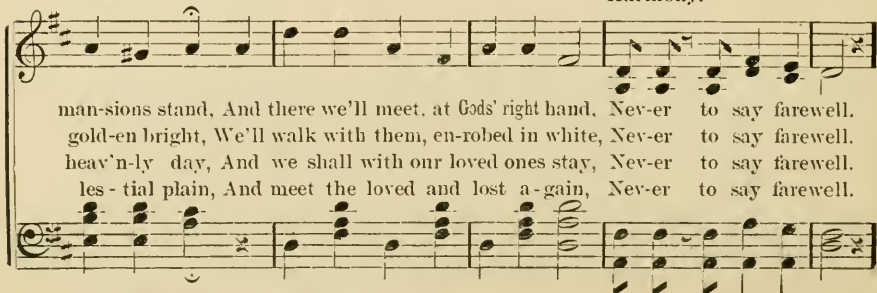
Unison.



With - in that glo - rious sum - mer - land, The ma - ny, jew - eled  
 Up - on the plains of per - fect light, Up - on the pave - ments  
 Earth's long, long night will pass a - way, Dis - solv - ing in - to  
 De - liv - ered from all sin and pain, To reach you fair, re -

*Rit.*

Harmony.



man - sions stand, And there we'll meet, at Gods' right hand, Nev - er to say farewell.  
 gold - en bright, We'll walk with them, en - robed in white, Nev - er to say farewell.  
 heav'n - ly day, And we shall with our loved ones stay, Nev - er to say farewell.  
 les - tial plain, And meet the loved and lost a - gain, Nev - er to say farewell.

\* Very effective if unison parts are sung as a solo.

Copyright, 1891, by the Hoffman Music Co. By per.

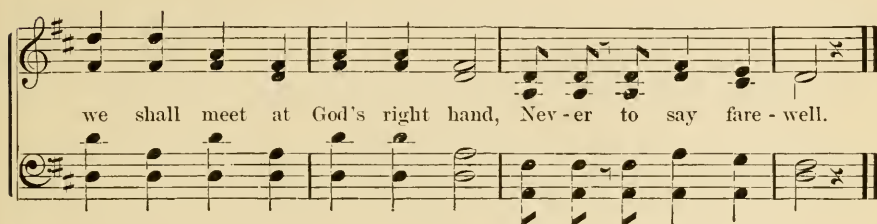


# Never to Say Farewell. Concluded.

CHORUS.



Nev - er to say fare - well Nev - er to say fare - well, Oh,

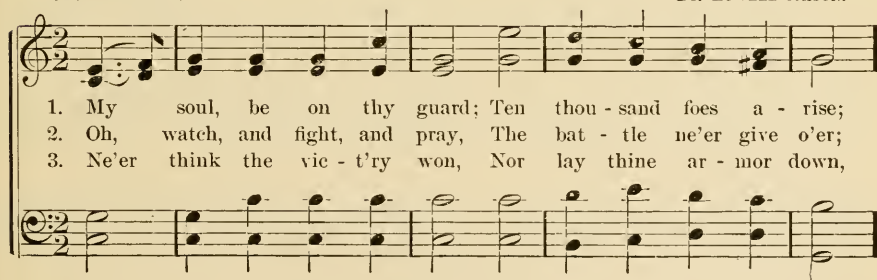


we shall meet at God's right hand, Nev - er to say fare - well.

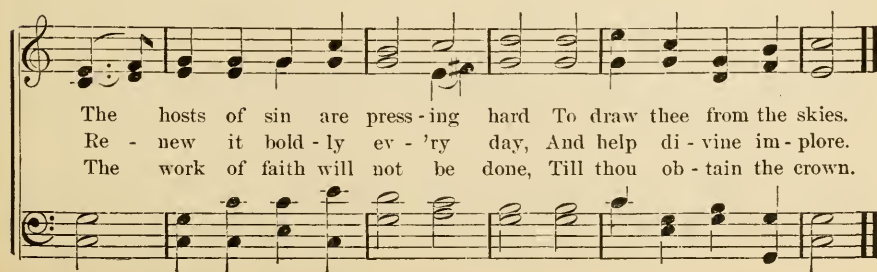
## No. 139. My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;  
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;  
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down,



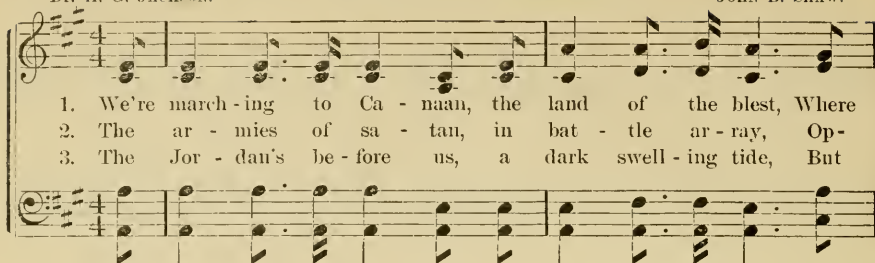
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.  
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.

## No. 140.

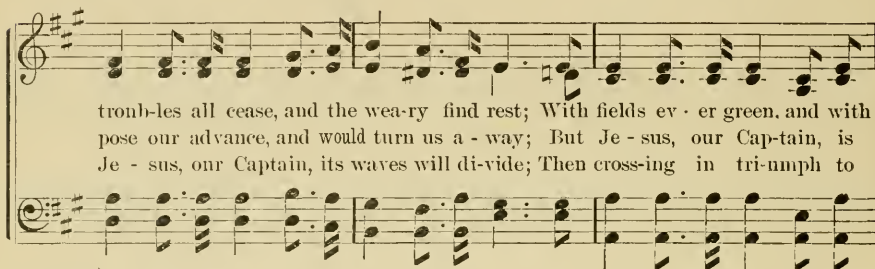
## Marching to Canaan.

Dr. H. G. JACKSON.

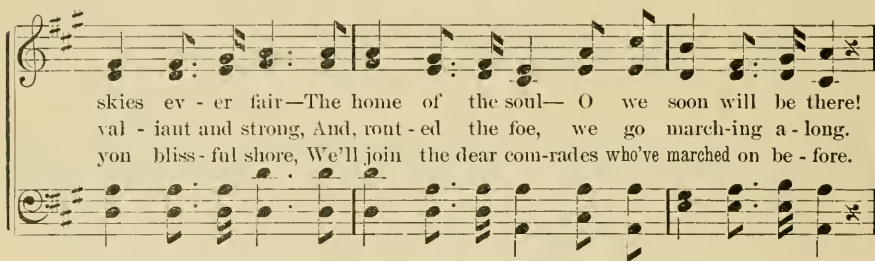
JOHN B. SHAW.



1. We're march - ing to Ca - naan, the land of the blest, Where  
 2. The ar - mies of sa - tan, in bat - tle ar - ray, Op -  
 3. The Jor - dan's be - fore us, a dark swell - ing tide, But

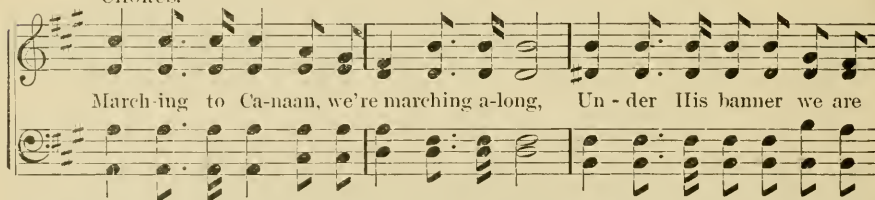


troub - les all cease, and the wea - ry find rest; With fields ev - er green, and with  
 pose our advance, and would turn us a - way; But Je - sus, our Cap - tain, is  
 Je - sus, our Captain, its waves will di - vide; Then cross - ing in tri - umph to

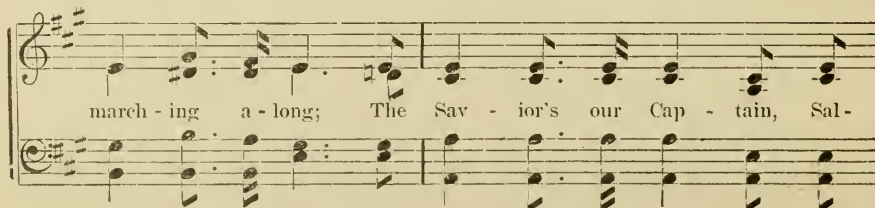


skies ev - er fair—The home of the soul—O we soon will be there!  
 val - iant and strong, And, rout - ed the foe, we go march - ing a - long.  
 you bliss - ful shore, We'll join the dear com - rades who've marched on be - fore.

## CHORUS.



March - ing to Ca - naan, we're marching a - long, Un - der His banner we are



march - ing a - long; The Sav - ior's our Cap - tain, Sal -

# Marching to Canaan. Concluded.

va - tion our song; To Ca naan, bright Ca-naan, we are marching a long.

## No. 141.

## Nettleton.

Unknown.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }  
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;

Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it— Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;  
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee:  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it;  
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

## No 142.

## There Stood a Cross.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. WELCH.

*Slow.*

1. On Cal - va - ry there stood a Cross, And nailed there-on was One  
 2. There the Re-deem - er gave His blood To ran - som me from sin,  
 3. Up - on that Cross, that bit - ter Cross, My weight of guilt He bore,  
 4. Be - fore that Cross I weep and pray, And wor - ship and a - dore,

Who was the bear - er of my sin, God's well - be - lov - ed Son.  
 And made an end of all my guilt, And brought re - demp - tion in.  
 Se - cured a clear - ance for my sins; My soul can ask no more.  
 And God's free grace I will ex - tol And laud for - ev - er - more.

## CHORUS.

Oh, the blood of the Lamb! Oh, the blood of the Lamb,

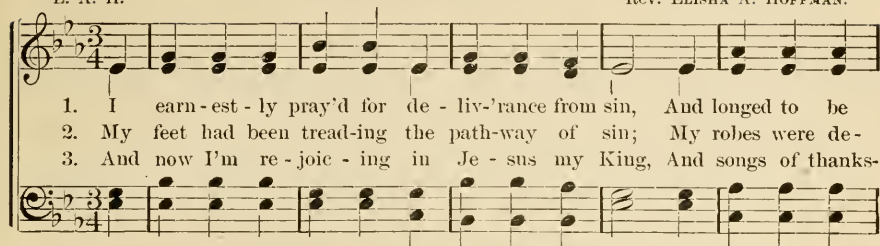
That was shed on Cal - va - ry! It was shed for you,

It was shed for me, When He died up - on the tree.

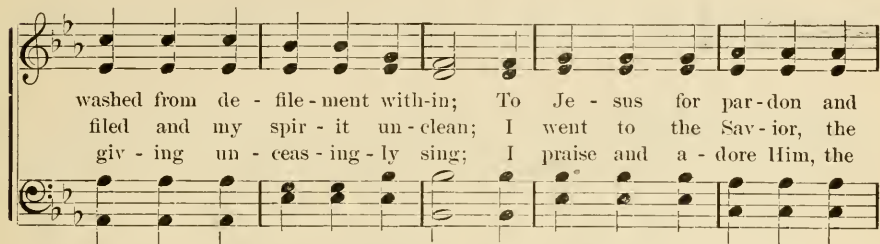
# No. 143. He Saved Me, Hallelujah!

E. A. H.

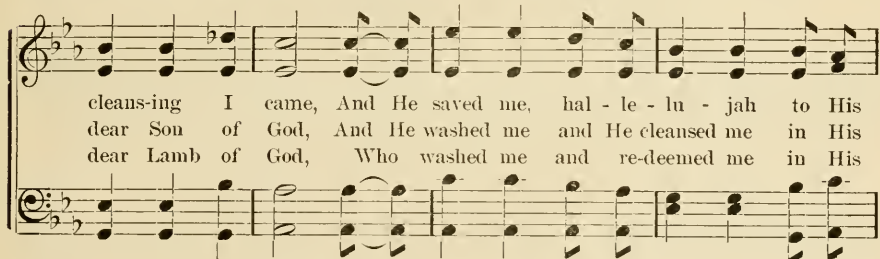
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. I earn - est - ly pray'd for de - liv'-rance from sin, And longed to be  
 2. My feet had been tread-ing the path-way of sin; My robes were de -  
 3. And now I'm re - joic - ing in Je - sus my King, And songs of thanks-

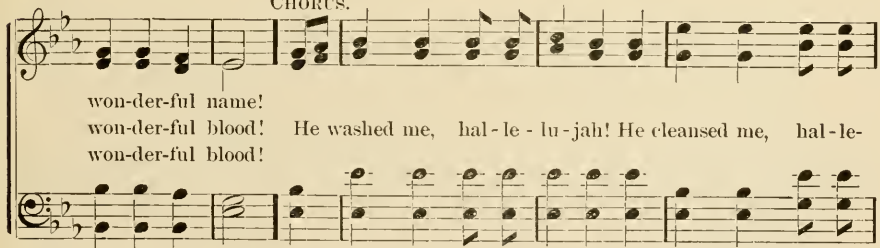


washed from de - file - ment with-in; To Je - sus for par - don and  
 filed and my spir - it un - clean; I went to the Sav - ior, the  
 giv - ing un - ceas - ing - ly sing; I praise and a - dore Him, the

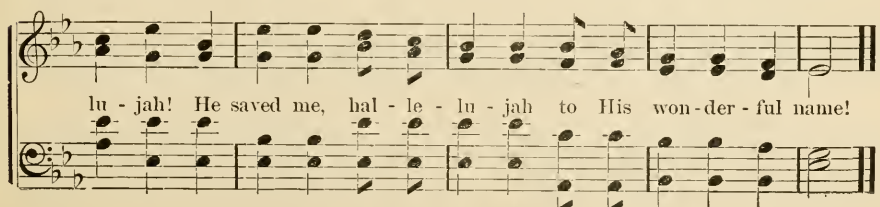


cleans-ing I came, And He saved me, hal - le - lu - jah to His  
 dear Son of God, And He washed me and He cleansed me in His  
 dear Lamb of God, Who washed me and re-deemed me in His

## CHORUS.



won-der-ful name!  
 won-der-ful blood! He washed me, hal - le - lu - jah! He cleansed me, hal - le -  
 won-der-ful blood!



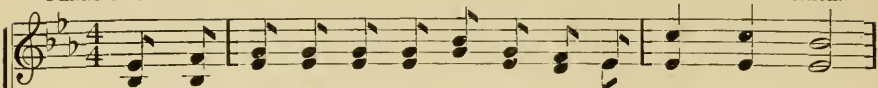
lu - jah! He saved me, hal - le - lu - jah to His won - der - ful name!



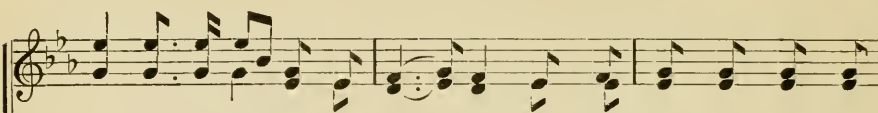
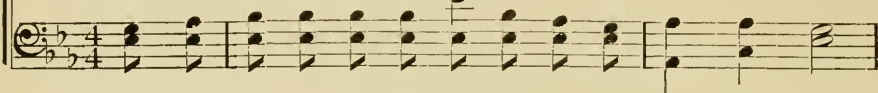
# No. 144. Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

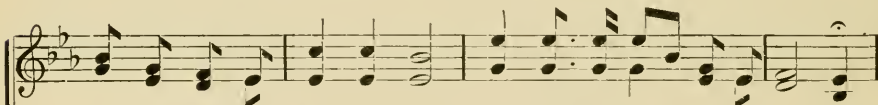
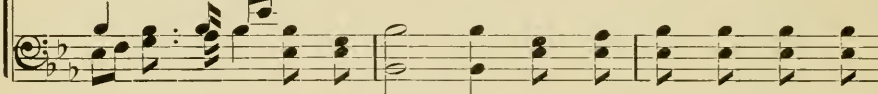
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



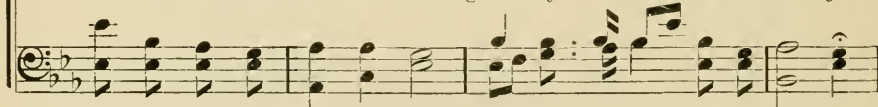
1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the grand old song;
2. We are lost a - mid the rap - ture of re - deem - ing love;
3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold;
4. There we'll shout re - deem - ing mer - cy in a glad, new song;



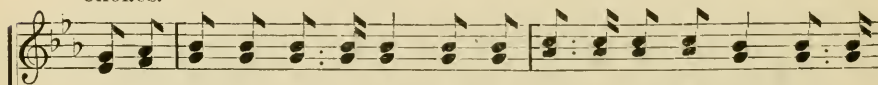
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as  
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We are ris - ing on its  
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! Where the King in all His  
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! There we'll sing the praise of



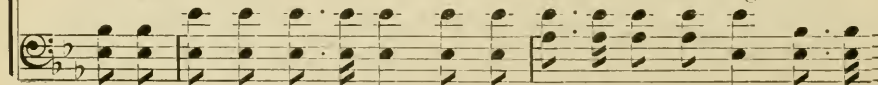
ev - er, with our faith more strong: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!  
pin - ions to the hills a - bove: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!  
splendor we shall soon be - hold: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!  
Je - sus with the blood - wash'd throng: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!



## CHORUS.



Oh, the chil - dren of the Lord have a right to shout and sing, For the



## Glory To God, Hallelujah! Concluded.

way is grow-ing bright and our souls are on the wing; We are go-ing by and

by to the pal-ace of a King! Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah!

## No. 145 I'm Believing and Receiving.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Sins of years are washed a - way, Black-est stains be - come as snow,  
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long, On the cur - rent's cease-less flow;  
3. Ease and wealth be - come as dross, Worth-less, earth's de - light and show;

CHO.—I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiv - ing, While I to the fount - ain go,

Dark-est night is changed to day, When I to the fount-ain go.  
Sor - row chang - es in - to song, When I to the fount-ain go.  
All my boast is in the cross, When I to the fount-ain go.

*And my heart the waves are cleansing Whit-er than the driv-en snow.*

4 Selfishness is lost in love,  
Love for Him whose love you know;  
All my treasure is above,  
When I to the fountain go.

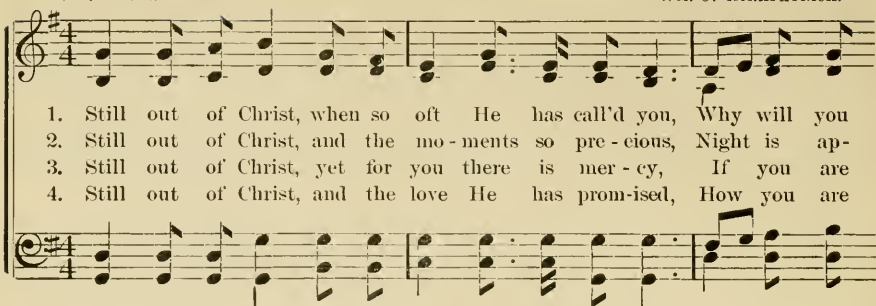
5 Fighting is a great delight,  
Never will I fear the foe,  
Armed by King Jehovah's might,  
When I to the fountain go.

## No. 146.

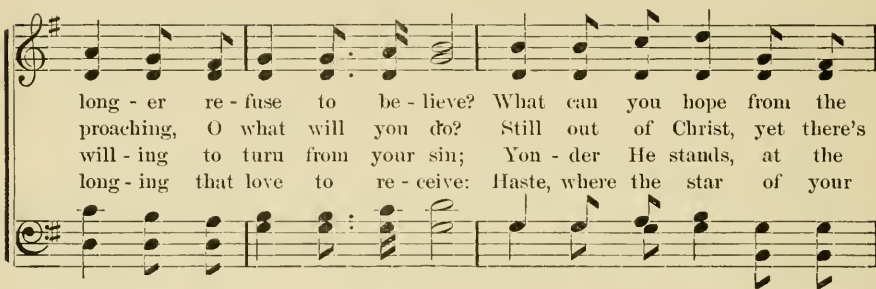
## Still out of Christ.

H. E. BLAIR.

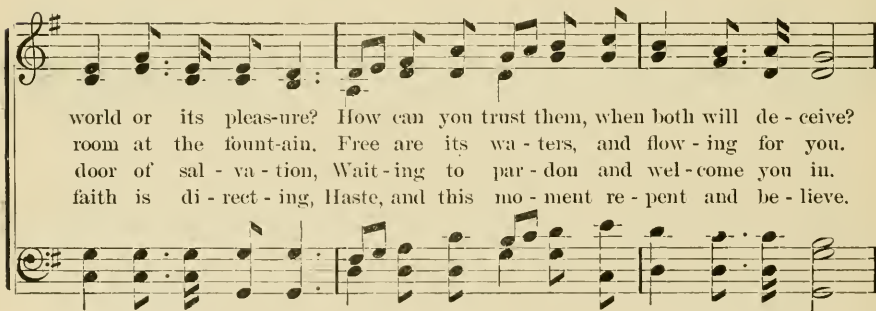
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Still out of Christ, when so oft He has call'd you, Why will you  
 2. Still out of Christ, and the mo - ments so pre - cious, Night is ap -  
 3. Still out of Christ, yet for you there is mer - cy, If you are  
 4. Still out of Christ, and the love He has prom - ised, How you are

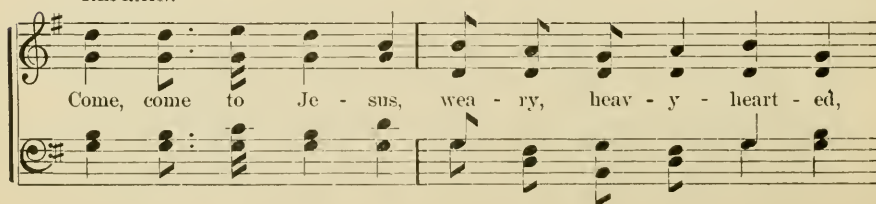


long - er re - fuse to be - lieve? What can you hope from the  
 proaching, O what will you do? Still out of Christ, yet there's  
 will - ing to turn from your sin; Yon - der He stands, at the  
 long - ing that love to re - ceive: Haste, where the star of your



world or its pleas - ure? How can you trust them, when both will de - ceive?  
 room at the fount - ain, Free are its wa - ters, and flow - ing for you.  
 door of sal - va - tion, Wait - ing to par - don and wel - come you in.  
 faith is di - rect - ing, Haste, and this mo - ment re - pent and be - lieve.

## REFRAIN.



Come, come to Je - sus, wea - ry, heav - y - heart - ed,

## Still out of Christ. Concluded.

Come, come to Je - sus, while you may; Now He is wait - ing,

wait - ing to re - ceive you, Hark, He is call - ing you to - day.

## No. 147.

## Oh, For a Heart.

Scottish Tune.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart re-signed, sub-miss-ive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne;
3. Oh, for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev-'ry thought re-newed, And full of love di-vine;

A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!  
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak; Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.  
 Which neith-er life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in!  
 Per-fect and right, and pure and good, A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.

## No.148.

## Just Over the Line.

C. A. S.

C. A. SHAW.

1. My brother that's out of the fold, But wish in God's im - age to shine,  
 2. Have courage to make a bold stand, Your-self to the Sav - ior re - sign;  
 3. Your sins may be ma - ny and great; To e - vil your thought may in - cline;  
 4. The spir - it is call - ing you now; 'Tis plead - ing with pow - er di - vine,

*Rit.*

O prostrate your-self at His feet, Be right, and step o - ver the Line.  
 Be true to the call of the spir-it, Come out and step o - ver the Line.  
 For you His re - demp-tion is sure, If you but step o - ver the Line.  
 And earn-est - ly, ten - der - ly say-ing, O brother, step o - ver the Line.

CHORUS.

O - ver the Line, just o - ver the Line, There's all that the soul needs o-ver the Line;

*Rit.*

Je - sus is there, if vic - t'ry be thine; O broth-er, step o - ver the Line.



# No. 149.

## Christmas Carol.

*Dedicated to the Sunday Schools of the Land.*

WILLIAM FAWCETT, D. D.

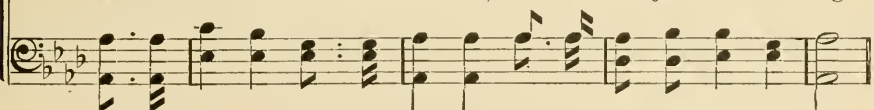
W. S. NICKLE.



1. Chil-dren, heark-en, hear those voic-es, How the waves of song a-rise;
2. Loud their gold-en harps re-sound-ed, Tell-ing of our sins for-giv'n;
3. They are chant-ing hymns of glad-ness, Shout-ing glo-ry, to our King,
4. 'Tis of Je-sus, they are sing-ing, Of th' A-nointed, Bless-ed One;
5. Chil-dren, while the an-gels praise Him, Let us too, 'our offer-ings bring,



'Tis the an-gel-hosts re-joic-ing, Mak-ing glad the up-per skies.  
 Tell-ing how God's love has found us, Peace for men in earth and heaven.  
 Think-ing not of woe or sad-ness, But of glo-ry do they sing.  
 They to Him their offer-ings bring-ing, Bring them to Je-ho-vah's Son.  
 Cast our life and all be-fore Him, Hal-le-lu-jah let us sing.



### CHORUS.



Then we'll sing of peace and glo-ry, Glad-ly sing-ing all the way;



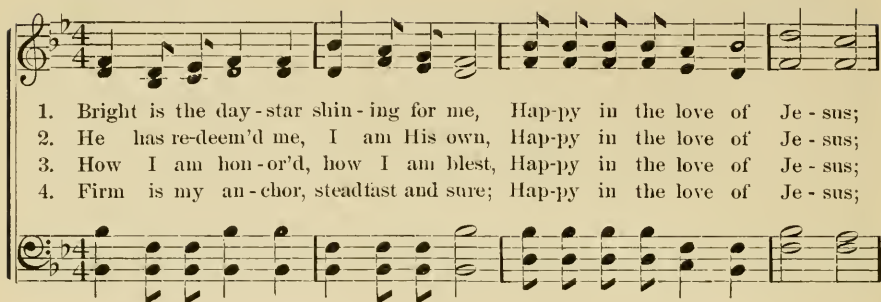
Sing the joy-ful Christmas sto-ry, For 'tis Christmas time to-day.



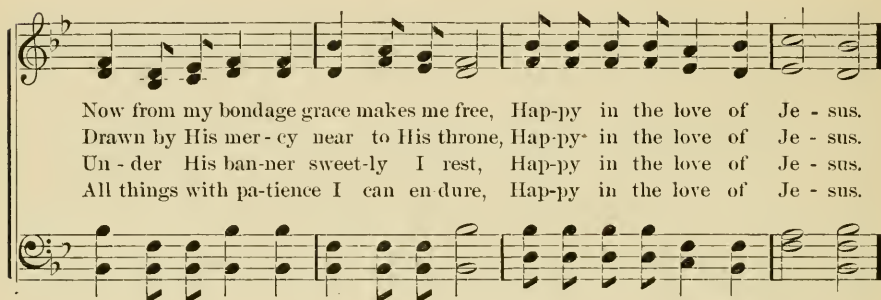
# No. 150. Happy in the Love of Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

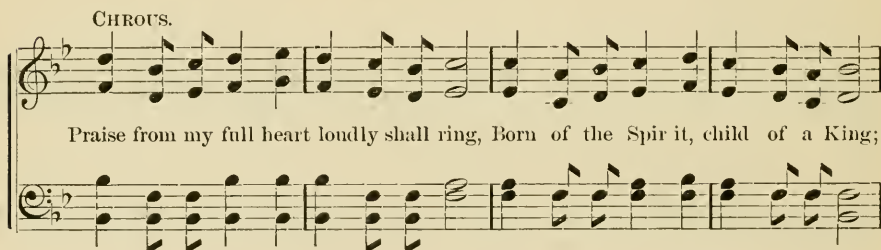


1. Bright is the day - star shin - ing for me, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus;  
 2. He has re - deem'd me, I am His own, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus;  
 3. How I am hon - or'd, how I am blest, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus;  
 4. Firm is my an - chor, steadfast and sure; Hap - py in the love of Je - sus;

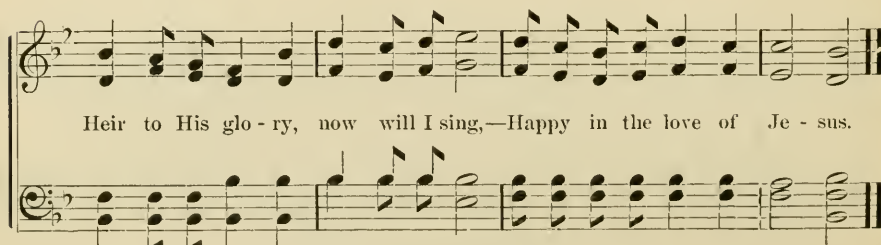


Now from my bondage grace makes me free, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.  
 Drawn by His mer - cy near to His throne, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.  
 Un - der His ban - ner sweet - ly I rest, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.  
 All things with pa - tience I can en - dure, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.

CHORUS.



Praise from my full heart loudly shall ring, Born of the Spir it, child of a King;

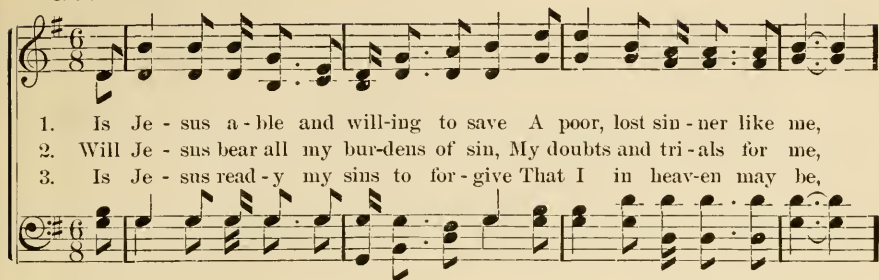


Heir to His glo - ry, now will I sing, — Happy in the love of Je - sus.

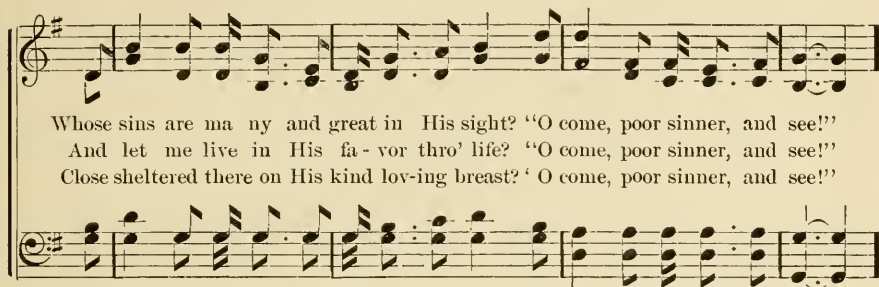
# No. 151. Jesus is Able and Willing to Save.

C. A. S.

C. A. SHAW.

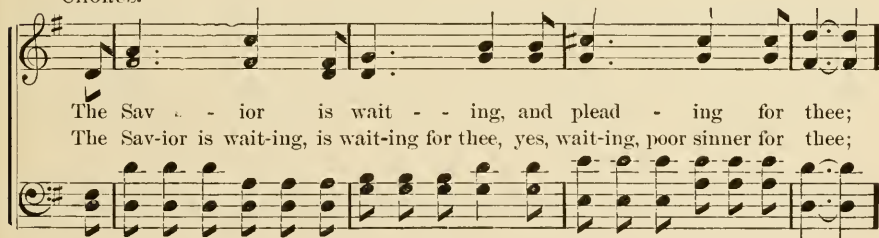


1. Is Je - sus a - ble and will - ing to save A poor, lost sin - ner like me,  
2. Will Je - sus bear all my bur - dens of sin, My doubts and tri - als for me,  
3. Is Je - sus read - y my sins to for - give That I in heav - en may be,

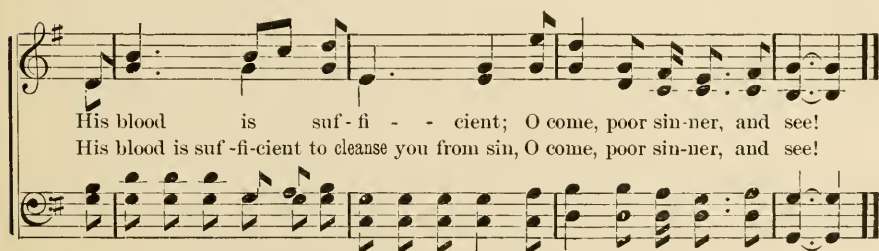


Whose sins are ma ny and great in His sight? "O come, poor sinner, and see!"  
And let me live in His fa - vor thro' life? "O come, poor sinner, and see!"  
Close sheltered there on His kind lov - ing breast? "O come, poor sinner, and see!"

## CHORUS.



The Sav - ior is wait - ing, and plead - ing for thee;  
The Sav - ior is wait - ing, is wait - ing for thee, yes, wait - ing, poor sinner for thee;

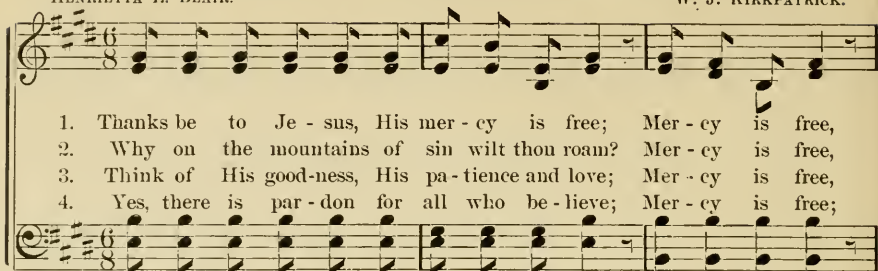


His blood is suf - fi - - cient; O come, poor sin - ner, and see!  
His blood is suf - fi - cient to cleanse you from sin, O come, poor sin - ner, and see!

# No. 152. Mercy is Boundless and Free.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



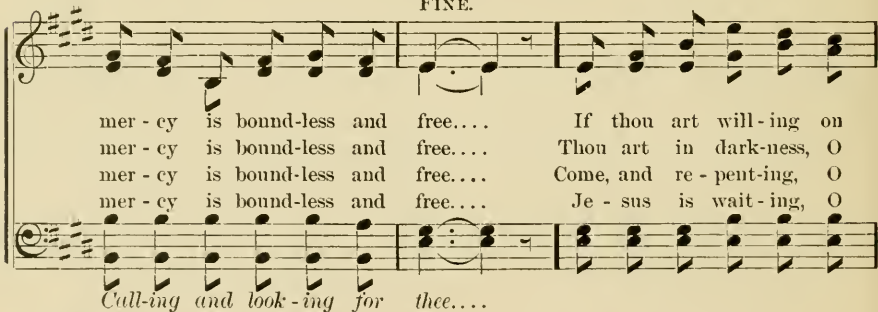
1. Thanks be to Je - sus, His mer - cy is free; Mer - cy is free,  
 2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,  
 3. Think of His good-ness, His pa-tience and love; Mer - cy is free,  
 4. Yes, there is par-don for all who be-lieve; Mer - cy is free;

REFRAIN. Je - sus, the Sav-ior, is look-ing for thee, Look-ing for thee,



mer - cy is free: Sin-ner, that mer - cy is flow-ing for thee,  
 mer - cy is free: Gen-tly the Spir-it is call-ing, "Come home,"  
 mer - cy is free: Plead-ing thy cause with His Fa-ther a - bove,  
 mer - cy is free: Come, and this mo-ment a bless-ing re-ceive,  
 look-ing for thee; Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly, call-ing for thee,

FINE.



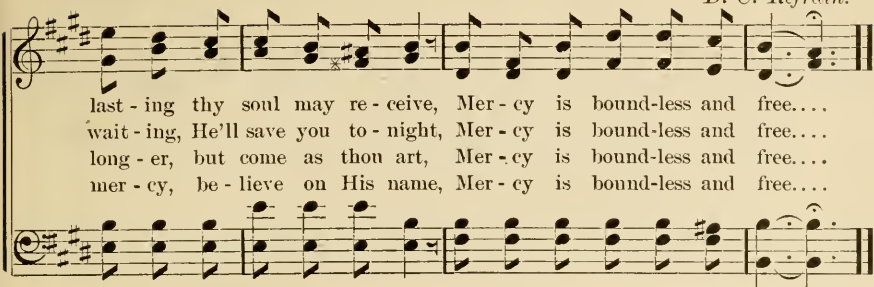
mer - cy is bound-less and free... If thou art will-ing on  
 mer - cy is bound-less and free... Thou art in dark-ness, O  
 mer - cy is bound-less and free... Come, and re-pent-ing, O  
 mer - cy is bound-less and free... Je - sus is wait-ing, O  
 Call-ing and look-ing for thee...



Him to be-lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free; Life ev - er-  
 come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free; Je - sus is  
 give Him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free; Grieve Him no  
 hear Him pro-claim Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free; Cling to His

# Mercy is Boundless and Free. Concluded.

*D. C. Refrain.*



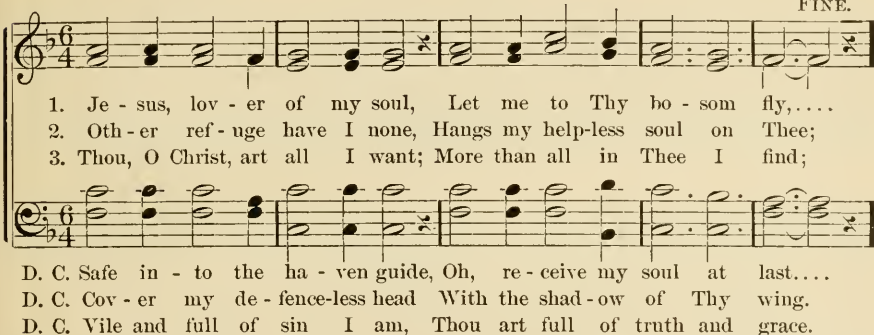
last - ing thy soul may re - ceive, Mer - cy is bound - less and free...  
 wait - ing, He'll save you to - night, Mer - cy is bound - less and free...  
 long - er, but come as thou art, Mer - cy is bound - less and free...  
 mer - cy, be - lieve on His name, Mer - cy is bound - less and free...

## No. 153. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

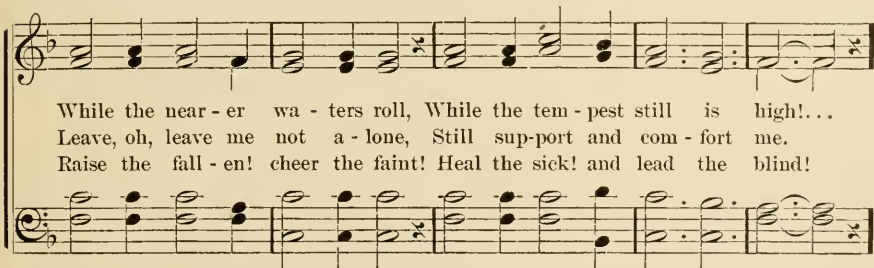
S. B. MARSH.

FINE.



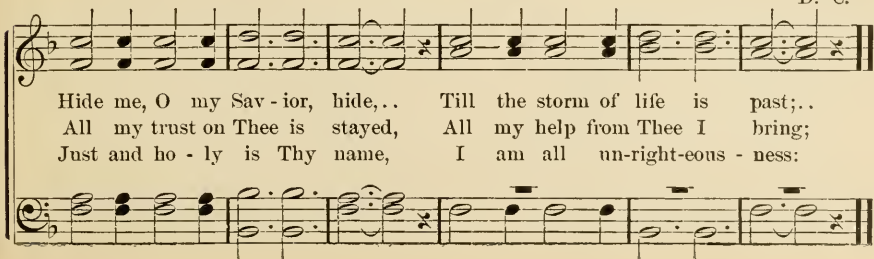
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy ho - som fly,...  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;

D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last...  
 D. C. Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
 D. C. Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!...  
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me,  
 Raise the fall - en! cheer the faint! Heal the sick! and lead the blind!

D. C.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide,.. Till the storm of life is past;..  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness:



# No. 154. He Came to Save Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Je - sus laid His crown a - side, He came to save me; When  
 2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me; O,  
 3. With gen - tle hand He leads me still, He came to save me; And  
 4. To Him my faith with rap - ture clings, He came to save me; To

on the cross He bled and died, He came to save me.  
 praise His name, I know it well, He came to save me. I'm so glad,  
 trust - ing Him I fear no ill, He came to save me.  
 Him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me. I'm so glad,

I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,  
 I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He (*Omit.....*) came to save me.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

# No. 155. Rock of Ages.

FINE.

D. C.

- 1 Rock of Ages cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
 Be of sin the double cure.  
 Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,  
 Could my zeal no languor know,  
 These for sin could not atone;

- Thou must save, and Thou alone:  
 In my hands no price I bring,  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyes shall close in death;  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee,

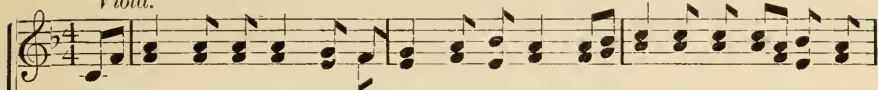
# No. 156.

# The Grace of God.

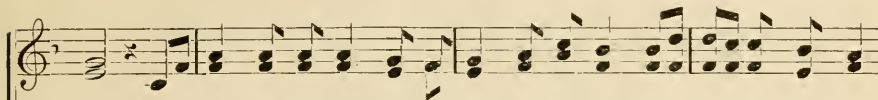
"My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

*Viola.*

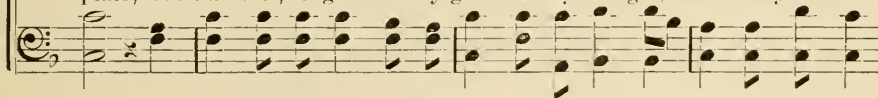
J. G. DAILEY.



1. Thy grace, O my Sav - ior, has wrought us re - lease, When sin and temp - ta - tion were
2. We know we are weak, and we're thoughtless at times, We mur - mur and grieve Thee, our
3. O send us Thy Spir - it, Lord, keep us from sin, And lead us in path - ways of



nigh; And weakness soon vanished when Thee we besought, Thy strength in its stead  
Friend; But Fa - ther, we love Thee! Thou knowest we do, Yet lov - ing, how can  
peace; Our Fa - ther, O gra - cious - ly grant us Thy strength. 'Twill always af - ford



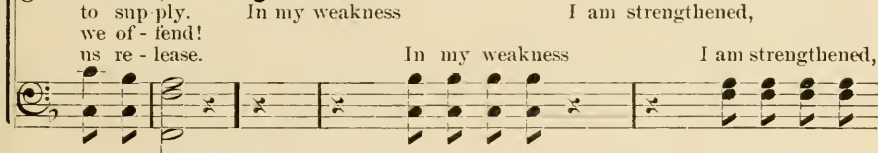
## CHORUS.



to sup - ply.  
we of - fend!  
us re - lease.

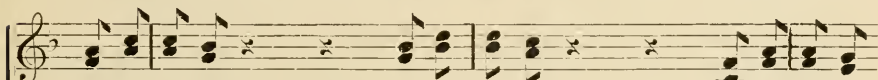
In my weakness

I am strengthened,



In my weakness

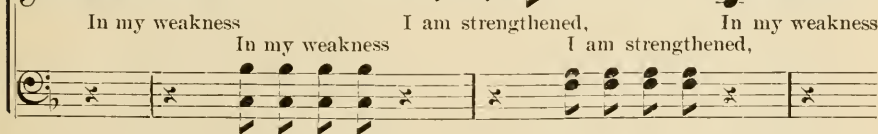
I am strengthened,



In my weakness

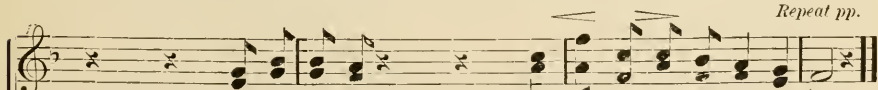
I am strengthened,

In my weakness



In my weakness

I am strengthened,

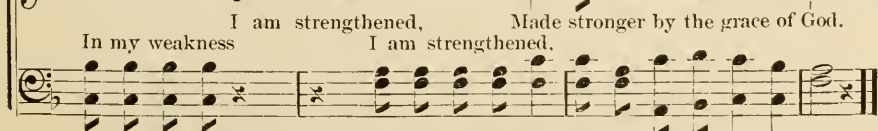


*Repeat pp.*

In my weakness

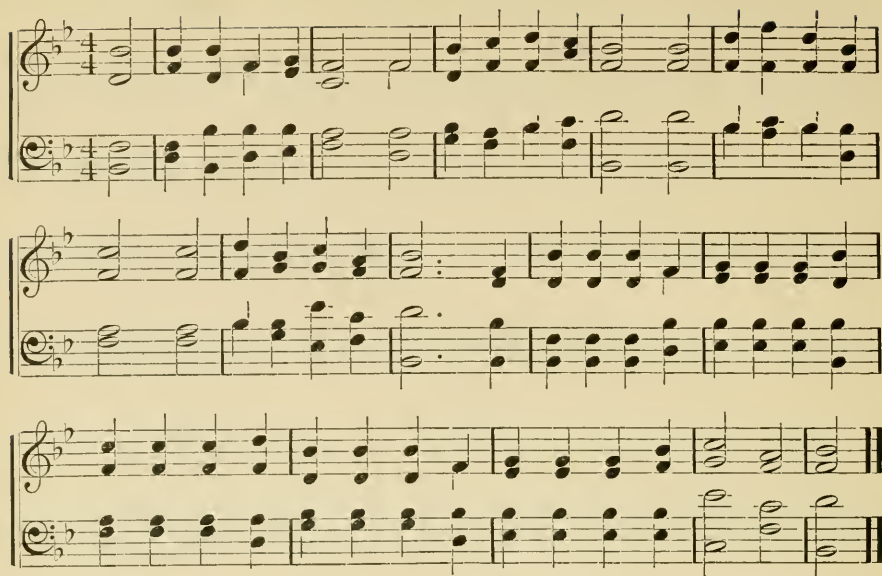
I am strengthened,

Made stronger by the grace of God.



# No. 157.

# Lenox.



## No. 157.

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise;  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
||: Before the throne my Surety stands, :||  
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead;  
||: His blood atoned for all our race, :||  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly plead for me:  
||: "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry, :||  
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
- 4 The Father hears Him pray,  
His dear anointed One:  
He can not turn away  
The presence of His Son.  
:|| His Spirit answers to the blood, :||  
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled;  
His pardoning voice I hear:  
He owns me for His child;  
I can no longer fear:  
||: With confidence I now draw nigh, :||  
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

## No. 158.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
||: The year of jubilee is come: :||  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made:  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad:  
||: The year of jubilee is come, :||  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim:  
||: The year of jubilee is come! :||  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live:  
||: The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for naught  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love:  
||: The year of jubilee is come! :||  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

## No. 159.

## Jesus Comes to Save.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH.

Acts. 2: 2.

J. E. HALL.

1. Floods of mer - cy break a-round us, Je - sus comes, comes to save!  
 2. While like rain our tears are fall - ing, Je - sus comes, comes to save!  
 3. Glo - rious light is dawn - ing o'er us, Je - sus comes, comes to save!  
 4. Hal - le - lu jah! saints are sing - ing, Je - sus comes, comes to save!

Fet - ters fall that long have bound us, Je - sus comes, comes to save!  
 While these souls for help are call - ing, Je - sus comes, comes to save!  
 And the way grows bright be - fore us, Je - sus comes, comes to save!  
 Heav'n with joy - ous song is ring - ing, Je - sus comes, comes to save!

## CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! joy - ful sto - ry, Je - sus comes, the King of glo - ry!

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes, comes to save.



# No. 160.

# Why Not Now?

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Why not renounce the life of sin, O wand'ring soul? Why not the Christian  
 2. Why live be-reft of hap-pi-ness, Soul so op-prest? Why not let Je-sus  
 3. Why not from e-vil ways de-part, Wand'rer a-stray? And con-se-crate to  
 4. Why not at once to Je-sus flee? He will for-give; He of-fers mer-cy

CHORUS.

life be-gin, And be made whole?  
 save and bless, And be at rest? Why not, why not, Why not be  
 God thy heart This ver-y day?  
 rich and free; Trust Him and live.

saved just now? Why not, why not, Why not come just now?

Copyright, 1892, by the Hoffman Music Co. By per.

## Balerma.

# No. 161.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quick'ning powers;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Father, and shall we ever live  
 At this poor dying rate—  
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
 And Thine to us so great?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quick'ning powers;  
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

# No. 162.

- 1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame;  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from Thy Throne,  
 And worship only Thee.
- 3 So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.



## No. 163.

## A Band of Brethren.

Respectfully dedicated to the Chicago Praying Band.

L. H.

1. { Oh, we're a band of brethren dear, I be-long to this band, hal-le-lu-jah! }  
 { Who live as pilgrim strangers here, I be-long to this band, hal-le-lu-jah! }  
 2. { The Prophets, and A-pos-tles, too, Did be-long to this band, hal-le-lu-jah! }  
 { And all God's children here be-low Do be-long to this band, hal-le-lu-jah! }

## REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! I be-long to this band, hal-le-lu-jah!

3 King David on his throne of state,  
 Did belong to this band, hallelujah!  
 And Lazarus at the rich man's gate,  
 Did belong to this band, hallelujah!

4 I hope to meet my brethren there,  
 They belong to this band, hallelujah!  
 Who often joined with me in prayer,  
 They belonged to this band, hallelujah!

## No. 164.

## Refining Fire.

1. Re-fin-ing fire, go through my heart, Re-fin-ing fire go through my heart,  
 2. Scat-ter Thy life through ev'-ry part, Scat-ter Thy life thro' ev'-ry part,  
 3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, O that it now from heav'n might fall,  
 4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for Thee I call, Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for Thee I call,  
 REF. We're kneeling at the mer-cy seat, We're kneeling at the mer-cy seat,

Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il-lu-min-ate my soul....  
 Scat-ter Thy life thro' ev'-ry part, And sanc-ti-fy the whole.  
 O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con-sume....  
 Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for Thee I call, Spir-it of burn-ing, come...  
 We're kneeling at the mer-cy seat, Where Je-sus an-swers prayer.

## No. 165.

## When We All Get Home.

J. G. D.

(MAY BE SUNG AS DUETT.)

MRS. J. G. DAILEY.

*Andante.*

1. In this world of sin and sor-row, Long-ings oft - en fill my breast;  
 2. Oft we look be-yond the shadows, And by faith a man-sion see;  
 3. Loud ho-san-nas now are ringing, Heav'n-ly harp-ers swell the strain;

Long-ings for that glad to-mor-row, Long-ings for that heav'nly rest.  
 With its walls so bright and golden, In that home pre-pared for me.  
 An - gel voice-es sweet are singing, Praise to Him who once was slain.

CHORUS.

*Moderato.*

When we all get home,..... Nev - er more to roam,..... We'll  
 When we all get home, Nev - er more to roam, We'll

join..... in the songs..... that the glo - - - ri - fied  
 join in the songs, join in the songs, join in the songs that the

*Rit.*

sing,..... When we all get home,..... nev - er more to  
 glo - ri - fied sing. When we all get home, nev - er

# When We All Get Home. Concluded.

roam, . . . We'll join . . . . . in the praise . . . . . of our Sav - ior King.  
 more to roam, We'll join in the praise, join in the praise of our Sav - ior King.

## No. 166. Walk in the Light.

H. WATERS. *Alf.*

1. 'Tis re - li - gion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweetest pleasures  
 2; 'Tis re - li - gion must sup - ply, In the light, in the light, Sol - id com - fort  
 3. Af - ter death its joys shall be. In the light, in the light, Last - ing as e -  
 4. Be the lov - ing God my friend, In the light, in the light, Then my bliss shall

### CHORUS.

while we live, In the light of God. Let us walk in the light,  
 when we die, In the light of God.  
 ter - ni - ty, In the light of God.  
 nev - er end, In the light of God.

Walk in the light, Let us walk in the light. In the light of God.

# No. 167.

# We Shall Meet Again.

J. H. M.

To the memory of Mrs. Lillian Date Manny.

J. H. MANNY.

1. There is a sweet peace in be - liev - ing God's word, And

ful - ness of joy in His rest;. And the pros - pect so pleas - ing for

D. S. And our loved ones have gone to that

those who have heard Of the home in the realms of the blest There's a

beau - ti - ful home, They are free from all sor - row and pain.

balm for the wea - ry, a rest near the throne, Where Jesus, the Savior, doth reign.

- 2 We'll be faithful and true to our calling below,  
Toil on in our labor of love,  
Till our Master shall say at the close of the day,  
"Come, rest in my mansion above."  
O how sweet it will be when from labor set free,  
To rest on the Savior's strong arm,  
While He bears us safe o'er to the evergreen shore,  
When no tempest or fear can alarm.
- 3 There the loved ones will meet on the golden-paved street,  
And with rapturous joy will behold  
Our blessed Redeemer, whose presence so sweet  
Will anchor forever the soul.  
O the joy of that rest in the realms of the blest,  
With the friends we have loved here below;  
'Tis the theme of our song as we journey along,  
While His blessed salvation we know.

Copyright, 1892, by F. A. Hardin.

## No. 168.

## I Will Sing of Jesus.

EDWARD A. BARNES.

Ps. 28: 7.

H. H. McGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing the love of Je - sus, Great - er love was nev - er known;  
 2. I will sing the words of Je - sus, Words of life from lips di - vine,  
 3. I will sing the grace of Je - sus, Which such won - ders will a - chieve,  
 4. I will sing the name of Je - sus, Hope of life that is to be;....

Yield-ing up... His life for sin - ners, Oh! what love to me was shown.  
 Full of com - fort, joy and cour-age, Pre-cious to... this soul of mine.  
 For by grace I claim re - demption, Since in Him I do be - lieve.  
 Sweet-er name was nev - er spok-en, Oh! how dear it is to me...

I will sing, I will sing, As my days are on the wing;  
 I will sing, I will sing, I will sing,

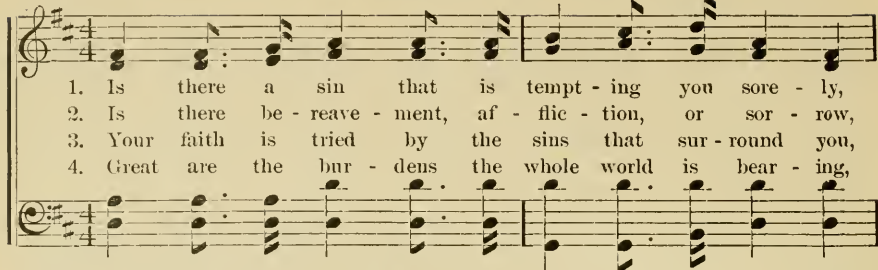
And my song... shall be of Je - sus, My Re-deem-er, and my King.



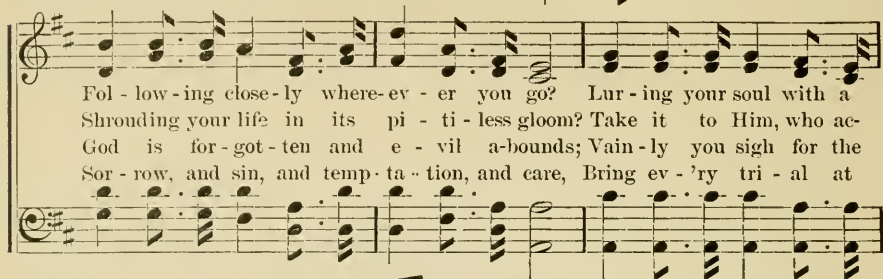
# No. 169. Jesus is Mighty to Save.

L. W. S.

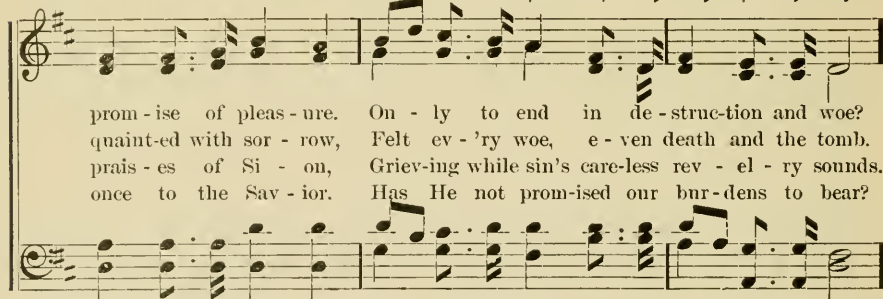
LANTA WILSON SMITH.



1. Is there a sin that is tempt - ing you sore - ly,  
 2. Is there be - reave - ment, af - flic - tion, or sor - row,  
 3. Your faith is tried by the sins that sur - round you,  
 4. Great are the bur - dens the whole world is bear - ing,

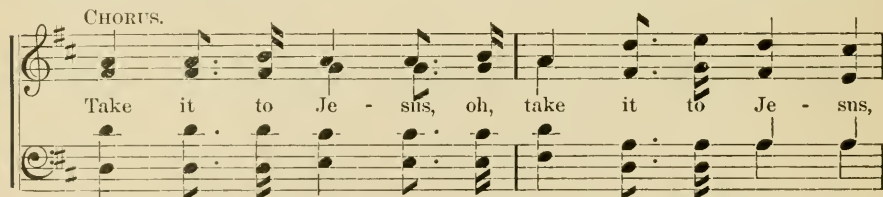


Fol - low - ing close - ly where - ev - er you go? Lur - ing your soul with a  
 Shrouding your life in its pi - ti - less gloom? Take it to Him, who ac -  
 God is for - got - ten and e - vil a - bounds; Vain - ly you sigh for the  
 Sor - row, and sin, and temp - ta - tion, and care, Bring ev - 'ry tri - al at

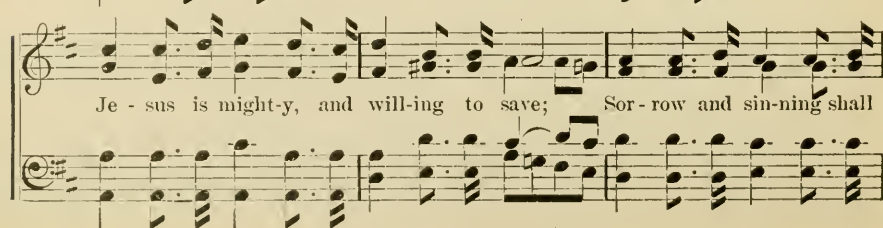


prom - ise of pleas - ure. On - ly to end in de - struc - tion and woe?  
 quaint - ed with sor - row, Felt ev - 'ry woe, e - ven death and the tomb.  
 prais - es of Si - on, Griev - ing while sin's care - less rev - el - ry sounds.  
 once to the Sav - ior. Has He not prom - ised our bur - dens to bear?

CHORUS.



Take it to Je - sus, oh, take it to Je - sus,



Je - sus is might - y, and will - ing to save; Sor - row and sin - ning shall

# Jesus is Mighty to Save. Concluded.

cease at His bid - ding, Je - sus is night - y, is might - y to save.

## No. 170. Duane Street.

1. He dies! the friend of sin - ners dies! Lo! Sa - lem's daugh - ters

D. S. Him who groan'd be -

weep a-round; A sol - emn darkness veils the skies, A sud - den trembling

neath your load; He shed a thousand drops for you.—A thou - sand drops of

FINE.

D. S.  $\text{♩}$ :

shakes the ground. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For

rich - er blood.

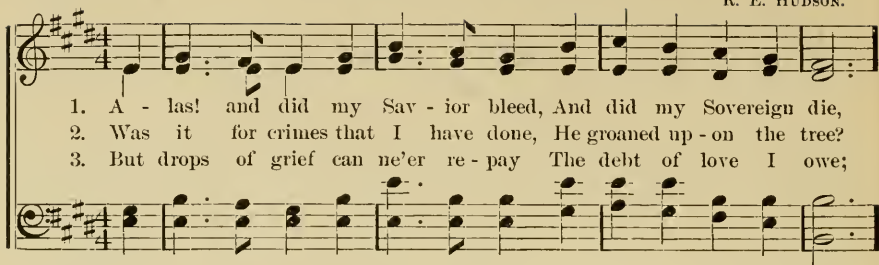
2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for man!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus, the dead, revives again!  
The rising God forsakes the tomb;  
In vain the tomb forbids His rise;  
Cherubic legions guard Him home,  
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high your great Deliverer reigns;  
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster Death in chains.  
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!  
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"  
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"  
And, "Where's thy victory boasting grave?"

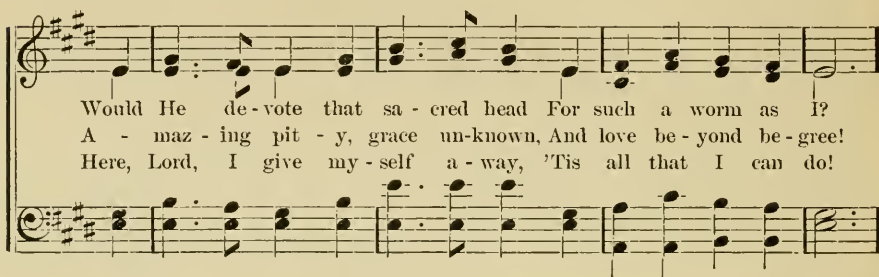
## No. 171.

## At the Cross.

R. E. HUDSON.

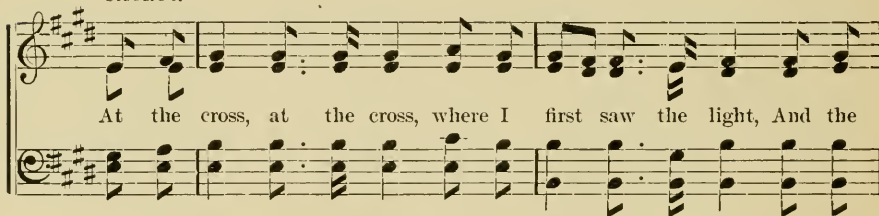


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die,  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?  
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

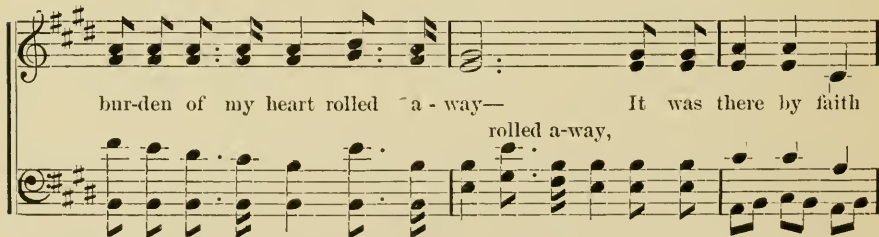


Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un-known, And love be - yond be - gree!  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

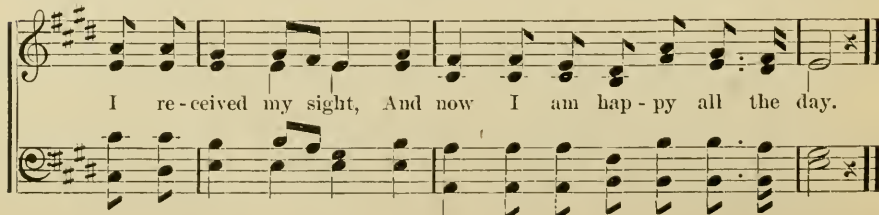
## CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur - den of my heart rolled a - way— It was there by faith  
 rolled a-way,

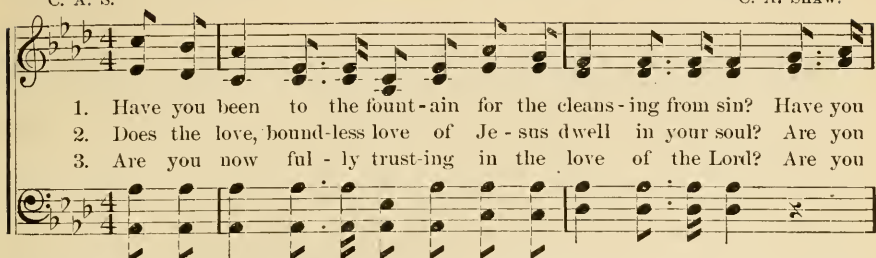


I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

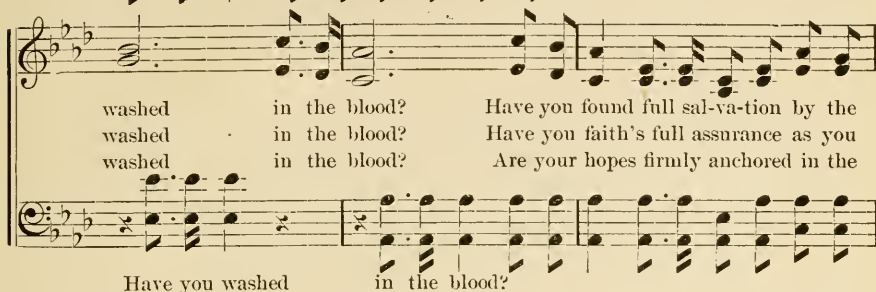
# No. 172. Have You Been to the Fountain?

C. A. S.

C. A. SHAW.

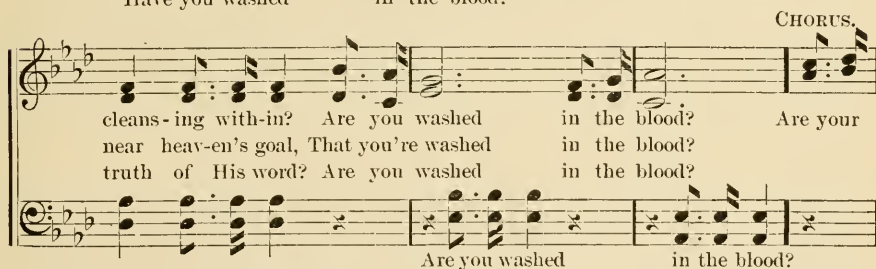


1. Have you been to the fount-ain for the cleans-ing from sin? Have you  
 2. Does the love, bound-less love of Je-sus dwell in your soul? Are you  
 3. Are you now ful-ly trust-ing in the love of the Lord? Are you



washed in the blood? Have you found full sal-va-tion by the  
 washed in the blood? Have you faith's full assurance as you  
 washed in the blood? Are your hopes firmly anchored in the

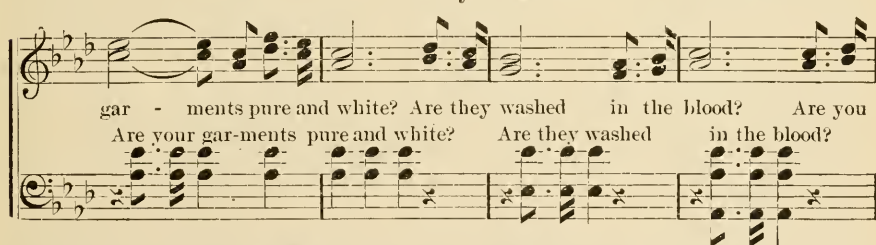
Have you washed in the blood?



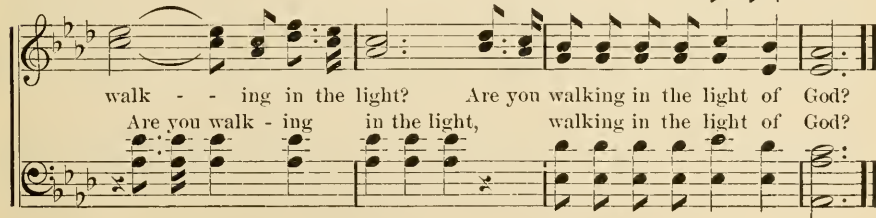
cleans-ing with-in? Are you washed in the blood? Are your  
 near heav-en's goal, That you're washed in the blood?  
 truth of His word? Are you washed in the blood?

CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood?



gar-ments pure and white? Are they washed in the blood? Are you  
 Are your gar-ments pure and white? Are they washed in the blood?



walk-ing in the light? Are you walking in the light of God?  
 Are you walk-ing in the light, walking in the light of God?



## No. 173.

## For You and For Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Very Slow. pp**m*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;  
 2. Why should we tarry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me;  
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Pass - ing for you and for me;  
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;

See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gather - ing, death - beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sin - ned He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

*m* CHORUS. *Cres.*  
 Come home, . . . . Come home; . . . . Ye who are wea - ry, come home; . . . .  
 Come home, Come home,

*pp ppp Rit. pp*  
 Earnest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

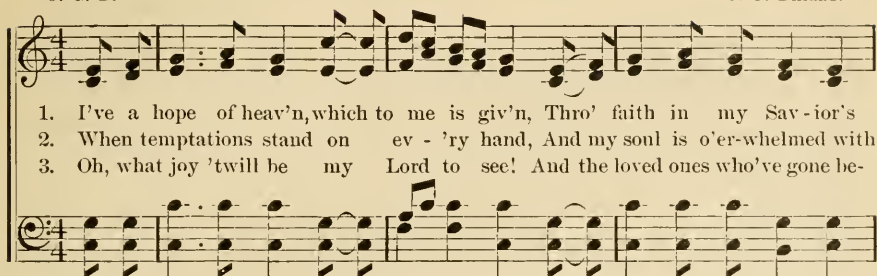


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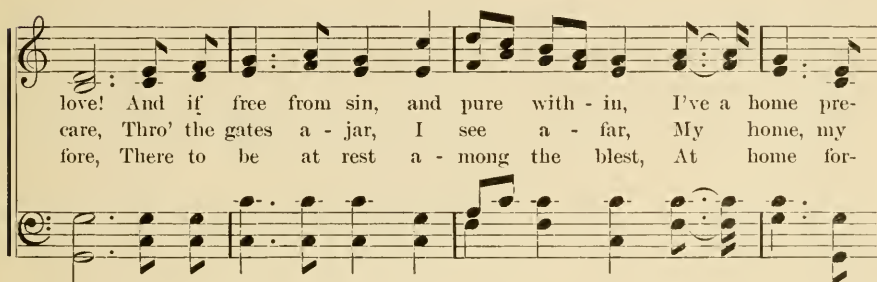
# My Home is There.

J. G. D.

J. G. DAILEY.



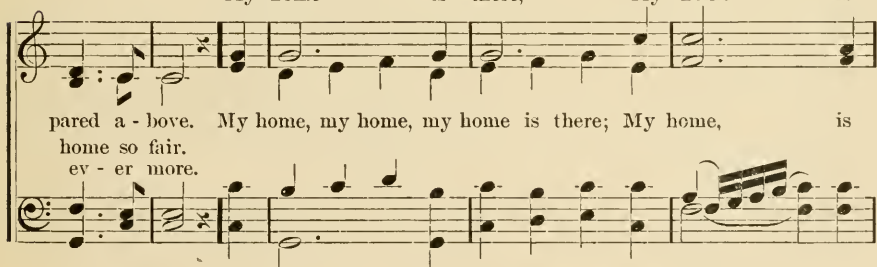
1. I've a hope of heav'n, which to me is giv'n, Thro' faith in my Sav-ior's  
 2. When temptations stand on ev - 'ry hand, And my soul is o'er-whelmed with  
 3. Oh, what joy 'twill be my Lord to see! And the loved ones who've gone be-



love! And if free from sin, and pure with - in, I've a home pre-  
 care, Thro' the gates a - jar, I see a - far, My home, my  
 fore, There to be at rest a - mong the blest, At home for-

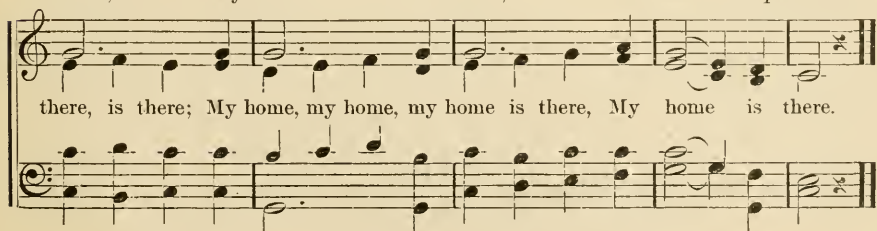
## CHORUS.

My home is there, My home is



pared a - bove. My home, my home, my home is there; My home, is  
 home so fair.  
 ev - er more.

there, My home is there, *Rit.... Repeat ad lib.*



there, is there; My home, my home, my home is there, My home is there.

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